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MASSAGRES — OF — THE MOUNTAINS

J. P. Dunn, Jr.

VOLUME I OF II



AS PUBLISHED IN 1886

MASSACRES OF THE MOUNTAINS

VOLUME I



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

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MASSACRES OF THE MOUNTAINS

A HISTORY OF THE INDIAN WARS OF THE FAR WEST VOLUME I

BY J. P. DUNN, JR., M.S., L.L.B.

Illustrated

NEW YORK
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1886

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By J.P. Dunn, Jr. M.S., L.L.B.

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VOLUME I

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MAP OF THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS

WITHIN THE
UNITED STATES

1884.

Scale of Miles

0 50 100 150 200

MASSACRES OF THE MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Two hundred years ago it required millions to express in numbers the Indian population, while at the present time less than half the number of thousands will suffice for the purpose:" This quotation from General Custer is a concise expression of the most common and, perhaps, most remarkable delusion concerning the American Indians. There are at present in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, about 270,000 Indians. Doubling this number and increasing it to millions would give a population of 540,000,000 for two hundred years ago. It may possibly occur to the reader that an estimate for that period of from nine to ten times our present total population is somewhat exaggerated. It is exaggerated. There were never 500,000,000 Indians within the present bounds of the United States, nor 50,000,000, nor 5,000,000; at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus there were possibly 1,000,000, but more probably there were only about one-half of that number. Some modern authorities of the highest rank maintain that there has been no decrease at all since the close of the fifteenth century. What the number may have been at that time is a matter of conjecture, but there are certain rules of population, and some more or less reliable statistical data, that give a solution of the problem within limits. The most important of these is the estimate by the amount of land necessary to support one man in the pure hunter state, *i.e.*, when subsisting wholly by the chase. This is an indeterminate quantity, estimates having ranged all the way from 6000 to 50,000

acres, but the most plausible estimate is that of Mr. Schoolcraft, whose extensive acquaintance with Indian life and history, coupled with a discerning and logical mind, made him an authority of great weight on such a question. He says, "Estimates were made by me, while residing in the West, that it required 8000 acres of land, to be kept in a wilderness state, in order to support a single Indian by the chase. Consequently a family of five persons would need 40,000 acres." Applying this estimate to our territory of 3,010,000 square miles, or 1,926,600,000 acres (still excluding Alaska), we should have a population of 240,000; but there are two reasons why an estimate of this kind cannot be considered accurate.

Primarily, the Indians can hardly be said to have been in the pure hunter state. Almost every tribe cultivated maize, and some cultivated other edible plants. Notably agricultural were the Pueblo and Pima Indians, of New Mexico and Arizona, and, in the opinion of the writer, the Navahos devoted far less attention to agriculture fifty years ago than they did three centuries before, for they had not, at the earlier date, the flocks which subsequently furnished their chief support. Inasmuch as the rudest agriculture will materially decrease the number of acres required for support, the number of inhabitants must reasonably be supposed to have been in excess of the result attained by the method mentioned. As a second consideration, by the number of acres required for support in the pure hunter state is meant the number of acres that will afford a continuing support; in other words, the hunter must be supported by the natural increase of the game, so that his preserves will not become less capable of supporting him. There is evidence tending to show that a state of evenly balanced supply and demand did not exist in America, but that the game was slowly decreasing under the slowly increasing demands of the aboriginal inhabitants.

This is certainly true of the buffalo, the best food animal of the country, for it formerly existed as far east as the Atlantic; and it disappeared east of the Mississippi River before the whites had fairly come in contact with it. Purchase relates

that the early Virginia colonists, prior to 1613, had discovered, "a slow kinde of cattell, as bigge as kine, which were good meate;" and Hakluyt published, in 1589, of some animals then existing in Newfoundland, "I did see them farre off, not able to discerne them perfectly, but their steps showed that their feete were cloven, and bigger than the feete of camels. I suppose them to be a kind of buffes, which I read to be in the countreys adjacent, and very many in the firme land." The supposition has been advanced that these were musk-oxen, which may possibly be correct. A more certain testimony is found in the "New English Canaan," by Thomas Morton, one of the first settlers of New England, published in 1637. He says, "The Indians have also made description of great heards of well-growne beasts that live about the parts of this lake (Erocoise,) now Lake Champlain, such as the Christian world (until this discovery) hath not bin made acquainted with. These beasts are of the bigness of a cowe, their flesh being very good foode, their hides good leather; their fleeces very useful, being a kind of woole, as fine almost as the woole of the beaver; and the salvages do make garments thereof. It is tenne yeares since first the relation of these things came to the eares of the English." Colonel Croghan in his journal (1765) mentions buffalo as being very numerous at different points in Ohio and Indiana, and says that at the Big Lick on the Great Miami they "came into a large road which the Buffaloes have beaten, spacious enough for two waggons to go abreast, and leading straight into the Lick." Still these animals were so nearly extinct east of the Mississippi, when the white emigration began moving over the Alleghanies, that even their former existence there is not a matter of universal cognizance. In the histories of forty and fifty years ago mention is sometimes made of old hunters who remember to have killed buffalo in Ohio, Indiana, or Kentucky, but seldom is anything recorded to indicate that there were ever large numbers of them in these sections. It is an historical truth that the white man had little to do with the extinction of the buffalo east of the Mississippi, though he may claim a large share in the more recent work of extermination on the plains and in the Rocky

Mountains.* This excess of demand for food above the supply indicates an excess of population over that which has been estimated from the basis of the pure hunter state.

On the other hand, as one of the largest estimates by any person whose opinions are entitled to serious consideration, may be taken the statement of Mr. Jefferson of the number of the Virginia tribes. On the authority of Captain Smith and other early colonists he estimates the Powhatan confederacy, which occupied about 8000 square miles, to have consisted of 8000 souls—one to a square mile. If this were correct, and similar conditions existed elsewhere, it would indicate a population of 3,000,000 for the United States; but in addition to the consideration that the opinions of the early settlers were probably exaggerated, there are others which show this estimate to be neither correct nor a proper basis for a general estimate. In 1669 the census taken by order of the Assembly of Virginia showed the Powhatan confederacy to number only about one-third of the earlier estimate. If the natives of Virginia had decreased at the rate of sixty-six per cent. in sixty years, the Indians would have been extinct long ago; for the natives of the entire country elsewhere have suffered from more wars, more disease, and more whiskey, proportionately, since then, than they did in Virginia in those years. The more reasonable inference is that the original estimate was two or three times too large.

The country occupied by the Powhatan confederacy was one of the most fertile and salubrious regions within our boundaries. The Indians there subsisted largely on cultivated plants and vegetable food of natural growth, besides having the fish and oysters of their numerous streams and inlets, which, if we may credit the early chroniclers, existed in astonishing abundance, and were taken by the natives in many ingenious ways. Fully one-third of the United States afforded no such adventitious supplies to the hunter, and in many

* The bison, formerly found in nearly all parts of the Rocky Mountains, is considered by some a distinct variety, as it has shorter legs, finer fur, and quicker motion than the bison of the plains. I have found their skulls at an elevation of 10,000 feet above the sea. There are probably a few still to be found, but, like those of the plains, they are practically extinct.

localities no game was found upon which man could rely for subsistence. The country of the "Root-Diggers," for example, is known to have been very sparsely inhabited for these reasons. Furthermore, there were extensive tracts of habitable country which are known to have been entirely uninhabited, the best authenticated instance being that of the present State of Kentucky. The Indian town of Lulgebrud, in Clarke County, the oldest Indian settlement in the State, was established by some Shawnee refugees about the year 1730.

A native population of 1,000,000, or one to every three square miles, may be reasonably assumed as a maximum limit, and 240,000 would appear to be a just minimum. Between these bounds conjecture becomes more vague, but there are still facts tending towards a convergence between these extremes. It is almost beyond doubt that the Indians have decreased somewhat. In the pure hunter state the relation of births to deaths is such that a slight increase of population is to be expected under ordinary circumstances, but when to the ordinary ills of that state are added those of an encroaching civilization, a decrease becomes almost a matter of certainty. The known ravages of war, disease, and whiskey, the white man's most potent allies, justify the common belief that the American race has been fading away; but, on the other hand, those agencies have not been nearly so destructive as is ordinarily supposed. The methods of Indian warfare prevent any great loss to them in fighting—a fact which has often been expressed of late years in the statement that it costs the government a million dollars to kill an Indian. The bitter campaign of 1864, against the Arizona Apaches, when the regular, citizen, and friendly Indian forces of the United States and Mexico joined in a war of extermination against the hostiles, resulted only in the death of two hundred and sixteen Apaches. Even when surprised, and apparently helpless, the Indians have usually lost but small numbers. The four most damaging attacks on the Indians of modern times—Sand Creek, Camp Grant, Custer's fight on the Washita, and Baker's surprise of the Piegons on the Marias—averaged only about one hundred and seventy-five victims each. Small-

pox, measles, syphilis, malaria, consumption, and whiskey have been far more destructive than our arms, but even these have not caused the loss of life that has generally been attributed to them. Counteracting these destroying agencies have been the superior sanitary measures of civilization. Tribes that have adopted wholly or in part protective clothing, residence in houses, and the use of medicines, have shown a great decrease in infant mortality, and often an increase in numbers. Even among what are still called the wild tribes, small-pox has been robbed of its terrors by the introduction of vaccination. The tendency of late statistics is to show a slight increase at present in the Indian tribes. The returns for 1884 (not including the civilized or taxed Indians) show an excess of 300 births over deaths; in 1883 the excess was 250; in 1882 the excess was 520, but the report was incomplete. The natural presumption is that the relation of births to deaths among the civilized Indians would add to these numbers.

It is not probable that more than one-half of the total decrease in the tribes occurred prior to 1829. At that time there had been no material contact between the whites and the Indians in at least one-half of our present territory, and large numbers of the tribes with whom we had been in contact still existed. The white population of the country was then 12,866,000. Our great increase in numbers in the fifty-five years since that time, and the enormous extension of our settlements, have produced a contact that is fully equal to all that of the three hundred and thirty-five years preceding. Our population during the greater part of that time was inconsiderable; in 1790 it had reached only 3,929,000, of which ninety-seven per cent. was east of the Alleghanies. In 1829 Generals Cass and Clarke made an elaborate estimate of the Indians within our borders, placing the number at 313,130. The additional territory acquired by the annexation of Texas and the cession from Mexico was estimated to contain 145,000, by subsequent statisticians of merit, making a total for our present territory of 458,000. If these figures were correct we should have a decrease of 188,000 in fifty-five years, which would, on our hypothesis, indicate an original population of

646,000; but the estimates of Cass and Clarke, as well as the later ones, are almost certainly above the reality. Their figures on the tribes in proximity to the settlements may be accepted as trustworthy, but they accounted 80,000 west of the Rockies, between parallels 44 and 49, which was more than twice their probable number; and having allowed 20,000 for those within the Rockies, between those parallels, they estimated 94,300 to be between the Rockies and the Mississippi, exclusive of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, which was also too large a figure. There is scarcely a doubt that the Indians at that time did not number over 400,000, which, on the hypothesis mentioned, would denote an original population of 530,000. There are other considerations, which cannot be elaborated here, tending to show that this estimate is approximately correct.

Beginning with these bases of an existing increase, and a past decrease of only fifty per cent. through nearly four centuries of war, disease, and debauchery, we may eliminate the possibility of extermination from the discussion of the Indian question at the outset. The people who are lamenting "the vanishing spectre on the horizon," and those who rejoice over the prospect of extermination, in the belief that "the only good Indians are dead ones," have very little cause for their emotions. The probability is that there will be more of the race a century hence than there are now; there will be, certainly, if they receive such treatment as they are usually supposed to receive under "the humane policy." The only problems that are worth considering are how these people are to be brought to a fit condition for citizenship, and how we are to live peaceably with them until that end is accomplished. In this connection the reader is asked to remember that it has not been the object of the following pages to solve or even to discuss these problems. The writer has had no theory to support. He has conscientiously endeavored to search out the true causes, the actual occurrences, and the exact results of the leading Indian troubles of modern years, leaving the credit or the blame to fall to whatever individual or whatever policy it may belong. From the facts collected certain principles are deducible, and in this introduc-

tory, which might with equal propriety be made a conclusion, these will be briefly summed up.

In all consideration of the Indian question it must be remembered that the Indian stands in a relation to our government different from that of any other human being, and that whatever the results of this distinction may have been, its object was one of benefit and kindness to the red man. All the nations that colonized in America recognized in the Indians the right of possession of the soil, but claimed for themselves the fee-simple, or actual ownership. The United States followed the same theory with all its consequences, the most important of which is that no valid transfer of land can be made by the Indian, except to our government, without the government's consent. The settlers in each of the thirteen colonies paid the Indians something for their possessory right, though all of them claimed the fee-simple under their charters. The tradition that William Penn alone bought land of the Indians is wholly erroneous; each colony has records of similar purchases. The United States has always done the same, except in the case of the cessions from Mexico (in which the Indian title was considered to have been extinguished by the Mexican Government), and under its system the Indian title never rises any higher than a possessory right, unless there is an express treaty confirmation of ownership in fee or an issue of patents. By the customary provisions of organic acts, the Indian reservations are excluded from State and territorial boundaries. They cannot be taxed; they are not subject to the jurisdiction of courts, except as specially provided; legal process of courts of the adjoining territory cannot be served within them. Still the provisions of treaties, that the lands are reserved to particular tribes and their descendants forever, mean merely that the possession of them is so guaranteed; the ownership still remains in the United States, in contemplation of law. From respect for their desire for self-government, we have treated the tribes as independent powers, but we have never conceded the actual title to any portion of land to be in any tribe, for such land thus ceded to an independent power would then cease to be a part of the United States.

The theory of their relation to us, which has always been adhered to by our courts, was thus stated by Marshall, C. J., in the case of the Cherokee Nation *vs.* Georgia, 5 Peters, 1: "The condition of the Indians in relation to the United States is, perhaps, unlike that of any other two people in existence. In general, nations not owing a common allegiance are foreign to each other . . . yet it may well be doubted whether these tribes which reside within the acknowledged boundaries of the United States can, with strict accuracy, be denominated foreign nations. They may, more correctly, perhaps, be denominated domestic dependent nations. They occupy a territory to which we assert a title independent of their will, which must take effect in point of possession, when their right of possession ceases. Meanwhile they are in a state of pupilage; their relation to the United States resembles that of a ward to his guardian. They look to our government for protection, rely upon its kindness and its power, appeal to it for relief to their wants, and address the President as their great father." The reader will observe that here is outlined by our highest court the only policy that our government can justly follow. By our own laws we, who have assumed control over these tribes, are bound to protect them, to be kind to them, to relieve their wants. The relation of guardian to ward under our laws is not consistent with the neglect, oppression, mistreatment, or robbery of the weaker party. Whenever our treatment of a tribe is such as our own courts would not allow in a guardian, we are self-condemned. We must be honest, we must not oppress the Indians, we must not take their property without just compensation, or we are law-breakers.

In accordance with this theory, and in accordance with the wishes of the tribes, it has been customary to allow them to make and enforce their own laws for the punishment of Indians for injuries to the person or property of other Indians. We have had laws to punish white men for wronging Indians, and laws to punish Indians for wronging white men, but the natives have been left at liberty to prey upon one another as their customs might allow. Some of the tribes have reasonably good laws for their own government, but

others have such inadequate ones that the feelings of humane men have often been shocked by crimes for which there was no earthly punishment. Says Bishop Hare, "Women are brutally beaten and outraged, men are murdered in cold blood, the Indians who are friendly to schools and churches are intimidated and preyed upon by the evil-disposed, children are molested on their way to school, and schools are dispersed by bands of vagabonds, but there is no redress. This accursed condition of things is an outrage upon the One Law-giver. It is a disgrace to our land. It should make every man who sits in the national halls of legislation blush." One of the most aggravating of these offences of recent times was the murder of Spotted Tail, the Sioux chief, who had stood by us in many troubled times, by Crow Dog. The murderer was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, but was released by the Supreme Court (*Ex parte* Crow Dog, 109 U. S., p. 556) for the reason that our courts had no jurisdiction of the offence. He returned to Rosebud Agency in 1884, and his release has been the cause of the death of several men since then, especially of White Thunder and Thunder Hawk, on May 29th of that year.

The evil of this system is evident. It has undoubtedly been the greatest stumbling-block in the way of the Indian's advancement to civilization and citizenship. The worst element necessarily controls so long as there is no power to restrain the work of intimidation. The system was adopted at a time when our government was physically unable to enforce laws in the Indian country, except for the protection of its own subjects, but there is no reason for a longer continuance of it. The only obstacle is the fact that a change will be an infraction of treaty rights; but the treaties have been broken for bad purposes so often, that breaking them for a good purpose would almost be an apology for our former bad faith. This is one of the few evils that may be remedied without creating a new evil. At present a large part of the law administered on agencies is simply the will of the agent in charge, if he has power to enforce it. Some agents prohibit polygamy and other Indian customs; others permit them. The "laws" are liable to be changed whenever there

is a change of agents. A quite recent instance of the absurdities which this results in was an attempt of the agent of the Navahos to force that tribe to observe the Sabbath. He had almost got them into a state of war, when General Pope interfered and removed the over-zealous law-maker. The evil has been remedied partially by the establishment of "courts of Indian offences" on some of the reservations by the Indian Bureau, but they are probably beyond the authority of the department, and would hardly be sustained by our judiciary. The only remedy at all adequate is for Congress to adopt a code for the government of the tribes, but in so doing it ought not to interfere with the tribes that have adopted and enforced adequate laws of their own.

A treaty with an Indian tribe has the same rank and effect in law as a treaty with a foreign nation. "They are treaties within the meaning of the Constitution, and, as such, are the supreme laws of the land" (5 McLean, C. C., p. 344). The effect of all treaties has been necessarily to nationalize the tribe treated with, and put its members farther away from citizenship and allegiance to our government. From this consideration Congress, on March 3, 1871, passed a law prohibiting future treaties with Indian tribes, though recognizing those already made. There is among many intelligent men, whose friendship for the Indians cannot be questioned, a desire for still further movement towards the disintegration of the tribes, and a faster advance towards the citizenship which must sooner or later be reached. This is a step which to the white man appears advantageous, but it may at least be said that no action of that kind should be forced on the Indians. Aside from their reluctance to abandon the ties that make them a people and endear to them a related ancestry, there are matters of a more practical nature which may well cause us to consider the proposed change maturely. The case of the Pueblos will serve as an illustration of the fact that important benefits do not always result from citizenship. In the recent case of the *United States vs. Joseph*, 94 U. S., p. 614, an action for the statutory penalty for settling on the lands of the Pueblo of Taos, the Supreme Court held that the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico were not "Indian tribes"

under our laws; that they have a perfect title in fee to their lands through Spanish grants and United States patents; and a broad intimation is given that whenever the question shall be presented they will be held to be citizens of the United States. They have the right to vote, which is of no especial use to them, as they have always elected their village officers and have no great interest in others; they have the right to be taxed; they have the right to be sued in the local courts, which will probably give them justice so long as their interests do not conflict too seriously with those of their white neighbors. A number of the Pueblo land grants have been intersected by railways within the past few years, and on one of them the Denver and Rio Grande Company has established a station named Wallace. The Indians refused to sell land for a station or a town site at this point, but, in spite of their protests, white men went there and settled, and the only chance for relief is by tedious litigation. The government cannot interpose as it could if the intruders were upon the lands of "Indian tribes." Its hands are tied by the citizenship of the Pueblos. They have gained a questionable benefit and lost a powerful protector.

The policy of the government heretofore has been to lead the tribes into the adoption of civilized pursuits as far as possible, and then make treaty arrangements by which the members may become citizens on showing a good character and a stated ability to support themselves. Under this system some forty thousand Indians have come into citizenship. The number of taxed Indians, who are in fact citizens, was found by the census of 1880 to be 66,407, but this includes the Pueblos and the Mission Indians of California, who have their right by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, with Mexico. A majority of the taxed Indians are not qualified for citizenship, in the sense that they are able to cope with the white man in the pursuits of civilized life. The Indian Bureau has had agents at work for over a year past investigating the property rights of these Indians, and it has been found in very many instances that they have been defrauded of their lands either by tax-sales, when their land was not taxable, or by other devices. On the other hand, there is much plausibil-

ity in the theory that the ballot is the best weapon that can be given to a man for the defence of his rights, and the experience of the country with the negro certainly shows that the consciousness of manhood and equality is a strong incentive to self-improvement. An enactment of June 18, 1881, that will probably have a decided influence in bringing the Indian to citizenship, provides that any adult Indian who abandons tribal relations may take up land under the homestead law, and still be entitled to his distributive share in all tribal annuities, funds, lands, and other property. The loss of tribal property rights by one who left the tribe, formerly acted as a premium for remaining in tribal relations. On the whole, as to citizenship, it is safe to say that a general naturalization law should be passed by which any Indian who desires to abandon tribal relations may become a citizen on manifesting a certain degree of fitness. The requirement of fitness is no reflection on the Indian; it will operate for his benefit. The alien in this country is simply a visitor, and has only the rights of a visitor until he takes steps towards naturalization. The Indian, theoretically, receives as much protection as the citizen, and is supposed to have his temporal wants, at least, provided for. If the government be true to its guardianship, the Indian has nothing to gain by the transition but the simple freedom of citizenship.

As the law stands at present, an Indian who leaves his tribe, except under treaty provisions, becomes a man without a country. It was declared in the celebrated Ponca case—*U. S. ex rel. Standing Bear vs. George Crook* (5 Dillon, C. C., p. 454)—that an Indian had a clear right of expatriation, or abandonment of his tribe; but in *Elk vs. Wilkins* (112 U. S., p. 94) the Supreme Court held that, while a person might abandon one country, he could not force himself upon another as a citizen without its consent, and that the laws of the United States had not made it possible for an Indian to become a citizen by simply leaving his tribe. This being the law, and there being no general provision for the naturalization of Indians, an Indian who leaves his tribe remains in the condition of an alien who has taken no steps towards naturalization, unless he comes within some treaty provision. He

may hold and transfer property, sue and be sued, and be indicted for crime. If illegally deprived of his liberty, he may be released on writ of habeas corpus. This right was granted on the application of Standing Bear, above referred to, but the intimation in that case that a similar rule had not obtained in England is incorrect. In 1810 a negro woman, named Saartje Baartman, known as the Hottentot Venus, who was being exhibited in England on account of her beauty and physical perfection, was brought before the Court of King's Bench on a rule for her custodians to show cause why the writ should not issue for her release. The affidavit on which the court granted the rule alleged that she had been clandestinely inveigled away from the Cape of Good Hope without the knowledge of the British governor, "who extends his peculiar protection in nature of a guardian over the Hottentot nation under his government, by reason of their general imbecile state." In other words, she was in the same state of pupilage as the American Indians. The rule was discharged on it being shown that she was with the showmen of her free-will.

The right of Indians in tribal relations to appear in State, territorial, or United States courts for any purpose, except as provided by the national statutes, rests on a very uncertain foundation, for neither the common-law nor any statutes for the enforcement of ordinary rights extend over the reservations. Still, Indians have been allowed in several cases to sue on contracts made on reservations, for assaults committed on reservations, and for trespasses on reservation lands. Various tribes or nations, as independent governments, have exercised the privilege of appearing as parties in the courts for the enforcement of treaty rights.

While theoretically our provisions for the control and advancement of the Indians show good intentions, they have not received the practical application that would have made them useful; and the laws themselves are fatally defective in that there is no adequate provision for their enforcement. It is much as though we had passed a law against murder or larceny and prescribed no penalty for the crime. We agree that white men shall not go on reservations, and pass a law

giving a penalty of \$1000 against each intruder. A white man enters the reservation; the military removes him; the government sues him, and has judgment for \$1000; he owns no property, and goes Scot-free. We agree to educate a tribe; money is appropriated for schools, and expended for no one knows what; at the end of ten or twenty years it is discovered that the Indians have learned nothing. How did it happen? Because the law did not provide for any one to see that the money was applied to the purpose for which it was designed. We agree to give the Indians a certain amount of food, clothing, and other property, and appropriate money for the purpose, without taking the precautions for its proper application that any business man would use in his ordinary affairs. That the Indians get but little of it, as a rule, is so notorious that it is a standing joke in this country. Do Indian agents steal? The reports of dozens of investigating committees say they do. Did you ever hear of one being punished? Some of them come out of office without materially increasing their wealth, but not many. The general result is as Medicine Cow said of Dr. Burleigh, "When he came here he had only a trunk, but now he is high up—rich." Dr. Burleigh's services were dispensed with, and the good people of Dakota, in recognition of his distinguished ability, sent him to Congress. There have been tried various checks for this malfeasance, but none adequate to the evil. Every investigation reveals the continuing wrong. If there is a single report of a Congressional or department committee on Indian frauds that does not find a shameful state of robbery and corruption in existence, I have never discovered it.

The most sensible remedy ever adopted was the appointment of the Board of Indian Commissioners, as quasi supervisors of the Indian Bureau, but it has barely checked the progress of wrong. Let us notice a few revelations made since the organization of that body. In 1873 a House committee made a report, in a volume of eight hundred pages, headed in large type, "By this investigation and report the committee hope to do something to rid the Indians and the Indian service of those heartless scoundrels who infest it, and who do so

much damage to the Indian, the settler, and the government." It is hardly necessary to say that the hopes of the committee were not realized. In 1874 Prof. O. C. Marsh, of Yale college, happened at Red Cloud Agency on a geological expedition, and was detained there for several days by Indian hostilities. He took some observations of the management of the agency, and obtained samples of the provisions given to the Indians. On his return he printed charges in the newspapers and in pamphlet form, besides writing to and interviewing the authorities. There was an attempt to ignore the charges, the agent stating that he considered it "one of the usual effervescences of the moment," but Professor Marsh pushed the matter, and a commission was sent to investigate. It reported eight hundred and forty pages of damaging testimony, recommended the removal of the agent and inspector, and urged the exclusion of all the contractors from future contracts. Reference will be made hereafter to other frauds, but it is worthy of note here that in the month of July, 1885, there was developed incontrovertible evidence of still existing rascality. In the count of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, it was found that there were 1300 Arapahoes instead of 2366 reported last fall, and 2077 Cheyennes instead of 3905 reported last fall. A mistake of 3000 Indians out of a reported total of 6271 is impossible. It is simply another illustration of a game that has been played by the Indian rings for years: the more Indians reported, the greater allowance made for their support; and the fewer Indians to issue to, the more goods left for the agent. No casual visit of an inspector will disclose a fraud of that kind. The agent perpetrates it with impunity.

The money loss is the least objectionable part of this thieving. If we may believe either of the great political parties, a few millions stolen, more or less, will make but little difference in the aggregate. The greatest evil is that the Indians are poorly clothed and badly fed or starved, and unless they are so degraded as to have lost all spirit they make trouble. It is amusing to hear some people talk of "fed savages" and "Uncle Sam's pets," in connection with the reservation system. I doubt if there is a reservation in

the country on which the average white laboring man would be content to live and subsist on Indian rations, though the food is generally better now than it used to be. Take this description of the fare at Crow Creek Agency in 1863-64: "Some time about the middle of the winter a large vat was constructed of cotton-wood lumber, about six feet square and six feet deep, in connection with the steam saw-mill, with a pipe leading from the boiler into the vat. Into this vat was thrown beef, beef heads, entrails of beeves, some beans, flour, and pork. I think there was put into the vat two barrels of flour each time, which was not oftener than once in twenty-four hours. This mass was then cooked by the steam from the boiler passing through the vat. When that was done, all the Indians were ordered to come there with their pails and get it. It was dipped out to the Indians with a long-handled dipper made for the purpose. I cannot say the quantity given to each. It was of about the consistency of very thin gruel. The Indians would pour off the thinner portion and eat that which settled to the bottom. . . . The Santees and Winnebagos were fed from this vat; some of the Indians refused to eat it, saying they could not eat it, it made them sick . . . they told the agent that it was only fit for hogs, and they were not hogs, they said. . . . The Indians reported several deaths from starvation; they were constantly begging for something to eat, and I visited the lodges frequently while they were sick, and found them destitute of food. . . . From what I saw and know, I am satisfied that the representations of Indians as to some of the Indians dying of starvation were true." This was the testimony of S. C. Haynes, assistant-surgeon of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry. It was fully sustained by the testimony of other white men, and even worse was proven, for it was shown that beeves were used that had died natural deaths, and that meat was issued which stank and was full of maggots. But, it may be said, that sort of thing is all over with now. Is it, indeed? Just last year the Piegans lived for two months on the bark of trees, and about two hundred of them starved to death. It is a glorious privilege to be a "fed savage!"

No one need be surprised at these things. Since the

world has existed, men put in absolute power over other men have often been cruel and wicked, and the race has not outgrown the quality. You need not go to foreign countries nor back to the Dark Ages for instances. Tewkesbury almshouse, the Georgia penitentiary, the contract labor convicts of Louisiana, or the Soldiers' Orphans' Home of Indiana will do well enough. Guard as well as you can institutions where men rule men absolutely, and you cannot escape some wrong. But what safeguards have we given the Indians? An agent is put over them who is at once their master and representative, besides representing the government. Isolated from civilized mankind, he does much as he pleases, and his own reports are the chief information of his doings that reach the Indian Bureau and the world at large. Once a year or oftener an inspector visits the agency and is entertained by the agent; sometimes there are other visitors; sometimes there is a missionary. If the agent and inspector should accidentally happen to be in a "ring," where do the government and the Indian appear? We put better safeguards than these around our county jails. There is a very simple way in which all this might be much improved. For years a strong party has advocated turning the Indians over to the War Department, on the plea, which all reasonable men will concede, that the officers who would have charge of the Indians are more honest than the class of men who are accustomed to receive appointments; they have been educated by the government as gentlemen, and taught that no gentleman can be dishonest; and they are under constant liability to court-martial for conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen. This has been met by the plea that a transfer to the War Department would involve stationing soldiers on the reservations who would demoralize the Indians, and that while under charge of the War Department, which they were until 1849, the Indian affairs were no better managed than since then by the Interior Department. Admitting a large amount of truth in both propositions, why not combine the good features of both departments? To insure morality, let the Indian Bureau continue in control; but to insure honesty—to be certain that the morality of the agent is not hypocrisy

—detail an officer once a month from the nearest post, to audit the agent's accounts, inspect the management of the agency, and report. He need not interfere with the duties of the agent at all. It would add practically nothing to government expenses. There are only sixty-two agencies. The officers are close to most of them, and have plenty of leisure time. But the two departments would be hostile! So much the better. That would insure a knowledge of the truth, beyond question. It is a wrong both to the government and the Indians not to put some impartial supervising power back of the agents.

Admitting the full disturbing force of broken treaties, dishonest agents, inadequate supplies, lawless white men, and intractable Indians, the following pages will show that the large majority of our modern Indian wars have been occasioned by a wholly different cause. That cause has been made a part of the "peace policy," and is commonly known as the concentration or consolidation policy. The peace policy, as defined by Secretary Delano in an open letter to L. L. Crouse, on April 15, 1873, has five leading features: (1) "To place the Indians upon reservations as rapidly as possible, where they can be provided for in such manner as the dictates of humanity and Christian civilization require;" (2) when Indians refuse to go upon reservations, and continue their nomadic habits, "accompanied with depredations and outrages upon our frontier settlements," to punish them until they are willing to go on reservations and remain in peace; (3) to see that all goods and supplies shall be furnished at fair and reasonable prices to the Indians; (4) by every means, to secure "competent, upright, moral, and religious agents;" (5) to establish schools, Sabbath-schools, etc., that the Indians may "be prepared ultimately to become citizens of this great nation."* To the first and second feat-

* The principal means by which these ends were hoped to be compassed was permitting the various churches to nominate the Indian agents for the tribes assigned to them. Nearly all the agents were thus nominated for about fifteen years, but this feature of the policy was discontinued by Secretary Teller during Mr. Arthur's administration, and the churches have now no voice in the appointments.

ures has since been added, practically, the policy of bringing the smaller bands upon the larger reservations, and sometimes of changing the location of the larger tribes. This concentration was not a leading feature of the original peace policy, as may be inferred from its omission by Mr. Delano. In 1874 Commissioner E. P. Smith said, "Experience, however, shows that no effort is more unsuccessful with an Indian than that which proposes to remove him from the place of his birth and the graves of his fathers. Though a barren plain, without wood or water, he will not voluntarily exchange it for any prairie or woodland, however inviting."

The views of Commissioner J. Q. Smith, who next held the office, were totally different, and in 1876 he announced as the principal feature of his policy, "Concentration of all Indians on a few reservations." His successor, E. A. Hayt, was of the same opinion, his doctrine being, "A steady concentration of the small bands of Indians upon the larger reservations." This policy was followed by him through his long term of office, and has been adopted, though to a somewhat less extent, by his successors. By act of March 1, 1883, the President was empowered, in his discretion, to consolidate either agencies or tribes, "with the consent of the tribes to be affected thereby, expressed in the usual manner." There is nothing objectionable in the appearance of this act; it reads like a rather benevolent design; but the words do not express what it really means in its practical application. To express it properly, the act should read, "The President is authorized and empowered to drive the Indians from their native homes, and place them on uncongenial and unhealthy reservations, whenever sufficient political influence has been brought to bear upon the Commissioner of Indian Affairs or the Secretary of the Interior, by men who desire the lands of any tribe, to induce a recommendation for their removal; *Provided*, that before any tribe shall be removed, the members shall be bullied, cajoled, or defrauded into consenting to the removal."

It may be said that this is an exaggeration. Let us see. The Modoc war was caused by attempting to keep them on a reservation with the Klamaths, who maltreated them so

much that they could not live peacefully or raise food for themselves; they asked a small reservation of their own, but the Indian Bureau would not give it to them. The great Sioux war of 1876 was simply the enforcement of an order for that nation to abandon the Powder River country, which we had guaranteed them as a hunting-ground, and to keep within the bounds of their established reservation, where there was little or no game. The Nez Percé war of 1877 was caused by an attempt to force the Lower Nez Percés, whose nomadic habits were not "accompanied with depredations and outrages upon our frontier settlements," to go upon the Lapwai reservation instead of giving them their old home in the Wallowa Valley, which had never been bought from them, and with which they would have been satisfied. All the troubles with the Chiricahua Apaches, since 1876, resulted from an attempt to remove them from their native mountains to San Carlos Agency, an unhealthy and intolerable place for mountain Indians, and occupied by bands that were unfriendly to the Chiricahuas. The wars with Victorio's Mimbrenos Apaches resulted from the discontinuance of his reservation at Ojo Caliente, in his native country, where he had expressed willingness to live in peace, and an order for the removal of his band to San Carlos. The war with the Northern Cheyennes resulted from an attempt to make them stay in Indian Territory, which had proved a very unhealthy place for them, instead of leaving them with their old allies the Sioux, where they wished to remain. The disgraceful affair of the Ponca removal—so repugnant to all sense of fairness and justice that Judge Dundy, who released the fugitive Poncas on writ of habeas corpus, condemned it from the bench, and expressed his pleasure that General Crook had "no sort of sympathy in the business in which he is forced by his position to bear a part so conspicuous"—was only a concentration and removal to Indian Territory. The Huapais were removed in 1874 from their old country to La Paz reservation, on the Colorado River, a place so terribly unhealthy that they were saved from extermination only by fleeing in a body. The White Mountain Coyoteros, always our friends, were removed from their farms to the hot, un-

healthy valley of the Gila, to save the expense of an agency, and throw the tribal trade from New Mexico to Arizona, "where it properly belonged." The tribe became demoralized; their advance in agriculture was stopped; a part of them became wanderers.

All these facts and others will appear more fully hereafter, and they show that the translation made above is not exaggerated. An examination of the arguments of those who favor concentration will show that the advantages claimed for it are purely theoretical. There is not a single instance of benefit resulting from an enforced removal—not one in which the fair presumption is not that the Indians would have done as well or better in their native homes. In a majority of cases the results have been very bad, and in many of them the discontent resulting from removal has been so lasting that the Indian Bureau has been obliged to give up its project, and return them to the place whence they were removed. If there were ever a penny-wise and pound-foolish idea, it is that concentration cheapens the Indian service. The wars alone that have resulted from it, leaving out of consideration life and property destroyed, have cost more money than all that the tribes affected by removals have cost the government otherwise. In addition to that, several tribes that were previously self-supporting were made utterly destitute and helpless by removal, and some became hopelessly demoralized. There is, in reason, no cause why Indians may not be taught and civilized in one state or territory as well as in another, and if the presence of Indians be considered objectionable, there is no justice in moving them from contiguity with one lot of white neighbors to put them near others. The concentration policy has not a single foundation, either in fact or in logical argument, to support it. It is almost beyond comprehension how it could have been adopted by reasoning men.

The objections to it from principle are quite as great as those derived from its expensiveness and inexpediency. Is it a light thing to drive a people from their native land? There was never an exile of any other race to whom the American heart did not warm. There was never even a

foreign nation struggling for the peaceful possession of its fatherland with which we did not sympathize. The patriots of Ireland, Poland, Switzerland, and Greece have always had our veneration and love. Our school-children are instructed in their histories, and taught to repeat their inspiring words. We have proclaimed to the world by our Monroe doctrine that no foreign government shall interfere with American liberty on American soil. We profess to place highest in the category of human virtues the love of native land. How comes it, then, that Americans can favor forcing our "wards" to leave the "rocks and rills," the "woods and templed hills" that they love? Can we not respect Joseph when he says, "A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal"? Can we not even understand poor, worthless, old Homily when he says, "The gravel stones and sand of Wallula make me happy—my tilicums [adult companions] are there"? The American Indians do love their country. They have taught us that in a hundred bloody wars. If any American will but cast aside the prejudice of race, he must feel the truth of Wendell Phillips's words, "From Massachusetts Bay back to their own hunting-grounds, every few miles is written down in imperishable record as a spot where the scanty, scattered tribes made a stand for justice and their own rights. Neither Greece, nor Germany, nor the French, nor the Scotch, can show a prouder record. And instead of searing it over with infamy and illustrated epithets, the future will recognize it as a glorious record of a race that never melted out and never died away, but stood up manfully, man by man, foot by foot, and fought it out for the land God gave him against the world, which seemed to be poured out over him. I love the Indian because there is something in the soil and climate that made him that is fated, in the thousand years that are coming, to mould us."

I would not carry the feeling of admiration for aboriginal virtues too far, lest the recollection of the vices of barbarism cause an undue recoil from the point we should reach. That many Indians are lazy, drunken, and vicious is undeniable; that some of their habits are revolting to us is true. But there is much to extenuate all this. Why should we be hor-

rified at their eating snakes, lizards, grasshoppers, dogs, and the intestines of larger animals, when we swallow snails, oysters, frogs' legs, sardines, and tripe? Your epicure has his woodcock cooked without cleaning, and smacks his lips over calves' brains. This is but custom. An Apache or Navaho would not touch bear meat or taste of pork. The white man looks on the Indian of to-day and laughs at the idea of a "noble red man," but the Indian of Cooper is not wholly mythical. One might as well seek a Roman Senator in an Italian pea-nut vender, or a Knight of the Round Table in an English swell. Take the proudest crusader that ever bore a lance, strip off his armor, clothe him in rags, and feed him on slop; where would be the glamour of his chivalry? There are plenty of well-authenticated instances of Indian chivalry. The romance of war and the chase has always been theirs. If you want the romance of love, a thousand elopements in the face of deadly peril will supply you with Lochinvars. If you want the romance of friendship, you may find, in the "companion warriors" of the prairie tribes, rivals for Damon and Pythias. If you want the romance of grief take that magnificent Mandan, Mah-to-to-pa (Four Bears), who starved himself to death because of the ravages of small-pox in his tribe, or Ha-won-je-tah (One Horn), the Minneconjou chief, who was so maddened by the death of his son that he swore to kill the first living thing that crossed his path; armed only with a knife he attacked a buffalo bull, and perished on the horns of the furious animal. If you seek pure knight-errantry, I commend you to the young Pawnee Loup brave, Petale-sharro, who at the risk of his life freed a Comanche girl from the stake and returned her unharmed to her people—who afterwards saved a Spanish boy from a similar fate by offering a ransom for him, and interposing his own life to force the release. If you desire the grander chivalry of strength of mind and nobility of soul, I will pit Chief Joseph against any barbarian that ever lived.

Just here let me caution the reader that if he wishes to understand Indian history, he must not be deluded by that false truth, so popular in America, that "an Indian is an Indian." There are tribes now existing that have never

raised a hostile hand against us, though they have been sorely tried. There are Indians that, so far as race characteristics and race prejudices are concerned, have no identity with the typical Indian, except in the fact that they have been maltreated by the whites. Mr. McCormick, of Arizona, well said in the House of Representatives, "We have Indians there [in Arizona] of every style and character. We have Indians that differ as much from each other as Americans do from Japanese or Chinese. We have a class of Indians whose tendency is to civilization. We have a large class whose tendency is to barbarism, who are as wild as the birds of the air or the beasts of the mountains. We have therefore to pursue a varying course towards the Indians in that territory and in all our frontier country." This is simple truth. There is as much difference between a Pueblo and an Apache, or a Nez Percé and an Arapahoe, as there is between a Broadway merchant and a Bowery rough. When the Nez Percé captives were brought down the Missouri River, the people along the stream, who had been used to Indians all their lives, were constantly remarking, "What fine-looking men!" "How clean they are!" "How dignified they appear!" These are extremes, and there are all gradations between them.

But we have wandered from the subject of concentration. The worst result of a forced removal is its hinderance to civilization. If the Indian is to be civilized, he must first be brought into a complacent state of mind. You may force a man to do right, but you cannot force him to think right. You cannot compel him to be contented. Apparently, then, it is absurd to begin the work of improving and making gentle a mind, by an act of harshness that will be felt longer and more keenly than anything else imaginable. The Indian problem is not solved. It will require years of patient effort to bring these people to a self-reliant, honorable, civilized manhood. It is extremely impolitic to do anything needlessly that will increase the difficulties in the way. If not impeded, humanity and charity will solve the problem, but the "peace policy" of the past eighteen years will not do it. It is no humanity to offer a man a theoretically better home,

and kill him because he will not accept it. It is no charity to give a man a nickel with one hand, and rob him of five dollars' worth of property with the other. It is no Christianity to starve a man, and offer him a Sunday-school by way of extreme unction. Let us be honest and fair with the Indian, and temper our justice with religion and education. The missionary and teacher are working nobly, though the fields are white with the harvest and the harvesters are but few. Religion is within the reach of most of the tribes. The schools at Carlisle, Hampton, Forest Grove, Chilocco, Genoa, and Albuquerque are doing much towards the education of the rising generation. If the government and the people will supplement these efforts by the observance of common honesty and good faith, if an intelligent effort is made to prevent wrong and remove disturbing causes, by the close of the century the Indian will be almost lost in the American.

CHAPTER II.

THE ACQUISITION OF THE MOUNTAINS.

ABOUT half a century has elapsed since the idea of possessing and settling the Rocky Mountain region began to develop in the minds of the American people. Before that time it existed only as a speculative belief of far-sighted men, or a daring hope of adventurous ones. We then owned but little of our present western territory. On the south and west our boundary was the present eastern border of Texas, with the line of the "Panhandle" carried north to the Arkansas River, thence up the Arkansas and the continental divide to parallel forty-two of north latitude, and west on it to the Pacific. We have since acquired on that side all of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, and Utah, the greater portion of Colorado, and parts of Wyoming, Kansas, and Indian Territory. On the north our line was wholly unsettled west of the summit of the Rockies—we claiming as far north as the Russian possessions, and England claiming as far south as California, but both offering to take less. Meantime the disputed territory was under a joint occupancy by the traders of both countries.

The causes which operated on the public mind in regard to occupying this mountain region were various, though they afterwards blended to a certain extent. First may be mentioned the Texas agitation. Large numbers of Americans had settled in Texas, under grants of the various Mexican governments, but they did not revolutionize with the facility of the natives, and the two races did not harmonize. In 1833 the Americans, who numbered over 20,000, determined to separate from the State of Coahuila, of which they formed a part, and seek admission as a separate State into the Mexican republic. This did not meet with favor when submitted

to Santa Anna, then President, and he managed to put the Texans off until he had an opportunity, between insurrections, to throw his troops into their country. Open hostilities followed in 1835 and 1836, and in the latter year Texas declared and virtually established her independence. The State became a bone of contention in our politics at the first, and remained one until the dissolution of the Whig party. There was a feeling of friendliness to the struggling Texans



SANTA ANNA.

which was naturally strongest in the South and West, whence chiefly they had emigrated, but when the real political motives in the controversy are reached, all feelings and all interests are found to be subordinated to one consideration—the extension of slave territory. The South wanted “the Lone Star admitted to the galaxy of her sister States,” and broadly threatened secession if the desire were not gratified. It was claimed that Texas was needed to preserve the equilibrium north and south of Mason and Dixon’s line. With the South

this consideration outweighed every other. Martin Van Buren, who had until then been the popular candidate for nomination, ventured, shortly before the Democratic convention, to write a public letter in which he took a position against annexation. The South abandoned him at once, and was strong enough to defeat him in the convention. The Whigs took the position that any intervention on our part against Mexico was an outrage on a sister republic; that Houston and his followers had gone to Texas to stir up a rebellion; and that the whole affair was "the consummation of the perfidious treason of Aaron Burr." It is true that Tyler extended the offer of annexation to Texas, which was accepted, but it was after his veto of the bank bill had caused the desertion of his party and the resignation of his cabinet, excepting Webster. The position of the Whigs was unfortunate for them, as it forced them to oppose the brilliantly successful Mexican war, to object to the occupation of New Mexico and California, and to advocate compromise with England in the Oregon matter. The Democratic party, on the other hand, having no legitimate reason to offer for the acquisition of slave territory only, drifted into the advocacy of the acquisition of territory in general, a position naturally attractive to the American people, and which soon became very popular.

A second instrumentality in moulding public sentiment was the Santa Fé trade. This had been carried on for a number of years in a desultory and generally unsuccessful way. There had even been one or two traders, though of small importance, who reached Santa Fé before the expedition of Lieutenant Pike. This officer was sent up the Arkansas River in 1806 with instructions to penetrate to the sources of the Red River, for which those of the Canadian fork were then mistaken. He missed both but reached the Rio Grande and prepared to winter there, supposing it to be the Red River. Being only seventy or eighty miles from the northern Mexican settlements, his presence was soon discovered and a force was sent to remove him. On being informed that he was in Mexican territory, and that an escort had been sent to convoy his men and baggage out of the country, he consented

to leave, it being agreed that they should go by way of Santa Fé. Arrived there, however, the governor sent Pike and his men to the commandant-general at Chihuahua, who seized most of his papers and returned the party to the United States by way of San Antonio de Bexar. Their glowing reports of the country excited general attention, and in 1812 a considerable party of traders started across the plains, following the directions given by Lieutenant Pike. They



TRADERS APPROACHING SANTA FÉ.

reached Santa Fé just in time to get the benefit of a revolution in favor of the royalists. Their goods were confiscated; they were seized as spies, and imprisoned in the calabozos of Chihuahua. At the end of nine years the Mexican republicans, under Iturbide, regained the ascendancy, and the luckless traders were released. Two of them returned home in 1821, and two small expeditions were sent out in the same year, both of which were successful. The trade was a very

profitable one, as all other New Mexican supplies were brought in by way of Vera Cruz, at such enormous expense that common calicoes sold for two and three dollars per yard. These expeditions were therefore kept up from year to year, notwithstanding the hardship and peril, though on a rather small scale and with varying success, until the year 1831. In that year Independence, Mo., became the starting-place for the Santa Fé trains, and the trade began to assume greater proportions. In 1822 the goods sent out amounted to \$15,000, and the men employed were fifteen, besides the sixty proprietors. In 1831 the goods exported were valued at \$250,000. There were eighty owners and three hundred men employed. In 1843 the trade had come under the control of thirty proprietors, who sent out half a million dollars' worth of goods and employed four hundred men. These caravans moved across the plains in military order, usually four wagons abreast. They were escorted by troops on only two occasions prior to 1843.



COL. ZEBULON PIKE.

The published narratives of the traders afforded the principal information concerning the regions traversed, and their prosperity demonstrated that the mountain country was by no means worthless.

The fur trade of the North-west was a large factor in the determination of our boundaries. The fur-traders, French, English, and American, were ever the pioneers in the North. In British America Frobisher established a trading-post on Lake Athabasca in 1778. In 1789 Mackenzie followed down the river bearing his name to the Arctic, and in 1793 he

gained the Pacific overland. On his recommendation there followed a union of the North-west and Hudson's Bay companies in the occupancy of the explored country, which continued until their consolidation in 1821. In 1805 the North-west Company sent one Laroque with an expedition to occupy the Columbia country, but he did not cross the mountains. After the Louisiana purchase, in 1803, the United States sent out the Lewis and Clarke expedition to explore the new territory, which was then almost unknown. They returned in 1806, and their reports quickly begot an active interest in the fur trade with this region. In 1808 the American Fur Company was organized, with head-quarters at St. Louis. They established posts on the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri, and Major Henry, one of their agents, established Post Henry on the Lewis River, the first trading-post located by white men in the Columbia basin. In 1810 Astor started his overland expedition from St. Louis to Oregon. The establishment of Astoria, its terrible misfortunes and final disgraceful sale and surrender by Mr. Astor's Canadian associates, need only be referred to here. Their publication in Irving's "Astoria" in 1836 had a wide-spread effect in the formation of public opinion, not so much by acquainting the people with the country as by arousing the national prejudice against England. This last has always been a potent factor in our affairs, and was never more so than at this time. It was known that England desired to have Texas remain independent and without slavery. It was currently believed that she was planning to obtain California. A Southern congressman did not much misrepresent the American feeling when he said, "It were worth twenty years' war to prevent California falling into the hands of the English."

The British flag floated over Astoria, then called St. George, until 1818. In that year there was a nominal surrender of the country, and the American flag was once more raised, but Astoria remained in the possession of the consolidated "Honorable Hudson's Bay Fur Company" until 1845. At the time of its final surrender by the British it had become a formidable stockade fort, 250 feet by 150, with two bastions, and walls twelve feet high. It was garrisoned by

sixty-five men, and by way of armament had two 18-pounders, six 6-pounders, four 4-pound carronades, two 6-pound coehorns, and seven swivels. By the agreement of 1818 there was to be a joint occupation for ten years of "any country that may be claimed by either party on the North-western coast of America, westward of the Stony Mountains;" and this agreement was extended indefinitely in 1827, with the privilege of termination at any time by either party on one year's notice. The occupation that resulted was practically the occupation of the British fur companies, for the Americans did not succeed in permanently establishing a trading-post in the whole Columbia country. When one was set up, the British companies quickly ruined its trade by setting up a rival and underselling. They were even successful in causing the failure of trading expeditions such as Pilcher's and Capt. Bonneville's.

In 1832 a novel expedition for Oregon left Cambridge, under N. J. Wyeth. There were twenty-two of them, all equipped for an ideal frontier life. They wore uniforms, and had prepared themselves for the hardships of Western life by camping out for ten days on an island in Boston Harbor. In company with a party of experienced trappers, led by William Sublette, they reached the head-waters of the Snake River and established Fort Hall. The Hudson's Bay Company soon after established Fort Boisé and ruined their trade. In 1839 Mr. Wyeth, who had returned home a less romantic but wiser person, announced the truth that "the United States as a nation are unknown west of the mountains." But while the British companies succeeded in monopolizing the fur trade of the Columbia country, the Americans were pushing up to its borders. In 1823 Ashley had his men on Green River and the Sweetwater. In 1824 he established a trading-post in the Great Salt Lake basin, to which he conveyed a six-pound cannon in 1826, and wagons two years later. The return of \$180,000 worth of furs by Ashley's company in a single year aroused great interest in the trade, and caused the organization of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, which carried its trade through all California. Private enterprise reached out into every corner of

the wilderness. Posts were established all along the foothills—Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, St. Vrain's on the South Platte, Laramie on the North Platte, Union, Clark, Berthold, and others on the Missouri. In 1834 John Jacob Astor sold his interest in the American Fur Company to Pierre Chouteau, Jr., of St. Louis, and his associates. The company known as P. Chouteau, Jr., & Co., was organized soon afterwards, and eventually secured the control of both the fur trade and the Santa Fé trade. The information concerning the western mountains and plains which reached the people through the fur-traders was of course considerable. It would be impossible to estimate it with accuracy as to quantity, but its value will be easily appreciated by those who remember the "Great American Desert" of earlier days, as portrayed in the geographies of Morse, Cummings, and others, indicated by those little dots which are the geographical symbols of sterility and starvation, and comparable in size only to the Great Sahara. Lieutenant Pike, in his account of his explorations, had reported the great plains as a providential desert barrier which would restrain the American people from thin diffusion and ruin. He said, "Our citizens being so prone to rambling and extending themselves on the frontiers will, through necessity, be constrained to limit their extent on the west to the borders of the Missouri and Mississippi, while they leave the prairies incapable of cultivation to the wandering and uncivilized aborigines of the country." Lieutenant Long, in 1818, improved on Pike's account only by placing the beginning of the desert some two hundred miles farther westward. Even so lately as 1843 George McDuffie, of Georgia, announced in the Senate of the United States his understanding that the country for "seven hundred miles this side of the Rocky Mountains is uninhabitable."

A fourth agency in the occupation and settlement of the mountain country, and the last one I shall consider, was missionary work in Oregon. Away back in 1817, Hall J. Kelly, a Boston teacher, became impressed with the idea of colonizing Oregon, converting the Indians, and establishing a new republic on the Pacific coast. For this end he worked ardently, memorializing Congress for co-operation repeatedly,

and issuing several pamphlets treating of his project. In 1829 he formed a society to carry out his views, which had then become definite in a plan for an overland expedition. In 1831 he induced the Legislature of Massachusetts to incorporate "The American Society for Encouraging the Settlement of Oregon Territory." Several hundred names were enrolled on the emigration books, among others, Captain Bonneville and N. J. Wyeth, when opposition sprung up. It seems to have been customary in those days to suspect every pioneer leader of being another Aaron Burr. Kelly's motives were assailed, the press misrepresented the difficulties of the undertaking, and the expedition was broken up. But several of the members went out, of whom Bonneville and Wyeth have already been mentioned. John Ball, Calvin Tibbitts, and others went also in 1832. They reached Oregon, established the first school among the Indians, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, and did the first farming in that region in 1833. The Methodist Board of Missions was to have sent two missionaries with this party, but on its being broken up the ministers selected were sent to Liberia instead. Kelly tried vainly to reconstruct his company, and finally, in desperation, started for Oregon himself, by way of Mexico. At Vera Cruz the revenue officials appropriated most of his goods, although they were not subject to duty, and though he was travelling under a passport from our department of State, endorsed by the Mexican Government. At Monterey, Cal., he induced Ewing Young and a small party to accompany him, and sailing thence arrived at Fort Vancouver in 1834. The Monterey party settled permanently, and formed the nucleus of the subsequent settlement. The estate of Ewing Young, which escheated in default of heirs, gave the provisional government of Oregon its first and, for some time, only funds. Kelly's health was impaired and his spirits depressed by misfortune. He soon returned to the East, and went down to death in poverty, worn out by exposure, and in premature decay.

There were others besides Kelly who were advocating a settlement in Oregon at an early day. The idea of a seaport on the Pacific coast, which should be the western terminus on

our continent of a line of trade with Asia, had originated with Thomas Jefferson. He foresaw a vast Oriental traffic across America, and tried to have the country explored long before he sent out Lewis and Clarke. Some of his worshippers followed up the thought, particularly Colonel Benton, who wrote newspaper articles favoring the settlement of the North-west as early as 1819. In 1820 Dr. Floyd, of Virginia, endeavored to get action towards that end in the House of Representatives. In 1825 Benton introduced in the Senate a bill for the occupation of the Columbia, which received fourteen votes. While philosophers were still speculating and enthusiasts arguing, a romantic event occurred which brought about the desired end. In 1832 a deputation of four Nez Percé Indians visited St. Louis. They were no usual visitors there, and they had come on a strange errand. Some trapper had told their tribe of a wonderful Book that the white men had—a Book which told all about the Great Spirit, the happy hunting-grounds, and the trail that led to them—and they had come after it. From away in their mountain-girt valleys beyond the Columbia they had searched out a pathway, over mountains and plains, through the fierce tribes of their deadly enemies, until they reached the great village of the white man. They found there, as Indian Superintendent, Gen. William Clarke, who had visited their country twenty-seven years before. He received them kindly. They were feasted, and loaded with presents, but they failed to obtain the Book. It was not printed in a language which they could understand, and no missionary volunteered to return with them. The two older Indians died at St. Louis, and the younger ones returned to their homes, ascending the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone by the first steamboat that traversed those waters. It was sent up by the American Fur Company, and bore also the celebrated George Catlin, whose work among the Indians is known to the world. When the Nez Percés bade farewell to General Clarke they were full of sadness at the failure of their mission, and portrayed, in their graceful imagery, the disappointment which their tribe would feel. A young clerk overheard the conversation. It was one of those happenings which seem to be

the work of some great guiding hand. He wrote an account of the entire circumstance to friends in Pittsburg, who showed the letter to Catlin on his return. Catlin felt sure there was some mistake about it, for he had become acquainted with the Nez Percés on the boat, and they had not spoken of their mission to him, but on corresponding with General Clarke he found it to be true. They had come solely to obtain the Book, and they had failed. The young clerk's letter was then published. It touched the hearts of Christian America. The Methodist Board of Missions at once sent out Jason and Daniel Lee and others. The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions sent Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman, M.D., who were to have gone with the Lees but missed the convoy of the American Fur Company, and did not reach the American rendezvous on Green River until 1835. Here they luckily met a party of Nez Percés whom Mr. Parker accompanied to their home. He remained with them until 1836, and then returned home by way of the Sandwich Islands. Whitman saw a great duty placed before him, and he undertook it without hesitation. Having persuaded two of the Nez Percé boys to accompany him, he returned to the East to prepare for his life-work. In the following spring he married Miss Narcissa Prentiss, and having secured as colleagues Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, a newly-married couple who were about going as missionaries to the Osages, they started on their bridal tour to Oregon. But taking women among the Indians was a new project, and was looked on as foolhardy by experienced frontiersmen. They had to turn a deaf ear to warnings of danger from the time they started until they left the settlements. The American Fur Company at first refused to convoy them, but finally consented. At Council Bluffs they found that the company's party had started six days before them, but accompanied by W. H. Gray, who had joined them as agent for the proposed mission, they followed on and overtook it at Loup Fork. They crossed the South Pass six years before Fremont "discovered it," and in July reached the place of the annual fair of the Indians and traders, midway between South Pass and Fort Hall. Here they met their Nez Percé friends, and ac-

accompanied by them and some Hudson's Bay Company men, they proceeded on their journey. They reached Fort Walla-Walla in September; the missions at Wailatpu and Lapwai were soon established, and the Book was given to the Nez Percés and their neighbors.

It had been usual for these trading parties to leave their wagons at Fort Laramie, but Dr. Whitman insisted on taking his through. He succeeded in getting it as far as Fort Hall, then under British control, and there, after many objections and representations of the impassability of the trail by the Hudson's Bay men, he compromised by making a cart of it. At Fort Boisé the convoy rebelled. They said that if he wanted to take the wagon farther he must take it apart and pack it on horses, as the road was absolutely impassable. The cart was accordingly left till a future time. It appeared to be a part of the policy of the British companies to prevent wagons passing beyond Fort Hall, thus building up the impression that there could be no overland route to Oregon. They succeeded with party after party following Whitman, and in 1842, when one hundred and twenty-seven emigrants had reached Oregon, of whom thirty-four were white women, thirty-two white children, and twenty-four ministers, no wagon had passed Fort Hall except the doctor's cart.

In October, 1842, Dr. Whitman was at Fort Walla-Walla, attending a patient, when word was brought of the arrival of a party of British settlers at Fort Colville. Prior to that time the representatives of England were trappers and attachés of the fur companies only. The people of the fort were at dinner when the news was announced. General joy prevailed, and a young priest, in the excess of his enthusiasm, tossed up his cap and cried, "Hurrah for Oregon! America is too late, and we have got the country." Dr. Whitman was the only American present. To him that cry was an expression of the British policy. They were planning an actual occupation of the country as a basis of future action. A few moments' talk confirmed this opinion, and he was taunted with his inability to prevent it. On the instant he determined to defeat the scheme. Winter was at hand, but he must act at once. The latest information he had was that Lord Ashbur-



A TRAIL IN THE SIERRA SAN JUAN.

ton, on the part of the English, and Daniel Webster, on the part of the Americans, were negotiating a treaty for the settlement of the disputed boundary. Any delay might prevent his reaching Washington before a treaty was signed. In two hours he was at Wailatpu, twenty-five miles away; in twenty-four hours he was started for Washington; in eleven days he was at Fort Hall, six hundred and forty miles on his journey. Here he made a mistake. Deterred from the usual South Pass route by anticipations of severe weather, he and his companion, Mr. Lovejoy, undertook a long *détour* to Bent's Fort by way of Fort Uintah, Fort Uncompahgre, Taos, and Santa Fé. Instead of being a better route, it took them into the desert of Eastern Utah and Western Colorado, and forced them to cross the lofty San Juan Mountains, where Fremont's fourth expedition narrowly escaped destruction afterwards. They succeeded in reaching Bent's Fort on January 3, 1843, after appalling perils and exposure, and, pressing on alone, Dr. Whitman reached St. Louis, clad in furs, with fingers, ears, nose, and feet frost-bitten, after four months in the saddle. From there he took the stage to Washington, and reached his destination on March 3d. He found that the Ashburton treaty had been signed before he left Oregon, but Oregon had been left out. The line had been determined only to the Rocky Mountains. He was too late for that treaty, but in good time for the next one. He furnished the government with explicit and reliable information concerning the country, and in the summer led back an emigrant train of two hundred wagons.

As soon as Whitman reached the settlements he had spread broadcast his report of the country, by word and in printed circulars, and notified the people that an emigrant company would leave Westport, Missouri, in the June following. Eight hundred and seventy-five emigrants met him there and accompanied him, while others followed in their trail. In 1846 the American population of Oregon was fully 10,000, and of other nationalities not to exceed one tenth of that number, living under a local government which was established in 1843. It was this emigration that decided public sentiment on the Oregon question. It settled the mooted questions of the agri-

cultural value of Oregon and the feasibility of overland emigration, besides binding the Mississippi Valley to the Columbia by ties of blood and friendship. The government had understood well enough that emigration would settle the Oregon question, beforehand, but how to get the emigration was another matter. Congress had been discussing the bill "for the occupation and settlement of Oregon" while Whitman was making his long ride, and the plan of inducing "fifty thousand rifles" to settle on the Columbia, by giving each settler 640 acres of land and 160 additional for his wife and each child, had met with favor, until Mr. Choate pointed out its infringement on the joint-occupation agreement, and told the Senate that America could not afford to sully her honor, however much she advanced her interests. Congress had no other inducement to offer. Dr. Whitman got the emigration. It is true that Linn, Benton, and others had shown Oregon to be much more desirable than it had been believed to be, a few years back, but other congressmen had controverted their propositions, and the matter was left in doubt. Whitman solved the doubt. He accomplished what the statesmen, without him, had been unable even to plan for. That is the measure of his work and the just measure of his praise.

Meantime, the Democratic party had asserted the right of the United States to the whole of Oregon, in their platform of 1844, and the campaign in which "Fifty-four, Forty, or Fight" was a rallying-cry had resulted in the election of Mr. Polk by a majority of sixty-five of the two hundred and seventy-five electoral votes. Mr. Polk, in his message, advised giving the agreed one year's notice of the termination of joint occupation, and an armed occupation of the country. The question received a long consideration in Congress, during which it was made manifest that the only land really in controversy was that between parallel 49 and the Columbia River, for the United States had repeatedly offered to compromise on 49, and England had as often offered to compromise on 49 to the Columbia and by it to the ocean. A bill ordering notice finally passed in April, 1846, bearing, by amendment, a pacificatory preamble and a provision leaving the time of serving the notice at the discretion of the Presi-

dent. It was served at once, and England came to terms forthwith. Mr. Pakenham offered to compromise on 49. Here was a dilemma. England offered all America had asked, but could Mr. Polk, after the declarations of the late campaign and subsequent debate, consistently accept it? He did so secretly, and threw the responsibility of a public acceptance on the Senate. The Senate accepted it by a full vote of the Whigs and the compromise faction of the Democrats. The treaty establishing the present line was signed on June 15, and proclaimed as a law of the land on August 5, 1846. The meaning of the treaty as to what was "the channel separating Vancouver's Island from the mainland" was not finally settled until 1872, and then under arbitration, by Emperor William of Germany.

It should be borne in mind that although the Democratic platform of 1844 declared in favor of "the reoccupation of Oregon and the reannexation of Texas at the earliest practicable period," the great political parties were not thoroughly united either for or against these propositions. The Whig platform did not mention either subject, and many Whigs insisted that they were not in issue between the parties. The fact is that there was serious question in the minds of many thoughtful men as to the policy of extending our territory to so great an extent. To some it appeared that the occupation of these vast regions would create a detrimental diffusion of our population, for they could not foresee the wonderful increase our population was destined to have. Others feared the extension of slavery, for they could not foresee that slavery was to be blotted out forever. Others feared the union of distant sections with no means of ready communication, for they could not foresee the rails and wires of to-day. Others thought the country impracticable of settlement and worthless, for they could not foresee the discovery of the enormous mineral wealth which now makes the mountains to resound with the hum of labor. The two objections last mentioned were the more serious. When we remember that the first railroad reached the Mississippi in 1854, we are not so much surprised that ten years earlier a railroad to the Pacific was viewed by many as chimerical. At that time it took months to get letters across

the continent by the swiftest couriers, and the transportation of supplies was proportionately slower. The difficulty of transporting armies, with their subsistence, to the frontier of such domains, might well appal a statesman. The feasibility of even a wagon-road to the Pacific was not yet settled. Who then could foresee that in forty years three lines of railroad should cross the Rocky Mountains, and half a dozen span the great plains? It is true that at that time a transcontinental railroad was widely discussed, but it was from a wholly speculative standpoint. With the information then had, I doubt if a more sensible statement of the situation was made than the following in the *New York Evening Post*, in 1846: "I apprehend it would require the whole white population west of Independence, Missouri, to act as mere servants of the line, allowing it was now built and in operation; and to prevent the Indians and storms from destroying the road would require an army of 10,000 soldiers, laborers besides. It will be time enough for the Government of the United States to make railroads beyond St. Louis when the people shall have completed roads from New York to St. Louis or the Mississippi River. . . . Such a railroad will be, but not within forty years." There was just one thing that prevented the accomplishment of this prediction, and of it no one dreamed then. It was the mineral wealth of the Rocky Mountains. Without it there had not been a rail laid in the mountains to-day. Nevertheless, John Plumbe had begun his survey of a road from Lake Michigan to the Pacific in 1836, fifteen years before a road reached Chicago, had received aid from Congress in 1838, and was still appealing to the people to buy stock long after the above extract was written.

As to the value of the territory to be acquired or held, the popular notion of the country east of the mountains has been mentioned. In regard to Texas, it was contended by those who opposed the annexation that the country was not worth enough to compensate us for her debt of \$10,000,000, which we were to assume. The country west of the mountains was generally estimated a desert. In the year 1839 Robert Greenhow, translator and librarian to the Department of State, prepared an exhaustive memoir on this question, for the use of

Congress. He had all the information in the country at his disposal, and he favored our claim to Oregon. His statements may therefore be taken as at least not underestimating the country as it was then known. He says of the California coast: "The soil and climate appear to be favorable to the growth of every vegetable substance necessary for the subsistence and enjoyment of man; but no large portion of the territory will probably be found fruitful without artificial irrigation. Of the interior of California little is known." Oregon he divides into three parts; the first reaching from the coast to the Cascade Mountains; the second, from the Cascade range to the Blue Mountains; the third, the remaining country, to the Rockies. Of the first he says: "The climate of this region is more favorable to agriculture than those of the other parts of Oregon, although it is certainly adverse to great productiveness." Of the second he quotes Wyeth, that "the agriculture of this territory must always be limited to the wants of a pastoral people." Of the third he says that the climate is "sufficient to render any attempts at cultivation in this region entirely fruitless." He continues: "The country east of the Rocky Mountains, for more than two hundred miles, is almost as dry and barren as that immediately on the western side." The whole matter is summed up as follows: "In what other pursuits besides the fur trade British capitalists may advantageously employ their funds in Northwest America, is, therefore, an interesting question at present. From what has been hitherto learned of those countries, they do not offer prospects of a speedy return for the investment of capital in any other way. They contain lands in detached portions which will immediately yield to the industrious cultivator the means of subsistence, and enable him, perhaps, to purchase some foreign articles of luxury or necessity. But this is all; they produce no precious metals or commodities, no gold, nor silver, nor coffee, nor cotton, nor opium, nor are they, like India, inhabited by a numerous population, who may be easily forced to labor for the benefit of a few." With such information before them, and lacking the gift of prophecy, our statesmen certainly had little reason to desire the territory on account of its intrinsic value.

But back of all these questions was a more serious question with many patriots. Was our form of government adequate for the wants of so great domains, with their conflicting interests, and might not the undue extension disrupt the whole union? Washington thought there was danger of losing our territory west of the Alleghanies when we extended only to the Mississippi. Jefferson always favored more than one government within our present boundaries. In a letter to Mr. Astor, expressing his regret at the failure of the Astoria venture, he tells how it had been his hope to see the Pacific coast covered with "free and independent Americans, unconnected with us but by the ties of blood and interest, and enjoying, like us, the right of self-government." Jackson early advised the limitation of our boundaries until our territory was more densely populated. Benton wrote the first newspaper article calling attention to the importance of occupying Oregon, but at the first he wanted it occupied as Jefferson had. In fact, he says he took his idea from Jefferson. In this vein he said, on March 1, 1825: "The ridge of the Rocky Mountains may be named without offence as presenting a convenient, natural, and everlasting boundary. Along the back of this ridge the western limits of the republic should be drawn, and the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be raised upon its highest peak, never to be thrown down. In planting the seed of a new power on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, it should be well understood that, when strong enough to take care of itself, the new government should separate from the mother empire as the child separates from the parent at the age of manhood." Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, referred to this sentiment with approval, in 1844, when Benton had changed his mind, and when he saw in the Pacific Ocean a more satisfactory boundary. Of Oregon, McDuffie, of Georgia, said in the Senate, in 1843: "If there was an embankment of five feet to be removed, I would not consent to expend five dollars to remove that embankment to enable our population to go there. I thank God for his mercy in placing the Rocky Mountains there." Mr. Webster said, in 1845, when opposing the admission of Texas: "The government is very likely to be endangered, in my opinion, by a further enlargement of the ter-

ritorial surface, already so vast, over which it is extended." In 1847, in a speech at Springfield, after disclaiming any sympathy with Mexico, he said: "Mexico had no ground of complaint in the annexation of Texas; we are the party to complain—we did not want Texas." This feeling was not caused by any want of sympathy on the part of the citizens of the United States for those of other parts of America. The announcement of the Monroe doctrine, in 1823, and the popular favor which it received, preclude such a supposition. It was a doubt of the elasticity of the Union, which was well formulated by the venerable Genevan, Albert Gallatin, thus: "Viewed as an abstract proposition, Mr. Jefferson's opinion appears correct, that it will be best for both the Atlantic and the Pacific American nations, while entertaining the most friendly relations, to remain independent, rather than to be united under the same government." The statesmen were not yet ready for the bold position of Stephen A. Douglas—"I would make this an ocean bound republic, and have no more disputes about boundaries, or 'red lines' upon the maps."

The people were less timorous, perhaps because less thoughtful. When the question was submitted to them they warmly supported the extensions. The defeat of Mr. Van Buren, as a candidate for nomination, and of Mr. Clay, as a candidate for election, by Mr. Polk, who was then a comparatively unknown man, showed how strongly the people were attached to the principle. Mr. Polk had therefore no occasion for hesitancy in his policy after the Mexican war was begun, and he acted promptly and wisely. One of the first steps of the war was to despatch an army under General Kearny to occupy New Mexico and California, in order that if the war should close with a treaty on a *uti possidetis* basis we should hold those states. New Mexico was taken without opposition. California had been partially conquered by Commodore Stockton and Lieutenant Fremont when Kearny reached it. Insurrection broke out afterwards, but their united forces soon disposed of it; and when the Mexican war ended, with the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in consideration of \$15,000,000, we were left



JOHN C. FREMONT.

in possession of all of our present western territory except the strip south of the Gila River in Arizona known as "the Gadsden Purchase." This we bought of Mexico in 1853, for \$10,000,000. There was an insurrection in New Mexico after General Kearny left it, but it was, in its nature, rather an Indian massacre than a war movement by a military force. An account of it forms the chapter following.

CHAPTER III.

THE ONE OFFENCE OF THE PUEBLOS.

ON the 30th of June, 1846, the advance of the "Army of the West," under Colonel Stephen W. Kearny, marched from Fort Leavenworth for New Mexico. Two troops of dragoons followed in July, and overtook the first division at Bent's Fort. The remainder of the army, consisting of a regiment of mounted volunteers from Missouri, under Colonel Price, and the Mormon battalion of 500 men, did not march until early autumn. None of the troops followed the regular Santa Fé trail, which led in an almost direct line from Independence to the Mexican settlements, but left it at the Arkansas, and followed up the river to Bent's Fort. The first division, as it invaded New Mexico, numbered 1658 men, including six companies of dragoons, two batteries of light artillery with sixteen pieces, two companies of infantry, and a regiment of cavalry. The dragoons were regulars and the rest raw recruits. They straggled across the plains very much at will, and took possession of New Mexico without a struggle. The Mexican general, also governor and despot, Armijo, had collected something over 5000 men, and partly completed fortifications at Apache Cañon, the natural approach to Santa Fé. His position there was almost impregnable—a breastwork, thrown across the road where it hangs in mid-air, with a solid rock wall on one side and a precipice on the other, that could be taken only by a direct assault, under a flanking fire from both sides of the cañon—but he and his army retired as the Americans advanced. This has been usually mentioned as an instance of Mexican cowardice, but there is a bit of secret history back of it. There accompanied the expedition a Mr. James Magoffin, an old Santa Fé trader, well acquainted all through the Mexicos, who went, with Lieutenant-colonel Cooke, in ad-



KEARNY'S SOLDIERS CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS.

vance of the army, from Bent's Fort, on a little mission to Santa Fé. He "operated upon Governor Armijo," and secured from him a promise to make no stand at the cañon. Armijo's second in command, Colonel Diego Archuleta, was determined to fight, but Magoffin got rid of him by informing him that Kearny's mission was only to occupy the country east of the Rio del Norte, and that the country west of the river might easily be seized by him, Archuleta, and held under an independent government. The original intention had been as Magoffin stated, and as he still believed it to be, but Kearny had subsequently received different orders. Kearny was notified that the coast was clear; he made a hurried march, and passed the point of danger in safety. Magoffin, for his services, received \$30,000 from the government, which, he said, barely covered his "expenses" in this and a similar move attempted in behalf of Colonel Doniphan, in Chihuahua. The conquest of New Mexico might otherwise have been stopped at Apache Cañon, a place which was destined to be the scene of a decisive battle, but not yet—not until 1862,

when the Southern Confederacy was stretching out a brawny arm to seize the mountains.

Armijo's army was disbanded at Santa Fé, and he fled to the south, leaving the invaders to enter the New Mexican capital, the oldest city in the United States, in peaceful triumph, on August 18. Five weeks later, General Kearny (he had received his commission *en route*) marched with 300 dragoons to conquer California. On October 12 the Mormon battalion reached Santa Fé. They were undisciplined, poorly equipped, and much worn. They had received permission to bring their families with them, and were badly encumbered with women and children. About one hundred of the more inefficient men, with all of the women except five of the officers' wives, were sent to the pueblo on the Arkansas (present Pueblo, Colorado), where they remained all winter. The remainder, under Lieutenant-colonel Cooke, marched for California on October 19, taking a route south of the Gila River. Cooke was instructed to report on the practicability of this route for a railroad. His report was favorable, so far as natural obstacles were concerned, and was largely the cause of the Gadsden purchase. Southern interests prevailed in the administration of 1853, and a Southern Pacific railroad would, of course, have been a desirable institution, when slavery should be carried across the continent under the Southern theory of the Missouri Compromise. On December 14 and 16 Colonel Doniphan's command, of 856 men, started on the conquest of Chihuahua. The advance, 500 strong, met and routed a force of 1220 Mexicans at Bracito, and this was the only battle fought on New Mexican soil during the conquest. The remainder of the army left in New Mexico, after these detachments had marched, was under command of Colonel Sterling Price, subsequently a noted leader of the Confederacy.

From a military standpoint, the expedition into New Mexico was in many respects remarkable. An "army" of less than 1700 men was sent to reduce, reorganize, and occupy a territory large enough for an empire—a long-settled territory, protected by regular troops. It marched across a waste country, peopled only by hostile savages, hundreds of miles beyond

its base of supplies, leaving no force to protect its communication. It was so poorly supplied that its rations from Bent's Fort to Santa Fé were calculated barely to hold out by rapid and uninterrupted marches. Having reached its destination, the entire territory was "annexed," and its people declared citizens of the conquering nation, thus taking from the invaders the conqueror's right to levy supplies, although at that time the army was completely destitute of means. Having brushed away these trifling obstacles, the army divides into bands, each of which moves on to conquer equal empires beyond.

Before leaving Santa Fé, General Kearny, under authority of the Secretary of War, organized a provisional government, with Charles Bent as governor. This appointment was probably the best that could have been made. Mr. Bent was one of the pioneers of the Santa Fé trade, and had wide experience all along the frontier. He and his brothers had afforded a hospitable shelter to hundreds of weary wayfarers at their fort on the Arkansas. This structure, built in 1829, was one hundred feet square, with adobe walls thirty feet high. It had bastions at the northeast and southwest corners, armed with cannon. On the inside the apartments were built against the walls, in the Mexican fashion, and in the centre was the robe-press or storehouse for furs. In 1846 it justified Colonel Cooke's assertion that it was "in reality the only *fort* at the West." In 1880 it was "a rude and wild corral, deserted and decaying." It may also be mentioned, in this connection, that Charles Bent introduced the custom of furnishing the draught-oxen of the plains with iron shoes. Besides being a man of practical knowledge, Bent was a man of talent, energy, and patriotism. He had married a Spanish lady, and established his residence at Don Fernandez de Taos, where Kit Carson, Judge Beaubien, the St. Vrans, and other pioneers had also settled.* The community over which Bent was called to rule was complex. The Americans were trifling in number, outside the military. The people generally may be classed as Mexicans,

* This town is now plain Taos, as Santa Fé de San Francisco has become only Santa Fé, and San Francisco de Asis is known to us simply as San Francisco.

Pueblos, and wild Indians, though there existed in abundance every imaginable gradation in blood and habits between these classes. The wild Indians were treated with, to some extent, but were not under control. They were at first very friendly to the Americans because of their enmity to the Mexicans; but when the country passed under American rule, and the government was put under obligations to protect its Mexican citizens, their friendship went with the cause of it. The large majority of the Mexicans were then, as now, in the state of peonage, a sort of cross between slavery and service, owned and controlled by a few *grandees*, or *ricos*, as they are called. They were avaricious, revengeful, fickle, and treacherous. The Pueblos were the most interesting and, indeed, the most reliable class of the three.



RESTORATION OF PUEBLO HUNGO PAVIE.

They are not a nation or tribe, as is the too common impression, but include a number of tribes, speaking six distinct languages. They are, as the name signifies, Indians who live in permanent towns. Most of them were Christianized, after a fashion, at an early date, and they are sometimes, accordingly, spoken of as the Christian or Catholic Indians. The term is misleading, for a Catholic New Mexican Indian is not necessarily a Pueblo, nor is a Pueblo necessarily a convert. At the time of our conquest they inhabited the twenty-six villages which they still occupy. Of these the seven villages of the Moquis are separated from the rest, being situated in that northeastern portion of Arizona which is cut off by the Little

Colorado River. The original name of the Moquis was Hapeka. They received the name Moqui, which means "death," many years ago, at a time when smallpox was ravaging their villages. Zuñi is also within the bounds of Arizona, just on the edge of the Pacific slope. It is a well-built town, covering some ten acres of land, and having a population of about 3000. The other villages are situated in the valley of the Rio Grande, extending over two hundred miles, interspersed with Mexican towns, from Taos, on the north, to Ysleta, on the south. Of the origin of these Indians nothing certain is known. They were there, and living in their pueblos, when Alvar Nuñez and his three companions, the sorry remnant of the Floridan expedition of Pamfilio Narvaez, passed through the land, from the Gulf of Mexico, seeking their way to the Spanish settlements. This was prior to 1538, and was the first time that white men had reached their country. They were then, as now, an agricultural people, raising grain and vegetables. They also manufactured pottery and cotton fabrics, but this latter art they now appear to have lost. There is no trace of even the rudest forms of poetry or music among them. Some have thought the Pueblos to be of the same stock as the Incas of Peru, a theory whose only support is that they are sun-worshippers, and communicate to some extent by knotted cords. The opinion that they are the remains of a former Aztec settlement of the country has received much support. They have traditions of an early government by the Montezumas, and are said still to preserve the sacred fires instituted by them. On the other hand, these people were utterly unknown in Mexico at the time of the Spanish conquest, and many of the best authorities doubt that the Aztecs came from the North at all.

There is a general tendency to believe that they are a distinct people, having no connection with any of the other civilized aborigines of America. The best evidence of this is found in the hundreds of ruins, lying principally to the southwest of the present villages, similar to them in structure, and which cannot be identified with any other architecture. These ruins extend over a territory more than four hundred miles in length, from northeast to southwest, and



CASAS GRANDAS—RUINS IN ARIZONA.



RUINS OF PUEBLO PINTADO.

varying in width from fifty to one hundred miles, besides some scattered ones outside these limits. They are usually collected in groups, some of the cities having evidently contained thousands of inhabitants. The largest building yet discovered is three hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and fifty, surrounded with embankments, moats, outer walls, and reservoirs. It stands in the centre of a city near Salt River, some twenty miles above the town of Phoenix, Arizona. There are also buildings which appear to have been joined, surrounding courts of such magnitude that no roof could have covered them. All through this country are the ruins of immense *acequias* (irrigating canals—sometimes written *zequia*), some of which can yet be traced through lengths of fifty miles or more. Their grade is so perfect that modern engineers have been unable to gain an inch of fall to the mile over theirs. Another fact showing a knowledge of engineering is that many of their towns and works are laid out with regard to the points of the compass. The ledges of rock in this country abound in hieroglyphs. Pottery and stone implements are found in quantities, but no implements of iron and no bones of large domestic animals have been discovered in these ruins. The people who built these towns must have had all this land under cultivation, and must have been more advanced in the arts and sciences than the Pueblos. This, however, does not show that

the Pueblos are not their descendants, for they may have retrograded. As I have already mentioned, they have lost the art of manufacturing cotton fabrics since the whites knew them, and this is an art which the prehistoric race had, for cotton cloth has been found in the cliff dwellings, six feet below the present surface of the floors. It is also quite probable that they have had and lost the art of writing. In the Pueblo of Zuñi is said to be preserved a book of dressed skins, the pages of which are covered with figures and characters of all shapes, in red, blue, and green. They say it is a history of their tribe, which has moved fourteen times, this being their fifteenth settlement. The last man who could read it died many years ago, and it is now kept as a sacred relic. A more enticing field for some American Champollion could hardly be imagined.

The common characteristic of the ancient and modern races is the pueblo itself, which is a large building, of many rooms, capable of accommodating numerous families. Some of them are built of stone, some of adobes, and some are caves cut in the cliffs, with artificial structure added where necessary. They range from two to eight stories in height; the walls of each succeeding story set back from those of the one below, making a succession of terraces to the top of the building. There are no entrances through the lower walls. The interior is reached by mounting from terrace to terrace on ladders, and then descending through trap-doors. At night the ladders are pulled up, and the inmates rest out of reach of their enemies. Each story is divided into tiers of rooms, the outer ones lighted by narrow windows; the inner ones, which are used chiefly as store-rooms, being dark. In each pueblo is a large room called the *estufa*, which serves as a council-chamber, a place of worship, and a public hall. Some of these pueblos have furnished a habitation for hundreds of people for centuries. In general, the religion of this people is an odd mixture of Catholicism and paganism, but the different villages vary widely in their tenets. In government and laws the villages are entirely independent. They hold yearly elections of their officers, who are a governor or cacique, a judge or alcalde, a constable, and a war captain, the



COUNCIL IN THE ESTUFA AT ZUNI.

last having no authority in time of peace. They have also a council of wise men in each village, who act as advisers to the governor.

The Pueblos are ignorant and superstitious, as compared with modern civilized peoples, but they are industrious, honest, sober, frugal, brave, and peaceable. When first conquered by the Spanish they were reduced to a grievous state of slavery, which they endured restlessly till 1680. In that year, roused by persistent attempts to force Catholicism on them, they rebelled and drove the Spanish out. They held their country for thirteen years before they could be reconquered. Though then forced to accept the Spanish faith, they were treated more liberally, but several revolts occurred afterwards. At the time of the American conquest they were practically in harmony with the Mexican population, and accepted the new government with equal resignation.

Notwithstanding the good grace with which the people had submitted, many of them were sore over the cowardly manner in which the country had been surrendered, and were ready for the machinations of designing men. Such men were there, and, as the various bodies of troops left for other points, they began to plot. This was only natural. When a Mexican has nothing else to busy him he gets up an insurrection. Indeed, some of them would neglect a profitable business for this purpose. The leaders in this project were the disappointed Colonel Diego Archuleta and his friend Tomas Ortiz, men of talent and enterprise, made doubly desperate by intemperance and unlucky gambling. They were supported by a number of prominent *ricos* and priests, and had enlisted the aid of the Taosan Indians, as well as the Mexicans. The rising was to have been on the 19th of December, but, owing to defective organization, it was postponed to Christmas Eve. At dead of night the church bells were to be rung, and, at that signal, the conspirators were to sally forth, seize the artillery, and murder every American and friendly native in the province. Three days before the time of attack the plot was revealed to the Americans. An ex-officer of the Mexican army was arrested, and a list of the disbanded soldiers of Armijo was found on him. Several others sup-

posed to be implicated were arrested, but Ortiz and Archuleta escaped to the south and reached Mexico. Early in January Governor Bent issued a proclamation calculated to quiet the people. The insurrection was believed to have been suppressed by these measures, but the leaderless organization remained like a giant blast in the midst of the social fabric, ready to explode at the touch of any spark. The explosion came on January 19, 1847.

Early in the morning of that day a large number of Pueblos assembled at Don Fernandez and insisted on the release of three of their tribe, notorious thieves, who were confined in the *calabozo*. The sheriff, Stephen Lee, seeing no means of resistance at hand, was about to comply with their demand, when the Mexican prefect, Cornelio Vigil, appeared and forbade him, at the same time denouncing all the Indians as thieves and scoundrels. This was the needed spark. The Indians sprang on him with the fury of devils, killed him, cut off his limbs, cut him to pieces, and then released the prisoners. Lee escaped in the confusion, but was followed and killed. The blood of the Indians was now at fever heat, and the slumbering impulses of savagery came into control again, as they were incited to further action by the Padre Martinez and others of the original conspirators. They hastened to the house of Governor Bent, who had been in Fernandez for several days. He was yet in bed, but was aroused by his wife and warned of the imminent peril. He quickly realized the situation. Telling his wife it was useless to attempt fighting such a mob single-handed, he sprang to a window which opened into an adjoining house and asked for assistance. The Mexicans there told him it was useless to hope for aid—that he must die. At the same time he was wounded by two arrows from Indians who had mounted the housetops. He withdrew into his room and the Indians began tearing up the roof. With all the calmness of a noble soul he stood awaiting his doom. His wife brought him his pistols and told him to fight, to avenge himself, even if he must die. The Indians were exposed to his aim, but he replied: "No; I will not kill any one of them; for the sake of you, my wife, and you, my children. At present, my



PUEBLO OF TACOS-SOUTH PUEBLO.

death is all these people wish." As the savages poured into the room he appealed to their manhood and honor, but in vain. They laughed at his plea. They told him they were about to kill every American in New Mexico and would begin with him. An arrow followed the word—another, and another—but the mode was not swift enough. One, more impatient, sent a bullet through his heart. As he fell, Tomas, a chief, stepped forward, snatched one of his pistols, and shot him in the face. They took his scalp, stretched it on a board with brass nails, and carried it through the streets in triumph.

James W. Leal, a private in the La Clede Rangers, fared even worse. He was on furlough, and had been appointed prosecuting attorney for the northern district. They seized him at his house, stripped him naked, and marched him about the streets, pushing arrows into his flesh, inch by inch, as they dragged him along. They conducted him again to his house, where they made a target of him, and amused themselves by shooting at his eyes, his nose, and his mouth. They tore away his bleeding scalp, and left him writhing in agony while they went in search of other victims. Several hours after they began their fiendish work they returned and finished it by shooting him to death with arrows. His body was thrown out, and the hogs had eaten part of it, when Mrs. Beaubien, the Spanish wife of Judge Beaubien, learned of it, and had some men bury the remains. Meanwhile the Beaubiens were in deep affliction. There had been at their house another member of the La Clede Rangers, Robert Cary by name, but he had gone to Santa Fé on the day previous with Judge Beaubien. The Indians, supposing him to be there still, went to the house, where they were met by Narcissus Beaubien, the judge's son, a promising youth of twenty, who had just finished his education in the States. They murdered him, probably mistaking him for Cary. They also murdered Pablo Harvimeah, a friendly Mexican. General Elliott Lee, of St. Louis, was in Fernandez at the time. He fled to the house of a friendly priest, who concealed him under some sacks of wheat. The Indians searched for him some time before they discovered his hiding-place. They were then about to drag him

forth and kill him, but the priest interceded and persuaded them to go away. They returned several times, with renewed determination to have his life, but the padre succeeded in saving him. The only other American who escaped from the place was Charles Towne. His father-in-law, a Mexican, mounted him on a swift mule, and he brought the news of the massacre to Santa Fé.

The insurrection was now under full headway. Messengers were sent in every direction to urge the people to rise against the Americans. The Rio Abajo (the lower river country, as distinguished from the Rio Arriba, or upper river country) was especially called on for aid. On the evening of the same day eight Americans were captured, robbed, and shot, by the insurgents, on the road near Mora, a town of some 2000 inhabitants, situated about seventy-five miles east of Santa Fé, near the road to the States. They were Romulus Culver, L. L. Waldo, Benjamin Praett, Louis Cabano, Mr. Noyes, and three others in company. On the same day also two Americans were killed on the Colorado, and shortly afterwards several grazing camps were attacked, the guards killed, and the cattle run off. These outrages were by Mexicans, and are not properly within our province. I will mention, however, that Captain Hendley, who was stationed near Mora, attacked the Mexicans there on January 24. He was killed and his force repulsed. On February 1, Captain Morin, with 200 men, attacked and destroyed the town, with everything in it; but Cortez, the Mexican leader there, escaped. Let us now return to our Indians.

Twelve miles above Don Fernandez the road through the *Valle de Taos* crosses the Arroyo Hondo (Deep Creek. Arroyo means a small river, but is commonly used in the West to indicate any land subject to overflow, from a dry gulch to a river bottom). At this place Simeon Turley, an American, had established a mill and a distillery. These buildings, with the stables and outhouses, were enclosed in a square corral. On one side, at a distance of about twenty yards, ran the stream; on the other the ground was broken, and rose abruptly, at a short distance, forming the bank of the ravine. At the rear was a little garden, to which a small gate opened from

the corral. Turley was not apprehensive of danger, and, indeed, had personally little cause to be. He had married a Mexican woman. He was well known and generally liked. He was celebrated for his generosity and humanity; no needy man was turned unaided from his door. He had even been warned of the intended revolt, but had paid no attention to the warning. On the morning of the 19th one of his employés, named Otterbees, who had been to Santa Fé on an errand, rode up to the mill at full speed. He reined his panting horse only long enough to tell them that the Indians had risen and massacred Governor Bent and others, and then galloped on. Even then Turley did not anticipate any molestation, but there were eight white men, mostly American trappers, at the mill, and on their solicitation the gates of the corral were closed and preparations made for defence. In a few hours a large crowd of Pueblos and Mexicans, armed with guns, bows, and lances, made their appearance, and, advancing under a white flag, demanded the surrender of the place and the men. They told Turley that they would spare his life, but that the other Americans must die; that they had killed the governor and all the Americans at Fernandez, and not one was to be left alive in New Mexico. It was a hard choice for Turley. On one side was his life, his family, and his property. On the other were the lives of eight of his countrymen. He did not hesitate for an instant. His answer was: "I will never surrender my house or my men. If you want them you must take them." The enemy drew off, consulted for a few minutes, scattered, and began their attack. Under cover of the rocks and cedar bushes, which were abundant on all sides, they surrounded the corral and kept up an incessant but ineffectual fire on the mill. The defenders did better. They had blocked the windows, leaving only loopholes, and from one of these there sped a ball with unerring aim at every assailant who showed himself. During the day several were killed, and parties were kept busy bearing the wounded out of the cañon. Nightfall brought no material change in the condition of the besieged. They wasted no ammunition in the dark, but passed the night in running bullets, cutting patches, and completing the defenses of the place. It was the last night on earth for all but two of them.

The attacking party originally numbered about five hundred, and was constantly growing. They kept up a continual fire during the night at the upper part of the buildings, while a part of them effected a lodgment in the stables and out-buildings. One squad reached a shed which joined the main building and attempted to secure an entrance by breaking through the wall, but its combined strength of logs and adobes resisted all their efforts. When morning broke, this party still remained in the shed, which proved unavailable, however, as a point of attack. Finding that they could not injure the besieged from that position, they began running across the open space to the stables beyond, and several had done so in safety before the men in the mill noticed them. The next who attempted to cross was a Pueblo chief. He dropped dead in his tracks near the centre of the open space. An Indian at once dashed out and attempted to drag his body in. A rifle cracked, the Indian leaped into the air, and fell across the body of his chief, shot through the heart. A second followed, and a third, only to meet the same fate. Then three Indians rushed to the place together. They had laid hold of the chief's corpse by the head and legs and lifted it up, when three puffs of blue smoke came from the loopholes, three rifles rang out, and three more bodies were added to the ghastly pile. Then a great shout of rage went up from the besiegers, and a rattling volley was poured into the mill. Until then no one in the mill had been injured, but from this volley two men fell mortally wounded. One was shot through the loins and suffered great agony. He was removed to the still-house and placed on a pile of grain, which was the softest bed at hand. The conflict then lulled a little.

In the middle of the day the assailants, growing more furious at their baffled attempts, renewed the attack more fiercely than ever. The little garrison stood to their defence as coolly and bravely as before, and their rifles spoke death to every Indian or Mexican who exposed himself. But their ammunition was failing, and, what was worse, the enemy had succeeded in firing the mill. It blazed up fiercely and threatened destruction, but the inmates succeeded in quenching the flames. While they were thus occupied the assailants entered

the corral and vented their rage by spearing the hogs and sheep, which had been gathered there for protection. As fast as the flames were extinguished in one place they broke out in another. The assailants were constantly increasing in numbers. It was evident that a successful defence was hopeless. The besieged therefore determined to fight until night, and then each one make his escape as best he could. Just at dusk two of the men ran to the wicket-gate that opened into the garden, in which were a number of armed Mexicans. They rushed out at the same time and discharged their rifles full in the faces of the crowd. In the confusion that ensued one of them threw himself under the fence, and from there he saw his companion shot down and heard his cries for mercy, mingled with shrieks of pain, as the assassins pierced him with their knives and lances. He lay motionless under the fence until it was quite dark, and then escaped to the mountains. After travelling day and night, with scarcely an hour's rest, he finally succeeded in reaching a trader's fort, half dead with hunger and fatigue. Turley also succeeded in reaching the mountains unseen. There he met a Mexican with whom he had been on intimate terms for years. He was mounted. Turley offered him his watch for the use of the horse, the animal itself not being worth one third as much, but was refused. Still the inhuman hypocrite affected compassion for him and promised to bring him assistance if he would remain at a certain rendezvous. He then proceeded to the mill and informed the Indians of Turley's whereabouts. A large party of them hurried to the place and shot him to death. One other man made his escape and reached Santa Fé in safety. The others, Albert Turbush, William Hatfield, Louis Tolque, Peter Roberts, Joseph Marshall, and William Austin, perished at the mill. Everything about the place that the victorious party desired they carried off, and the rest was burned. On the morning of the 21st all that remained of Turley's mill was a smouldering ruin—the smoking ashes of a bloody funeral pyre.

The news of the murders at Don Fernandez was brought to Colonel Price on the 20th, and on the same day he intercepted some of the messengers sent by the insurgents to the

Rio Abajo, on whom were found letters which showed their plans in full. All the Americans in Santa Fé were thrown



STERLING PRICE.

into a fury of excitement and indignation when they heard of the horrible treatment of their universally beloved governor. Colonel Price reviewed the troops, and announced to them that he would inflict summary punishment on the guilty. He at once sent orders to Major Edmonson to come up from Albuquerque with his regiment of mounted Missouri volunteers and garrison Santa Fé. Captain

Burgwin, who was at the same place with two companies of dragoons, was instructed to leave one company at Santa Fé and join Price in the field with the other. Felix St. Vrain, Bent's partner, organized a company of mounted volunteer "avengers," which was joined by merchants, clerks, teamsters, and mountaineers, to the number of fifty. Without waiting for the troops from Albuquerque, Price marched for Taos on the 23d, with 353 infantry, four 12-pound howitzers, and St. Vrain's company. On the next day they met the insurgents near La Cañada, about 1500 strong, seemingly anxious for a fight, but a brief cannonade and a gallant charge put them to flight. A detachment of them undertook to destroy the wagon-train, but Captain St. Vrain's force beat them off. Our loss was two killed and seven wounded; the insurgents left thirty-six dead on the field. On the 28th the command reached Luceros, and was there joined by Captain Burgwin with two companies, one mounted, and Lieutenant Wilson of the 1st dragoons, with a 6-pounder, increasing the command, rank and file, to 479 men.

The succeeding day it was learned that the enemy, 650 strong, were posted in the cañon leading to the town of Embudo. As the road through the cañon was impassable for artillery and wagons, a detachment of 180 men, under Captain

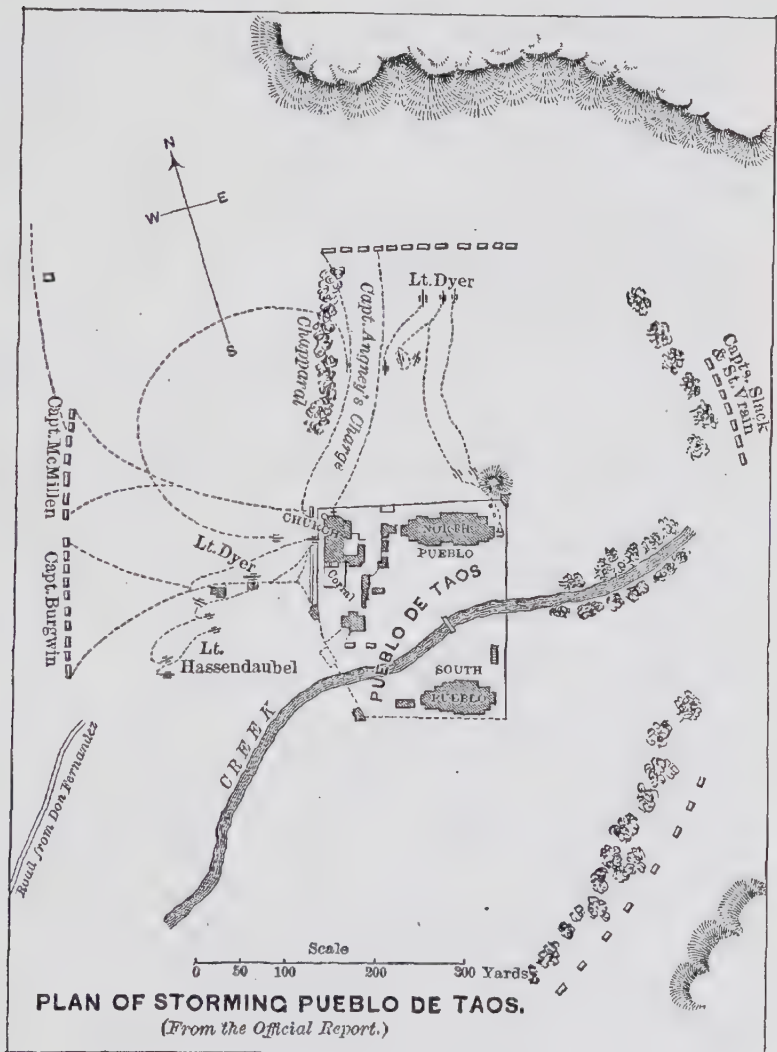


PUEBLO OF TAOS - NORTH PUEBLO.

Burgwin, including St. Vrain's volunteers, was sent to dislodge them. This detachment reached the enemy's position and found them posted on both sides of the narrow gorge, screened by forests and masses of rock. The Americans dismounted and charged up both sides of the cañon, in open order, firing rapidly. The enemy broke at once and fled towards Embudo, with a speed which made pursuit vain. The detachment occupied Embudo that night, and rejoined the main body at Trampas on the 31st. Their loss at Embudo was one killed and one—Dick, the colored servant of the late governor—severely wounded; the insurgents lost twenty killed and sixty wounded. The march from Trampas was one of great hardship, the road being up Taos mountain and down into the valley beyond. The troops had to wade through deep snow, two and three feet of it at the summit, and break a road for the wagons. They had no tents, and their blankets were carried on their backs. They bore their trials with the uncomplaining patience of veterans, although many were frost-bitten, and all were jaded. The exposure of this march proved to be as fatal as the arms of the enemy, for numbers contracted fevers which resulted in death; among these were Lieutenants Lackland and Mansfield.

The command marched up the valley, passing through Don Fernandez de Taos without any opposition, until, on the afternoon of February 3, they reached the pueblo where the enemy were strongly fortified. The village was entirely surrounded by adobe walls and strong pickets, the enclosure being almost a rectangle in shape, about 250 yards long and 200 yards wide. In the northeast and southeast corners were the two large houses, or pueblos proper, rising like pyramids to heights of seven and eight stories, and capable of sheltering 800 men each. In the northwestern corner was the large adobe church, opening to the south in a corral. Between each of these buildings and the walls was an open passage-way. There were also a number of small buildings within the enclosure, mostly to the north of the small stream which enters near the southwest corner and passes out on the east side. The exterior wall and those of the buildings were pierced for rifles, and every point of the exterior wall was flanked by projecting buildings at the angles.

The little army halted before this stronghold of the ancient time. Its inhabitants hurled their jeering defiance from their housetops, or peered with curious eyes through their narrow windows at the deluded foe who had expected to injure them. They were face to face; the oldest civilization of the United States and its newest; the one confident in its numbers and its massy walls, the other in its engines of war, its discipline, and its valor. There they fought their battle out, and settled their differences forever. The artillery was unlimbered, and played on the west side of the church for two hours and a half, but with no perceptible effect. At the end of that time, as the men were suffering from the cold, and the ammunition-wagon had not come up, the Americans retired to Fernandez for the night. Colonel Price, in the meantime, had thoroughly reconnoitred the village, and decided on his plan of attack. The Indians on the housetops mistook the withdrawal for a retreat, and, with insulting gestures and epithets, told the Americans to come on if they wanted to be killed. The invitation was accepted early on the following morning, the village being surrounded and work begun in earnest. Captain Burgwin, with the dragoons and two howitzers, was stationed on the west side, opposite the church. Captains Slack and St. Vrain, with the mounted men, were placed on the east side, to prevent the escape of fugitives to the mountains. The balance of the command was on the north side, with the remaining two howitzers and the 6-pounder. The batteries opened upon the village at nine o'clock, and continued firing till eleven. Finding it impossible to breach the walls with the cannon, the troops charged on the north and west sides. They gained the shelter of the church walls, and some began their attack on the thick clay barrier, while others mounted a rude ladder and fired the roof. The artillery meanwhile plied the village with grape and shell. The battle was becoming more exciting. The soldiers cut holes through the church walls and threw in lighted shells with their hands. The Indians and their allies maintained a rambling fire on them from the church and the bastions. Captain Burgwin, with Lieutenants McIlvaine, Royall, and Lackland, climbed over into the corral at the front of the church, and tried to force the door.



In this exposed position the gallant captain received a bullet wound which disabled him, and from which he died on the 9th. The fatal shot is supposed to have been fired by a Delaware Indian desperado, well known on the frontier as "Big Negro," who had joined the insurgents, and afterwards made his escape to the Cheyennes and Comanches. He claimed to have killed five Americans at the pueblo. The officers who followed Burgwin found their efforts fruitless, and retired behind the wall. At half-past three in the afternoon the 6-pounder was run up within sixty yards of the church, and in ten rounds made a practicable breach of one of the holes cut by the axe-men. The gun was brought within ten yards, and three charges of grape and a shell were thrown in. Then the storming party poured in, under cover of the dense smoke which filled the church. They occupied it without opposition, no Indians being seen except a few who were hurrying out of the gallery, where an open door admitted the air. Another charge was made at once on the north side, and the enemy then abandoned the western part of the town altogether. Some took refuge in the two large houses, while others tried to escape to the mountains on the east. They might better have tried any other place, for here were the "avengers," who were only desirous of an opportunity to earn their title. Fifty-one of the fugitives fell by their hands, and only two or three escaped. Among those killed was Jesus de Tafoya, one of the leaders, who was wearing Governor Bent's coat and shirt. He was shot by Captain St. Vrain. When night fell, the troops moved quietly forward and occupied the deserted buildings of the Indians. In the morning the Indians, men and women, bearing white flags, crucifixes, and images, came to Colonel Price, and on their knees begged for mercy. They had lost about 150 killed, besides the wounded, out of a force of some 650, and the colonel thought that their punishment was almost enough. He granted their prayer, on condition that they surrendered a number of the leading offenders, especially their chief Tomas, who has been mentioned in connection with Governor Bent's murder, and who had taken an active part throughout.

The principal Mexican leaders of the insurrection were Ta-

foya, Pablo Chaves, Pablo Montoya, and Cortez, the leader at Mora. Chaves was killed at Embudo, and Tafoya at the pueblo. Montoya, a man of considerable influence, who styled himself the Santa Anna of the North, was tried by court-martial and hanged in the presence of the army, at Fernandez, on February 7. Tomas was shot by a sentinel while trying to escape from the guard-house at the same place. Fourteen of the insurrectionists were indicted for the murder of Governor Bent, and tried at Taos. They were all convicted and executed. Antonio Trujillo and several others were sentenced to be hanged on convictions of treason, but were pardoned by the President on the ground that Mexican citizens could not commit treason against the United States while actual war existed between the two countries. The army returned to Santa Fé, and there, on the 13th, the bodies of Governor Bent and Prosecuting-attorney Leal were buried with civic, masonic, and military honors. After a third interment, the remains of Governor Bent now lie in the Masonic Cemetery at the New Mexican capital, beneath a handsome monument and honorable epitaph.

On no other occasion have the Pueblos proven hostile to the Americans, and in this instance the Taosans only were guilty. Even in the insurrectionary troubles of the succeeding summer the Pueblos took no part. For what they did they were not really very blameworthy, except for their savage cruelty. What feelings of patriotism they had attached them to the Mexicans, and their Mexican leaders had persuaded them that they could easily drive out the Americans, capture Santa Fé, and repossess the country. Insurrection was an every-day affair with the entire community, and assassination was the popular method of warfare. Fiendish as their crime was, it was little worse than was perpetrated on soldiers of our army by Mexicans in the course of the war; and the recollection of it, even as an historical fact, has been almost blotted out by their faithful and trustworthy conduct in the years that followed. At the time of our conquest the number of the Pueblos was between ten and eleven thousand, but they have now declined to about nine thousand, besides having degenerated somewhat physically. The cause of their decadence

is probably their continuous intermarriage in the same pueblo, the young men very rarely seeking wives from other villages. They have been judicially recognized as citizens of the United States, but they have not exercised the right of suffrage, under the laws of New Mexico.* The old Spanish grants were confirmed to them in 1858 by Congress, and on these they pursue in peace their quiet agricultural life. The only troubles that have ruffled their quietude in late years were some slight religious dissensions, for which they were not much to be blamed. In 1868 a new policy was inaugurated for the control of the Indians, and under it the various tribes were assigned to the different churches for missionary work. This was done with the best of intentions, but the military impartiality with which the allotment was made seemed to indicate a desire to give each denomination a fair show at the heathen, rather than to gratify any sectarian preferences of the Indians themselves. In the distribution the Pueblos fell to the Campbellites, and afterwards, on their failure to act, to the Presbyterians. Calvinism would not hinge with even the crude Catholicism of the Pueblos, and a period of "rum, Romanism, and rebellion" ensued. In 1872 the caciques of fifteen pueblos protested against their established church, and in 1874 appealed to the government. The matter was satisfactorily adjusted and peace has since reigned supreme.

*An attempt has recently been made to tax them, and a delegation of their leading men visited Washington a short time since to protest against this privilege of citizenship.

over which the besom of destruction swept again and again both before and after the whites entered it. On the Pacific coast the principal families are the Chinooks and Nasqualas, of Oregon, and the California Indians. From the Rio Colorado to our point of observation, the Pima nation dwells, and the tribes of Apaches and Navahos, whose lan-



CHINOOK WOMAN AND CHILD.

guage identifies them with the extensive Athabaskan family of British America. In the lapse of years they, as well as the Umpquas of western Oregon, have been separated from their northern brethren, and are also much changed in character, our New Mexican neighbors being very demons in their daring and fierceness, while the Tinné, or northern Athabas-

cans, are mild and timid. Nearly all the remainder of the mountains is held by the great Shoshonee stock, which includes many tribes. Of these the Shoshonees proper, or Snakes, live on the Snake River, south of the Salmon Mountains; the Bannocks (Bonacks, Panocks) south of the Snakes, on the same stream; and the various tribes of the Utahs (Youtas, Ewtaws, or Utes) hold the Utah basin and the headwaters of the Colorado. The Modocs of Southwestern Oregon are related to them, as are also the Kiowas and Comanches. These latter tribes have separated from their relatives over the most natural roadway across the mountains, southeast from the Dalles of the Columbia to the South Pass. (It now forms the route of a proposed railway to connect Oregon with the Gulf of Mexico, the building of which is only a question of time.) It is the same road that Dr. Whitman followed with his emigrants. We will follow it into his missionary field of Eastern Oregon, the only part of the central region not occupied by the Shoshonees.

We find Eastern Oregon subdivided in two parts by the Blue and the Salmon Mountains, really one range, which is cut by the Lewis or Snake River. These mountains form the northern limits of the Shoshonees, except that the lower Nez Percés own the country as far south as the Powder River. At present, however, they are across the mountains, with their brethren, receiving "The Book" from Mr. Spalding. North and west of these mountains is the mission field, in which there are three principal Indian families. Nearest the British possessions is the Selish (Salish, Saalis) or Flathead family, including the Flatheads proper (to whom belong the Spokanes), the Cœur d'Alènes (Pointed Hearts or Skitsuish), the Kalispels (Pend d'Oreilles), and some small tribes grouped about forts Colville and Okanogan. None of these Indians practice flattening the head, as their name would imply; that is a custom confined to the tribes of the Lower Columbia and the coast, and by them allowed only to the higher classes.*

* This habit has been discontinued, old settlers stating that they have not known of a case in the last thirty years; a reform unquestionably due to the precept and example of white mothers who settled among them. The Nez Percés had formerly a custom of piercing the cartilage of the nose, and

To the south of the Selish is the Sahaptin or Saptin family, including the Nez Percés and the Walla-Wallas, the latter embracing the Klickitats (Klickitacks), Des Chutes, Yakimas, and Pelouse (Palus, Paloose). Still south, below the Columbia, is the Wailatpu family, including the Cayuses (Kayouse, Cailloux, Caaguas, Skyuse*) and the Moleles (Mollallas), a proud and insolent people, quite wealthy, especially in horses.†

We follow the emigrants' road through the Grande Ronde, over the Blue Mountains and down Walla-Walla Creek. The



INDIAN SWEAT-HOUSE.

first white settlement we find is the mission at Wailatpu (the Place of Wild Rye), the home of Dr. Whitman, close by the village of the Cayuse chief Tilokaikt (Crawfish that Walks Forward). The establishment and its surroundings indicate peace and prosperity. It covers a triangular piece of ground of about four hundred feet to the side, in a bit of bottom-land between Mill Creek and Walla-Walla Creek. The wooden building at the southern apex is the mill. The rest of the buildings, along the northern line, are in order, at the east a story and

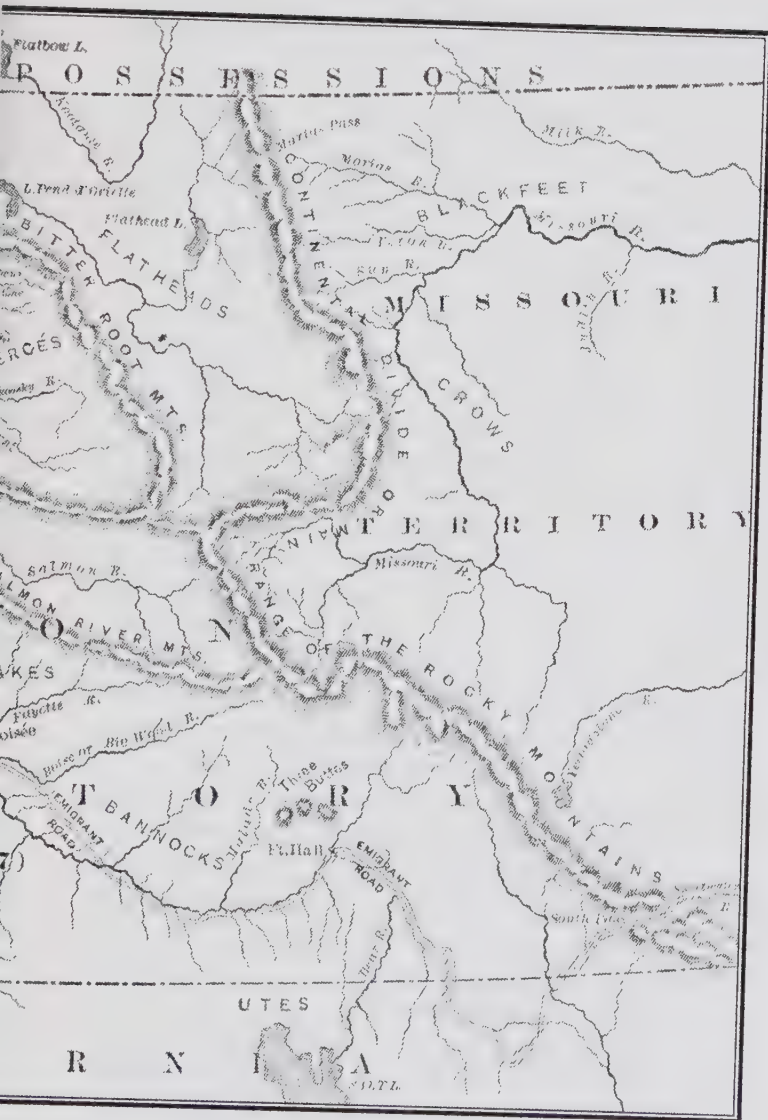
putting a bone through the puncture until it healed. This was abandoned so long since that many modern writers have been puzzled to know the origin of their name.

* The word is probably Cailloux, the French for flints.

† An Indian pony is called a cayuse throughout the western country north of parallel 42. South of that it is a bronco.



THE NORTHWEST



a half house, called the mansion; eighty yards west, the blacksmith-shop; at the end of the line, the doctor's house, fronting west. This last is quite commodious. The main building is 18 x 62 feet, with adobe walls. At the south end is the library and bedroom; in the middle the dining and sitting room, 18 x 24; on the north end the Indian room, 18 x 26. Joining the house on the east is the kitchen, 18 x 26, with fireplace in the centre and bedroom in the rear. Joining the kitchen on the east is the schoolroom, 18 x 30. On the southeastern side of the mission are the mill-pond and Walla-Walla Creek. Along the north side runs the waste-water ditch from the mill, which also serves for irrigating.

The mission has no immediate white neighbors. Twenty-five miles west, at the mouth of the creek, is Fort Walla-Walla, a Hudson's Bay Company's post (present village of Wallula). It is a strong-looking stockade, built of driftwood taken from the Columbia, with log bastions at the northeast and southwest corners, each provided with two light cannon and small arms. Down the Columbia, at the Dalles, is the nearest of the original Methodist missions, lately transferred to the American Board, and others are west of the Cascade range, especially in the Willamette or Wallamet Valley, where most of the pioneer settlers have established themselves. On the north side of the Columbia, just above the mouth of the Wallamet, is Fort Vancouver, headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, a substantial stockade enclosing two acres of land, with hewn-timber houses, well armed and manned. One hundred and twenty miles northeast of Wailatpu, where Lapwai Creek debouches into the Kooskoosky or Clear-water River, Mr. Spalding and wife are laboring successfully with the Nez Percés. Away to the north, near the Spokane River, sixty-five miles south of Fort Colville, is Cimiakin (Chemakane, Ishimikane), another mission of the American Board, where Messrs. Walker and Eells, with their helpers, are making lasting conversions.

In order to understand the real condition of affairs which exists under the seeming peaceful exterior of the country, we must go back a little. Whitman's missionary party had been kindly received by the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company,

and, having been put on their guard as to its designs, they remained on friendly terms for some years. But a time came at length when they were forced to go in opposition to it, or throw away all patriotism, and they took the former course, as we have seen. The company realized that its control of the fur trade, and of the country in general, depended on England's retaining its sovereignty. It desired England to retain control, simply because it would make more money in that event. To maintain the immense profits which they reaped from the trade, its managers used every means, fair and foul. They gave the Indians ruin, because it was a profitable commodity. They countenanced and maintained Indian slavery, because it gave control over the natives. They strenuously opposed agriculture, even by British missionaries, because agriculture spoiled good hunting-grounds, and, if learned by the Indians, would give them an easier mode of support than hunting. They paid the Indians very little for furs, and allowed no one to pay more than their established "tariff." They sold the Indians guns and ammunition, because it made their hunting more successful. When it became evident that the Americans were forcing the settlement of the country, the company fought every step of their progress, and yet reaped the advantages of civilization as well as savagery. At first it owned nearly all the cattle in the country, and would let the settlers have them only on terms that they and all their increase should belong to the company, subject to its recall at any time; and, if they died, to be paid for by the borrower. In order to obtain cattle of their own, the Methodist missionaries, with Mr. Ewing Young (one of the party brought into Oregon by Hall J. Kelly), organized the Wallamet Cattle Company, and brought in stock from California. As soon as they got their cattle in, the Hudson's Bay Company organized the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, which was maintained out of the fund established by the corporation for the purpose of fighting hostile interests, and began selling cattle lower than the other company could. In 1842 the American settlers, with great difficulty, succeeded in getting a mill started at the falls of the Wallamet. The company at once put up an opposition saw and grist mill at

the same place. Some parties settled at those falls, and forthwith Dr. McLaughlin, chief factor of the company, claimed the land as his, warned the trespassers off, and laid off the town site of Oregon City.

Dr. McLaughlin, however, had too much conscience for the company. He had, indeed, carried out their instructions up to this point, but they desired him to go further. They insisted that he must no longer furnish supplies on credit to needy American settlers, and he, after explaining to them that he could not, in common humanity, obey them, told the directors: "If such is your order, gentlemen, I will serve you no longer." He served them no longer, and his place was filled by James Douglass (afterwards Sir James), who was more complaisant. About the same time McKinley, their factor at Fort Walla-Walla, who was a little friendly with the Americans, was removed, and his place filled by one McBean, who proved thoroughly reliable, from a company standpoint. By misrepresentations American immigrants were prevented from bringing their wagons farther than Fort Hall, until Dr. Whitman broke their blockade in 1843, and after that Captain Grant, the factor at that place, and others, used all their powers of persuasion to turn the immigration into California. Among those, it is claimed, whom they succeeded in turning into those then unknown deserts was the Donner party, whose frightful sufferings and enforced cannibalism have since furnished a theme of horror to many writers. At the same time Sir George Simpson, at Washington, and other emissaries elsewhere, were representing to our government the desert nature of the country and slandering our settlers. In short, they tried to do in Oregon what they had done in British America, where, by an English authority, they "hold a monopoly in commerce and exercise a despotism in government; and have so used that monopoly and wielded that power as to shut up the earth from the knowledge of man, and man from the knowledge of God." From these facts it is only a fair inference that the Jesuit priests, who came into Oregon in 1838, were brought there by the Hudson's Bay Company to counteract the effect of the Protestant missions. Certain it is that the Jesuits came under their convoy, and,

from first to last, received such sympathy and assistance as no Protestant missionary, British or American, ever received at their hands.

The motives of the Jesuits need not be questioned. Father De Smet probably states them truly in a letter written to their Belgian friends for further assistance. He says: "Time passes; already the sectaries of various shades are preparing to penetrate more deeply into the desert, and will wrest from those degraded and unhappy tribes their last hope—that of knowing and practising the sole and true faith." Aside from this apprehension of heresy, there was no need of their concentrating on Oregon. If they were merely solicitous for the eternal welfare of Indians, there were thousands of them elsewhere to whom no missionary had yet spoken. The fact cannot be evaded that they made their war on Protestantism, not heathenism. The results of their labors might reasonably have been anticipated. In a short time the simple natives were involved in the same sectarian controversy that had deluged all Europe in blood. The priests told the Indians that if they followed the teachings of the Protestants they would go to hell. The Protestants extended the same cheering information in regard to Catholicism. The priests used, in teaching, a colored design of a tree surmounted by a cross, and called "the Catholic tree." It showed the Protestants continually going out on the limbs and falling from their ends into fires, which were fed with Protestant books by the priests, while the Catholics were safely climbing the trunk to the emblem of salvation above. Mr. Spalding was equal to the emergency. He had his wife paint a series of Bible pictures in water-colors, the last and crowning one of which showed the "broad way that leadeth to destruction," crowded with priests, who were tumbling into hell at the terminus, while the Protestants ascended the narrow path to glory. The Indians became divided among themselves, and bitter controversies became common. The priests gained steadily. Churches, nunneries, and schools sprang up at French Prairie, Oregon City, Vancouver, the Dalles, Umatilla, Pend d'Oreille, Colville, and Ste. Marie. They had potent allies in the French-Canadian interpreters and other em-



CHEMAKANE MISSION. (FROM THE PAINTING BY STANLEY.)

ployés of the company. When the Indians appealed to these to know which was the true religion, they were informed that the priests had the genuine article. So it went on until the Indians were in a fit state of mind for the crime which followed. They became restless and turbulent. Some of the Protestant missionaries left the country. Even the indomitable Dr. Whitman called his Cayuses together several times, and told them he would leave whenever a majority of them said he should, but the majority remained with him.

In the summer of 1847 the newly-appointed Jesuit Bishop of Oregon, F. N. Blanchet, returned with a reinforcement of thirteen clergymen, of different ranks, and seven nuns; eight priests and two nuns also arrived overland the same season. The bishop proceeded up the river, and on September 5 reached Fort Walla-Walla, accompanied by the superior of Oblates and two other clergymen. On September 23 he was met there by Dr. Whitman, who, according to Father Brouillet, showed that he was agitated and wounded by the bishops' arrival. He said: "I know very well for what purpose you have come." The bishop replied: "All is known. I come to labor for the conversion of the Indians, and even of the Americans, if they are willing to listen to me." The bishop and his party remained at the fort enjoying the hospitality of the company. On October 26, Ta-wai-tau (Young Chief), a Catholic Cayuse chief, arrived and held a conference with the bishop. On November 4 a general council was held, at which Tilokaikt, who owned the land on which Whitman's mission stood, was present. The Protestants say the Indians were given to understand that the priests would like to have Whitman's place; the Jesuits say it was offered to them and they refused to take it. On November 27 the bishop and party left for the Umatilla, a few miles below, to occupy a house offered them by Young Chief at his and Five Crows' village, which was twenty-five miles southwest of Wailatpu.

Two days have passed. It is half-past one o'clock of Monday, November 29. Nothing appears to mar the usual quiet which prevails at the Wailatpu mission. The only sounds distinguishable are the rumbling of the mill, where Mr. Marsh is grinding, and the tapping of a hammer in

one of the rooms of the doctor's house, where Mr. Hall is laying a floor. There is, too, the low hum of the school, which Mr. Sanders has just called for the afternoon. Between the buildings, near the ditch, Kimball, Hoffman, and Canfield are dressing an ox. Gillan, the tailor, is on his bench in the mansion. Mr. Rogers is in the garden. In the blacksmith's shop, where Canfield's family lives, young Amos Sales is lying sick. Crockett Bewley, another young man, is sick at the doctor's house. The Sager boys, orphans of some unfortunate emigrants, who with their younger sisters had been adopted by the doctor, are scattered about the place. John, who is just recovering from the measles, is in the kitchen, Francis in the school-room, and Edward outside. In the dining-room are Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Whitman, three of the little Sager girls—all sick—Mrs. Osborne, and her sick child. As the doctor reads from the Bible several Indians open the door from the kitchen and ask him to come out. He goes, Bible in hand, closes the door after him, sits down, and Tilo-kaikt begins talking to him. As they converse, Tamsaky (Tumsuckee) steps carelessly behind the doctor, and the other Indians gather about, seeming much interested. Suddenly Tamsaky draws a pipe-tomahawk from beneath his blanket, and strikes the doctor on the head. His head sinks on his breast, and another blow, quickly following, stretches him senseless on the floor. John Sager jumps up and draws a pistol. The Indians in front of him crowd back in terror to the door, crying, "He will shoot us," but those behind seize him and throw him to the floor. At the same time knives, tomahawks, pistols, and short Hudson's Bay Company muskets flash from beneath their blankets, and John is shot and gashed until he is senseless. His throat is cut, and a woollen tippet is stuffed in the wound. With demoniac yells the Indians rash outside to join in the work there. The sounds of the deadly struggle are heard in the dining-room. Mrs. Whitman starts up and wrings her hands in agony, crying, "Oh, the Indians, the Indians! That Joe [meaning Joe Lewis] has done it all." Mrs. Osborne runs into the Indian room with her child, and they, with Mr. Osborne, are soon secreted under the floor. Mrs. Hall comes screaming into

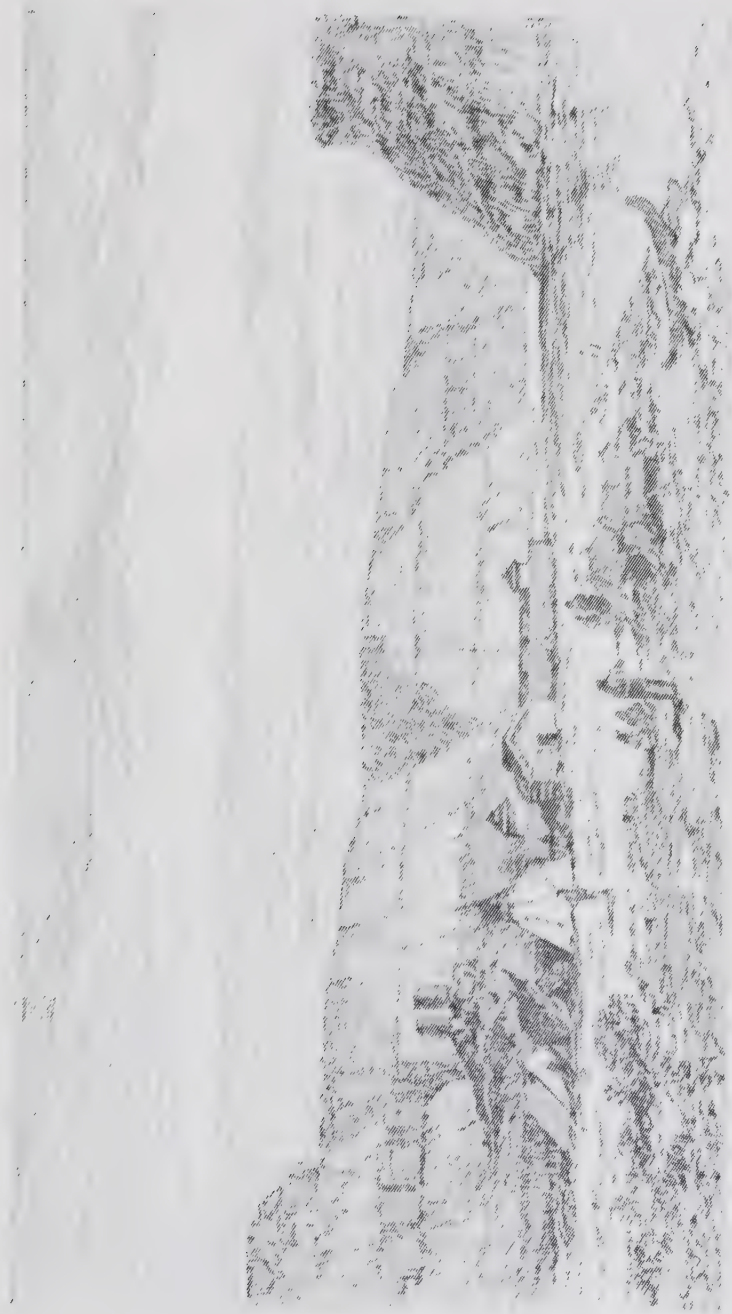
the dining-room, from the mansion. With her help, Mrs. Whitman draws the doctor into that room, places his head on a pillow, and tries to revive him. In vain! he is unconscious, and past all help. To every loving word and sympathetic question he faintly whispers, "No."

Outside is a scene of wild confusion. At the agreed signal all the members of the mission had been attacked. Gillan was shot on his bench; Marsh was shot at the mill; he ran a few yards towards the house and fell. Sanders had hurried to the door of the schoolroom, where he was seized by a crowd of Indians, thrown to the ground, shot, and wounded with tomahawks. Being a powerful man, he threw off his assailants, regained his feet, and tried to run away, but was overtaken and cut down. Hall snatched a loaded gun from an Indian and escaped to the bushes. The men working at the ox received a volley from pistols and guns, which wounded them all, but not mortally. Kimball fled to the doctor's house, with a broken arm. Canfield escaped to the mansion, where he hid until night. Hoffman lunged desperately among the Indians with his butcher-knife, but was soon cut down; his body was ripped open and his vitals torn out. Rogers was shot in the arm, and wounded on the head with a tomahawk, but managed to get into the doctor's house. Several women and children have fled in the same direction. To this place, the Indians, who have been running to and fro, howling wildly as they pursued their prey, now assemble, led by Joe Lewis and Nicholas Finlay, French half-breeds, Tamsaky and his son Waiecat, Tilokaikt and his sons Edward and Clark. Joe Lewis enters the schoolroom and brings into the kitchen the children, who had hid in the loft. Among them is Francis Sager, who, as he passes his brother John, kneels and takes the bloody tippet from his throat. John attempts to speak, but in the effort only gasps and dies. The trembling children remain huddled together, surrounded by the savages, who point their guns at them and constantly cry, "Shall we shoot?" On the other side of the house an Indian approaches the window, and shoots Mrs. Whitman in the breast. She falls, but creeps to the sofa, and her voice rises in prayer for her adopted children and her aged father and

mother. The fugitives up-stairs hear her and help her up to them. There are now gathered in that upper chamber Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Bewley, Catharine Sager and her three sick sisters, three half-breed girls, also sick, Mr. Kimball, and Mr. Rogers. Hardly have they closed and fastened the doors, when the war-whoop sounds below; the Indians break in the lower doors and windows and begin plundering, while Tilokaikt goes to the doctor, who still breathes, and chops his face to shreds with his tomahawk.

The people up-stairs have found an old gun, and the Indians, as they start to go up, find it pointed in their faces. They retire in great alarm. A parley is held, and Tamsaky goes up. He assures the fugitives that he is sorry for what has been done, and advises them to come down, as the young men are about to burn the house. He promises them safety. They do not know of his part in the tragedy, and follow him. As they enter the dining-room Mrs. Whitman catches sight of the doctor's mangled face. She becomes faint, and is placed on the sofa. They pass on through the kitchen, Mrs. Whitman being carried on the sofa by Joe Lewis and Mr. Rogers. As they reach the outside Lewis drops his end of the sofa and the Indians fire their guns. Mr. Rogers throws up his hands, cries, "Oh, my God, save me!" and falls groaning to the earth. Mrs. Whitman receives two balls and expires. The Indians spring forward, strike her in the face, and roll her body into the mud. They heighten the terror of the wretched survivors by their terrible yelling, and the brandishing of their weapons. Miss Bewley runs away, but is overtaken and led over to the mansion. Mr. Kimball and the Sager girls run back through the house and regain the chamber, where they remain all night. Darkness has now come on, and the Indians, having finished their plundering, and perpetrated their customary indignities on the dead, retire to Finlay's and Tilokaikt's lodges to consult on their future action. The first and great day of blood is ended.

It may easily be imagined that the night was one of gloom and horror to the unfortunate captives, and yet it afforded security to some of those who were in peril. Under its friendly cover Mr. Canfield escaped and made some progress



OLD FORT WALLA-WALLA (FROM THE PAINTING BY STANLEY.)

towards Lapwai, which he eventually reached in safety. Mr. Osborne, with his family, stole forth from their place of concealment under the doctor's house, and reached Fort Walla-Walla on the following day. Mr. Hall reached the same place early in the morning, nearly naked, wounded, and exhausted. He was put across the river by McBean, the factor, and was never heard of afterwards. It is probable that information of the massacre was sent that night to the other Cayuse villages, Camaspelo's and the one on the Umatilla. The other chiefs were consulted before the affair occurred, and Five Crows (called by the whites Hezekiah, which Brouillet mistakes for Achekaia) was then head chief of the tribe. On the next day Mr. Kimball was shot as he went from his concealment in the chamber for water for himself and the sick children. The young Indian who shot him afterwards claimed his eldest daughter for a wife, as a recompense for this murder. On the same day they killed Mr. Young, a young man who had come up from the saw-mill, twenty miles away. In the evening Vicar-general Brouillet arrived. On Wednesday Brouillet and Joseph Stanfield buried the victims. This Stanfield was a French Catholic who had been employed at the mission, and was without doubt deeply implicated in the massacre, though he escaped conviction. Later in the day, Brouillet, having made a sympathetic call on the widows and orphans, returned to the Umatilla. On the way he met Mr. Spalding and notified him of the massacre. Spalding struck off into the woods and reached Lapwai, after six days of terrible exposure and suffering, without shoes, blanket, or horse. On Saturday night, and repeatedly afterwards, the three oldest of the girls were dragged out and outraged. On the Monday following, young Bewley and Sales were murdered. On Thursday Miss Bewley was taken to the Umatilla and turned over to the tender mercies of Five Crows. At the same time the other two of the older girls were taken as wives by the sons of Tilokaikt (called Edward and Clark Tilokaikt by the whites), in pursuance of an agreement which had been made at the Umatilla. One of these young braves, whose Indian name was Shumahiccie (Painted Shirt), became very much

attached to his enforced bride, a beautiful girl of fourteen, and wanted her to remain with him when the other captives were surrendered. He said he was a great brave and owned many cattle and horses; he would give them all to her, or, if she did not like his people, he would forsake them and live with the pale faces. But he pleaded in a hopeless cause. His hands were stained with the blood of her elder brother, and she had lived with him until that time only because he had threatened to kill her younger sisters if she did not.

The news of the massacre reached the settlements west of the mountains on December 7, by a messenger of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Ogden, of the company, at once started for Fort Walla-Walla, and on December 23, by his efforts, an arrangement was effected for the surrender of all the captives, in exchange for a considerable amount of goods, including guns and ammunition. On December 29 the captives at Wailatpu, forty-six in number, arrived at the fort. On January 1, Mr. Spalding and wife, with the other whites from Lapwai, came in. The Nez Percés offered to protect them and the mission, if they would remain, but affairs were so unsettled, and Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were in such anxiety for their daughter, that they decided to leave. All of these, together with the five fugitives already at the fort, started down the river on January 2, and arrived in safety below.

On December 8, Governor Abernethy had convened the provisional legislature at Oregon City and prepared at once for a levy of troops. A company of forty-two men was organized, and started within twenty-four hours, and Captain Lee with ten of the men reached the Dalles on the 21st. This being the last settlement on the river, below the missions, and the families having gone below, the volunteers remained for a time to protect the houses. When the captives were brought down the river there was no further call for their immediate presence above, so they remained there until the last of the reinforcements, under Colonel Gilliam, arrived, on February 23. Captain Lee was then sent on a scouting expedition among the Des Chutes, who were the nearest hostiles. He found them on the 28th, and a skirmish ensued in which half a dozen Indians were killed, with no loss to the whites. The main

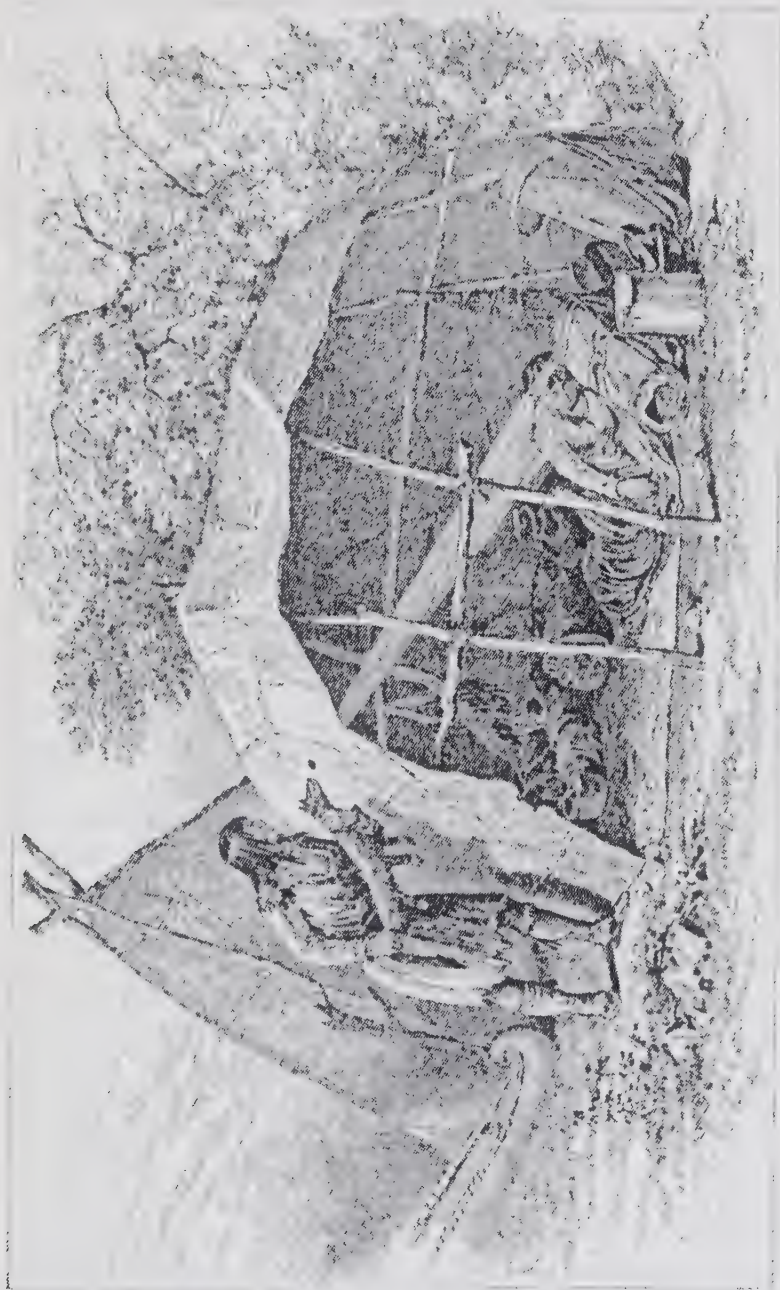
body, 160 men, then moved towards Wailatpu. On the 30th they were attacked by an equal number of Indians, who were driven back with a loss of twenty men, forty horses, and a large amount of goods. A few days later an attempt was made, under pretence of treating for peace, to entrap them on the prairie between Mud Spring and Umattilla, by about 500 Indians, under Nicholas Finlay, the Wailatpu murderer, but the troops formed a hollow square and continued their march, very little damage being done on either side. They reached Wailatpu, established Fort Waters at that point, and held a talk with the friendly Indians who came in, mostly Nez Percés, including Camaspelo, of the Cayuses. Their words were all to the effect that they were not implicated in the massacre and would not protect the murderers. One of the speeches was by Joseph, chief of the lower Nez Percés and half-brother to Five Crows. We shall have occasion to speak of him hereafter. He said: "Now I show my heart. When I left my home I took the Book (a Testament given him by Mr. Spalding) in my hand and brought it with me; it is my light. I heard the Americans were coming to kill me. Still I held my Book before me and came on. I have heard the words of your chief. I speak for all the Cayuses present and all my people. I do not wish my children engaged in this war, although my brother (Five Crows) is wounded. You speak of the murderers; I shall not meddle with them; I bow my head; this much I speak."

As the troops advanced into their country, part of the hostile Cayuses retired into the neighboring mountains; the remainder fell back on the country of the Nez Percés. The troops, after several skirmishes, succeeded in driving them across the divide, and capturing their horses and cattle to the number of 500 or more, but the Indians escaped. Small garrisons were kept at Fort Waters and the Dalles until September, 1848, and the tribes of the murderers, not daring to return to their old homes, were forced to pursue a wandering life among the mountains. In the spring of 1850 they purchased peace by surrendering five of the leading offenders, including Tilokaikt and Tamsaky, all of whom were tried, convicted, and, on June 3 of the same year, hung at Oregon

City. They all embraced the Catholic faith, and were baptized by Bishop Blanchet a few hours before their death.

The buildings at Wailatpu were all burned by the Indians, and to-day their places are marked by mounds of earth, into which the adobe walls sank as the elements wore upon them, except that on the site of the doctor's house a residence was afterwards erected by an old friend and co-laborer of his. A few rods away, on a hillside, is the common grave of the victims. The visitor who runs over to the site of the mission, from the little town of Walla-Walla, finds still, as living remembrancers of those Christian pioneers, two or three weather-beaten apple-trees and a rank growth of scarlet poppies, which have run wild from the old garden.

During the massacre at Wailatpu and the succeeding troubles, no employé of the Hudson's Bay Company, no relative of such employés, no Catholic, and no one who professed friendship for Catholicism, was in any way injured. A heated dispute arose afterwards as to the relation of the company and the Jesuits to the murderers. Preliminary to a view of this question, it may be remarked that very little instigation would have been necessary to induce the Indians to act as they did. Sickness, from ills which were new to the Indians, was very prevalent and unusually fatal. Mr. Spalding says: "It was most distressing to go into a lodge of some ten fires and count twenty or twenty-five, some in the midst of measles, others in the last stage of dysentery, in the midst of every kind of filth, of itself sufficient to cause sickness, with no suitable means to alleviate their inconceivable sufferings, with, perhaps, one well person to look after the wants of two sick ones. They were dying every day, one, two, and sometimes five in a day, with dysentery, which very generally followed the measles. Everywhere the sick and dying were pointed to Jesus, and the well were urged to prepare for death." Although sickness was equally prevalent among the Americans—"Suapies" or "Bostons," as the Indians called them—the Indians professed to believe that they were being poisoned, and, in view of their peculiar superstitions, it is probably true that they did. Dr. Whitman was treating many of them, and his treatment was generally made useless by their failure to follow his directions.



MEDICINE-MAN DESTROYING GIRL BY NECROMANCY (FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN EASTMAN.)

The idea prevails with many Indian tribes that the recovery or death of a patient depends on the good or bad will of the doctor, and it is not unusual, therefore, for Indians to murder unsuccessful practitioners, as, for instance, Tamouche, an old war-chief of the Utes, is remembered by early settlers of New Mexico to have killed two medicine-men, "under whose able treatment," respectively, his first and second wives had died. Among the Oregon Indians this was a common practice, and, as this point has been controverted and left unsettled by previous writers, the following testimony is cited in confirmation of the statement. In 1843, Mr. Ogden, of the Hudson's Bay Company, related the following event as occurring at a meeting for worship at the Dalles: "There was in the outskirts of the congregation an Indian woman who had been for many years a doctress in the tribe, and who had just expended all her skill upon a patient, the only son of a man whose wigwam was not far distant, and for whose recovery she had become responsible by consenting to become his physician. All her efforts to remove the disease were unavailing; the father was doomed to see his son expire. Believing that the doctress had the power of preserving life or inflicting death according to her will, and that instead of curing she had killed his boy, he resolved upon the most summary revenge. Leaving his dead son in the lodge, he broke into the congregation with a large butcher-knife in his hand, and, rushing upon the now terrified doctress, seized her by the hair, and with one blow across her throat laid her dead at his feet."

Major Alvord, who had enjoyed the fullest opportunities for investigation, reported thus to the government in 1853: "A universal belief prevails among all the tribes (of Oregon) that the medicine-man possesses wonderful faculties of conjuration, and a god-like power of killing those against whom he shall hurl his direful charms or glances. His mere look, if inimical to the victim, can kill. They will hide or avert their heads in his presence to escape his glances. Such is the fixed faith of these poor Indians, and I have had occasion to witness frequent instances among the Waskows, in my immediate vicinity. If once possessed with the idea that they are subjected to the dire frown of their medicine-man, they droop

and pine away, often refuse to eat, and die of starvation and melancholy, if not of necromancy—thus confirming and verifying, with their neighbors, a belief that this portentous power is actually possessed. The natural consequences of such deep-rooted faith in these powers is that when a death occurs it is often attributed to the doctor, who is murdered by the relations of the deceased to avenge the fate of the victim. All the murders which I can hear of among them occur in this manner, and three doctors have been killed, in the last four months, in different tribes, within the distance of forty miles of this post (the Dalles). . . . The doctors are often killed for the mere failure to cure a patient, though it is always attended with a belief, on the part of the bloody avengers, in his having exercised a malign or necromantic power. In a recent case, a doctor of the Wishrams, when the smallpox was raging, was foolish enough to threaten openly what havoc he would spread among them, making use of the pestilence to magnify his office; and, to surround his person with greater elements of power, boasting that he held the fearful quiver in his own hands, ready to hurl the arrows of death in any direction. The people rose in a body and hung him in the most barbarous mode. Tying his hands and feet, they put a rope around his neck, threw it over the pommel of a saddle, and, starting the horse, his life was taken in this shocking manner. . . . It will be asked if these murders of the doctors are sanctioned among the Indians. The answer must be that the punishments inflicted are very inadequate and inefficient. A council of the head men is called by the chief, and he decides that a certain number of horses and blankets will be turned over by the murderers to the family or the relations of the deceased. It is remarkable that the murderer never attempts to run away, and, indeed, generally comes forward and confesses his crime. . . . Strenuous exertions have been made by the missionaries, and the commanding officer of this post (Alvord himself), to induce the chief to cause punishment for murder to be made by hanging. As yet no such punishment has been inflicted. On the contrary, the effect of our advice has, it would seem, fallen thus far upon one of the doctors, instead of being used for their protection. . . . I am informed

that but two murders in twelve years have occurred among the Nez Percés, but they were doctors."

In 1857, Special Agent Browne reported of the Indians on the Grande Ronde reservation (between the Willamette and the coast) as follows: "They are unable to account for it, why they should die off more rapidly here than at their old homes, and whenever death occurs they attribute it to 'bad medicine,' or an evil influence put upon them by the government or its agents. Their own medicine-men are called upon to counteract this bad influence, and if the patient dies it is considered that the operator is in league with other bad spirits, and they kill him. Sometimes they put to death the medicine-men of other tribes. This gives rise to frequent and bloody quarrels, in which many are wounded or killed. It is almost impossible for the agent to preserve order among them. They tell him he has nothing to do with their customs, and insist upon it that he shall take no part in their quarrels."

In 1881, Mr. Nash, an English settler in Oregon, relates the following as occurring on the Siletz reservation (on the Oregon coast) and coming to his notice: "Some mistiness on the moral law yet remains. For instance, a murder was committed by three of them a month or two ago. It took place on the northern and remote part of the reserve, far away from the agency itself. Here lived one who, being a quack doctor, claimed the character of a mighty medicine-man, having power to prescribe for both the bodies and souls of his patients. To him resorted many of his neighbors, whose faith in his charms and spells was boundless. He undertook the cure of the wife of one Charlie, and the poor thing endured his remedies patiently. But the woman grew worse and worse. Charlie and his friends debated the case, and at last concluded that if the medicine-man could not cure the woman, according to his contract, and that she died, it would prove to them that the doctor was a humbug, and deserved to die the death. The catastrophe arrived, for the woman died. A council was held and due inquiry made. The decision was fatal to the doctor, and Charlie and two friends undertook to secure that no one else should be misled and defrauded by the quack. Proceeding to his house, away up north by Salmon River, near the sea-coast,

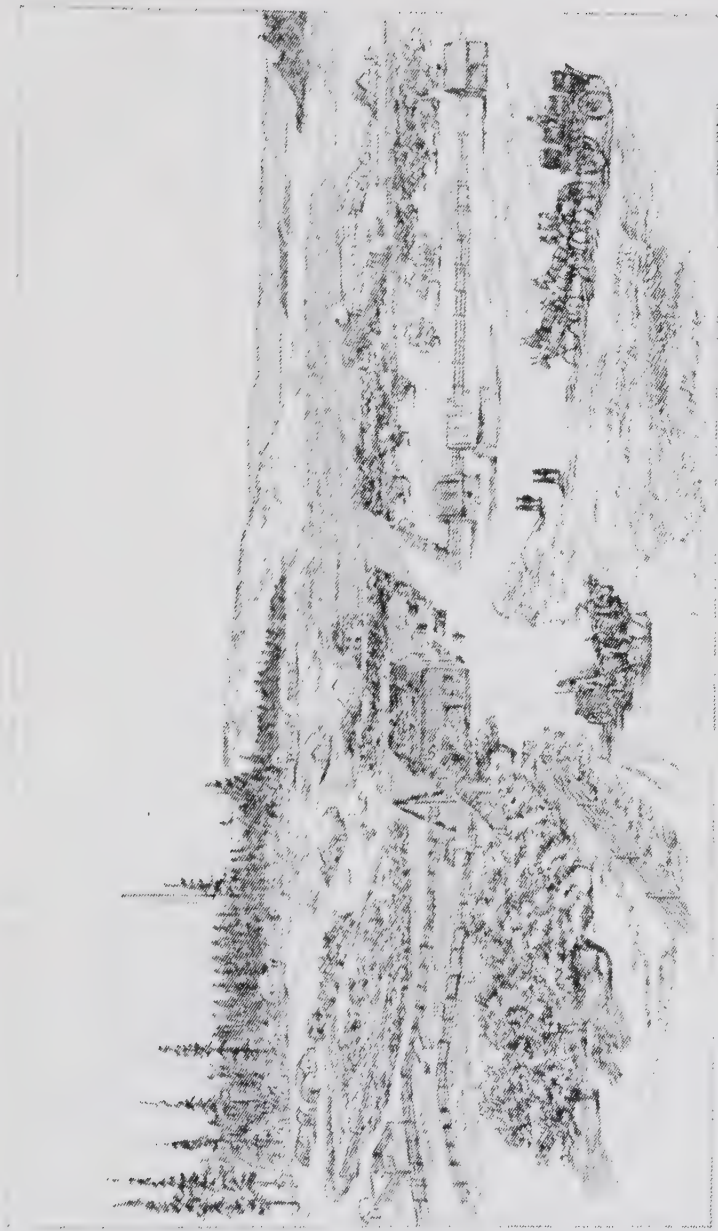
the three fell on the medicine-man with clubs, and, despite threats, prayers, and entreaties, they beat him to death." This instance, for which, by the way, the Indians were arrested and punished, is the more satisfactory evidence of the custom from the very evident fact that the writer who recorded it did not know such a custom to exist. Some further instances will be found in subsequent chapters.

With such superstitions, and in the midst of general sickness, it was constantly reported among the Indians that Whitman was poisoning them to get their land for the Bostons. It is conceded that Joseph Lewis, Nicholas Finlay, and others were circulating, confirming, and magnifying these reports. The question still remains whether the employés of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Jesuits were doing the same thing. This is the definitive point in controversy, and it bids fair to take rank with other noted questions of sectarian persecution. It has been formally investigated and reported on by the Congregational Association of Oregon, the Old School Presbytery, the Cumberland Presbytery, the U. P. Presbytery, the Methodist Conference of Oregon, and other denominational bodies. They agree in holding the Hudson's Bay Company and the Jesuits to some extent responsible. Newspaper articles, pamphlets, and volumes have been written on this subject, which is far too extensive for full consideration in the space we can give it. As to the Hudson's Bay Company, it can only be added here, to what has already been said, that the messenger who carried the news of the massacre down the river gave the Indians at the Dalles a magnified report of the outbreak, and, under the instructions of McBean, the factor at Walla-Walla, gave the whites no intimation of it; on the contrary, he told them that four French employés of the company had died, and that he was going below to get others to take their places. Also, on August 21, 1848, during the operations against the Cayuses and other hostiles, by the provisional government, the troops seized at Wascopum 1080 pounds of powder, 1900 pounds of balls, 300 pounds of buckshot, and three cases of guns, consigned by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Jesuits, and at the same time the friendly Indians there sent away their women and children, and hid in the mountains, giving as their

reason for so doing that the Cayuses had told them the French priests were going to furnish them plenty of ammunition, and they were going to kill all the Bostons and friendly Indians.

As to the Jesuits, the evidence is partly circumstantial and partly statements by the Indians. The consideration of the former would consume an undue amount of space; the latter is objected to by Father Brouillet. He says: "If, in most parts of the States of the Union, the testimony of Indians is never admitted as proof against the whites in any court of justice, it would be here inconsistent to make it the base of public opinion." It is sufficient for present purposes to say that the Protestants have made a case on which most unprejudiced persons would respond "guilty," though some might add "but not proven." While passing this question, it may safely be affirmed, however, that the proven action of the Jesuit priests at the time was certainly not prompted by any motives of humanity. In proof of this I will quote but two witnesses. The first is Father Brouillet himself. He says: "I left [Umatilla] on Tuesday the 30th of November, late in the afternoon, for Tilokaikt's camp, where I arrived between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. It is impossible to conceive my surprise and consternation, when, upon my arrival, I learned that the Indians the day before had massacred the doctor and his wife, with the greater part of the Americans at the mission. I passed the night [in Tilokaikt's camp] without scarcely closing my eyes. Early the next morning I baptized three sick children [Indians], two of whom died soon after, and then hastened to the scene of death, to offer to the widows and orphans all the assistance in my power. I found five or six women and over thirty children in a situation deplorable beyond description. Some had just lost their husbands, and others their fathers, whom they had seen massacred before their eyes, and were expecting every moment to share the same fate. The sight of those persons caused me to shed tears, which, however, I was obliged to conceal, for I was the greater part of the day in the presence of the murderers, and closely watched by them, and, if I had shown too marked an interest on behalf of the sufferers, it would only have endangered their lives and mine. . . . [He then goes to assist in bury-

ing the victims.] I assure you, sir, that during the time I was occupied in burying the victims of this disaster I was far from feeling safe, being obliged to go here and there gathering up the dead bodies, in the midst of assassins, whose hands were still stained with blood, and who, by their manners, their countenances, and the arms which they still carried, sufficiently announced that their thirst for blood was yet unsatiated. Assuming as composed a manner as possible, I cast more than one glance aside and behind at the knives, pistols, and guns, in order to assure myself whether there were not some of them directed towards me. Having buried the dead, I hastened to prepare for my return to my mission, in order to acquaint Mr. Spalding of the danger which threatened him; because on Monday evening [the 29th], when he supped with us, he said that it was his intention to return to Dr. Whitman's on the following Wednesday or Thursday; and I wished to meet him in time to give him a chance to escape. . . . [He then pays another visit to the captives and starts for the Umatilla, followed by his interpreter and one of Tilokaikt's sons. On the way Tilokaikt's son "fortunately" empties his pistol and forgets to reload it. About three miles out they meet Mr. Spalding, who at once begins talking.] While Mr. Spalding was asking me those different questions, I had spoken to my interpreter, telling him to entreat the Indian, in my name, not to kill Mr. Spalding; which I begged of him as a special favor, and hoped that he would not refuse it to me. I was waiting for his answer, and did not wish to relate the disaster to Mr. Spalding before getting it, for fear he might, by his manner, discover to the Indian what I had told him; for the least motion like flight would have cost him his life, and probably exposed mine also. [To the empty pistol; The Indian goes back to the village. Spalding is informed of the massacre and takes to the woods. Shortly afterwards a party of Cayuses come up in pursuit. Brouillet returns to the Umatilla mission and all the priests remain there till the 19th, not daring to leave Young Chief's camp for fear of the Indians.] On the 11th of December we had the affliction to hear that one of the captives had been carried off from the doctor's house by the orders of Five Crows and brought to him, and



FORT VANCOUVER IN 1850. (FROM THE PAINTING BY SOHON.)

we learned that two others had been violated at the doctor's house."

From this it appears that this very cautious man was restrained from doing anything in behalf of the captives solely by personal timidity; that, although so frightened, he remained in the Indian village over-night and about the mission in the morning, doing what under the circumstances was of no benefit to any one, when he might have left the savages he so feared at any time; that during nearly twenty-four hours after he learned of the massacre he sent no word of warning to any one, although he might have gone himself or sent his interpreter—a peculiarly significant fact, in connection with his constant fear for the safety of Mr. Spalding, whom he had left at the Umatilla, and who was expected at Wailatpu at any moment; that before giving Spalding any warning he begged the Indian with the "fortunately" unloaded weapon not to kill him, and the Indian at once went for assistance. Let us now look at a companion to this picture of cowardice, hypocrisy, or want of sense, as you may choose to call it. I quote from the deposition of Miss Lorinda Bewley.

"Q. When did the priest [Brouillet] arrive [at Wailatpu]?"

"A. Wednesday, while the bodies were being prepared for the grave. The bodies were collected into the house on Tuesday evening.

"Q. Did the Indians bury a vial or bottle of the doctor's medicine?"

"A. They said they did. Joe Stanfield made the box to bury it in, and the Indians said they buried it.

"Q. Why did they bury it?"

"A. They said the priests said it was poison. Stanfield and Nicholas were their interpreters to us.

"Q. How did they obtain this vial?"

"A. The Indians said the priests found it among the doctor's medicines, and showed it to them, and told them that if it broke it would poison the whole nation.

* * * * *

"Q. Where did you spend your time when at the Umatilla?"

"A. Most of the time at the house of the bishop; but the

Five Crows, most of the nights, compelled me to go to his lodge and be subject to him during the night. I obtained the privilege of going to the bishop's house before violation on the Umatilla, and begged and cried to the bishop for protection either at his house or to be sent to Walla-Walla. I told him I would do any work by night and day for him if he would protect me. He said he would do all he could. Although I was taken to the lodge, I escaped violation the first four nights. There were the bishop, three priests, and two Frenchmen at the bishop's house. The first night the Five Crows came, I refused to go, and he went away, apparently mad, and the bishop told me I had better go, as he might do us all an injury, and the bishop sent an Indian with me. He took me to the Five Crows' lodge. The Five Crows showed me the door and told me I might go back, and take my clothes, which I did. Three nights after this the Five Crows came for me again. The bishop finally ordered me to go; my answer was, 'I had rather die.' After this, he still insisted on my going, as the best thing I could do. I was then in the bishop's room; the three priests were there. I found I could get no help, and had to go, as he told me, out of his room. The Five Crows seized me by the arm and jerked me away to his lodge.

"Q. How long were you at the Umatilla?

"A. Two weeks, and from Friday till Monday. I would return early in the morning to the bishop's house, and be violently taken away at night. The bishop provided kindly for me while at his house. On my return one morning, one of the young priests asked me, in a good deal of glee, how I liked my companion. I felt that this would break my heart, and cried much during the day. . . . When the tall priest [Brouillet], that was at the doctor's at the first, was going to Walla-Walla, after hearing of Mr. Ogden's arrival, he called me out of the door and told me if I went to the lodge any more I must not come back to his house. I asked him what I should do. He said I must insist or beg of the Indian to let me stop at his house; if he would not let me, then I must stay at his lodge. I did not feel well, and towards night I took advantage of this and went to bed, determined I would die there before

I would be taken away. The Indian came, and, on my refusing to go, hauled me from my bed and threw my bonnet and shawl at me, and told me to go. I would not, and at a time when his eyes were off I threw them under the table and he could not find them. I sat down, determined not to go, and he pushed me nearly into the fire. The Frenchmen were in the room, and the bishop and priests were passing back and forth to their rooms. When the Indian was smoking, I went to bed again, and when he was through smoking he dragged me from my bed with more violence than the first time. I told the Frenchman to go into the bishop's room and ask him what I should do; he came out and told me that the bishop said it was best for me to go. I told him the tall priest said, if I went, I must not come back again to this house; he said, the priests dared not keep women about their house, but if the Five Crows sent me back again, why come. I still would not go. The Indian then pulled me away violently without bonnet or shawl. Next morning I came back and was in much anguish, and cried much. The bishop asked me if I was in much trouble. I told him I was. He said it was not my fault, that I could not help myself; that I must pray to God and Mary. He asked me if I did not believe in God; I told him I did."

This deposition was taken December 12, 1848, and Miss Bewley's statements are neither denied nor explained in Brouillet's defence, which was published more than four years afterwards, although he was fully aware of the story she had told of her wrongs. He refers to it only in the extract: quoted above, but his excuse for all other actions is fear. The Protestants say, the action in regard to Miss Bewley was part of an attempt to implicate Five Crows, the head chief, and force him to join the hostiles. Let us accept fear, then, as the true cause, it being more favorable to the Jesuits, and what a defence it is! Think of it! Six white men—four of them priests of the God of the widow and the orphan—to stand by thus and see a defenceless girl so treated by her brutal ravisher; to counsel and command her to submit, even after the savage had desisted; to say to her: "How did you like your companion?" "If you go to the lodge any more you must not

return here." "Are you in much trouble?" What a contrast is this with the noble pioneers of their order, who carried the cross through the Mississippi valley! What a contrast with the New Mexican padre of our last chapter, who saved an American soldier under surroundings of far greater danger to himself than these! What a contrast with hundreds of heroic deeds by the Christian fathers, all through the history of the frontier! And how deplorable that, in the minds of many, a foul blot has thus been put on the fair fame of an entire Church!

And what was the sequel of all this? The Indians, as we have seen, were made wanderers, until five of the most blameworthy expiated the crime of all. The Jesuits succeeded to the missions of the Northwest. Mr. Spalding, indeed, returned, some time afterwards, to the Nez Percés, on their invitation, but he was not sustained by the American Board, and, through various influences, abandoned the field in despair. He is remembered by their old people with the kindest regard, even to this day. The Hudson's Bay Company, in the course of the adjustment of damages under the treaty, filed its claims for itself and the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, against the United States, for £21,025,350, of which £200,000 was for the right of trade in Oregon; £300,000 for the right of free navigation of the Columbia River; and the remainder for losses, improvements, and 160,000 acres of land which they claimed to have pre-empted! They were allowed \$650,000, or about thirteen per cent. of their claim, at the final adjustment in 1864, and that is quite as much as they were entitled to. Considering their action in Oregon, some have said they should have had nothing; but why not? Their action only adds another chapter to the history of frontier troubles for which England was responsible, and which Americans have patiently endured. On the bank of the Ohio River, eight miles below old Fort Henry (now the city of Wheeling) was erected, many years ago, a little monument with this inscription: "This humble stone is erected to the memory of Captain Foreman and twenty-seven of his men, who were slain by a band of ruthless savages—the allies of a civilized nation of Europe—on the 25th of September, 1777." There are

hundreds of graves, all through our territory, over which similar legends might most appropriately be written.*

* A movement has been inaugurated in Oregon for erecting a monument to the memory of Dr. Whitman. Mr. W. H. Gray, of Olney, Corresponding Secretary of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon, has been designated as the custodian of subscriptions. The Presbyterian Church, as is generally known, re-established its missions some years later, and, with other Protestant denominations, is now working successfully in this region.

CHAPTER V.

THE CURSE OF GOLD.

Two months had passed after the tragedy at Wailatpu, and the volunteers were still at the Dalles, when an event occurred that revolutionized the Pacific coast, changed the course of affairs throughout the United States, and visibly affected the entire world. It was the discovery of gold in California, or rather the discovery that it existed in quantity. The Spaniards had long known that there was gold in the country, and Mr. Dana, with Wilkes's exploring expedition, had picked up auriferous rock in Oregon and on the Sacramento, but no one thought it to be in paying quantity, and no attention was paid to it. The Mormons claim to have worked the placers before Marshall made his discovery, but their story is either untrue, or so adulterated with untruth as to deserve no credence, besides being contrary to other evidence. The account of their discovery, as published in September, 1854, by George M. Evans, the professed discoverer, is, in substance, as follows: "During the month of October or November, 1845, in a house or groggery on Pacific Street, San Francisco (as it is now called), a Mexican, who was called 'Salvador,' was shot because he had a bag of gold dust, described as about one thousand to two thousand dollars, and would not tell where he got it. At last, when dying, he pointed in the direction of San José Mountains, and said, 'Lejos, lejos' ('beyond, beyond'). [Evans then relates how, in consequence of this event, he looked casually for gold at a sand point of a small island opposite the entrance to Stockton, then called Lindsley's Lake, and found some particles. This was in 1846, and the gold found was sent with other specimens to Peale's Museum. Also, in August, 1847, Evans, with Major Reading and T. W. Peskins, found gold in more abundance in the mountains be-

tween San Diego and the Gila River, but were driven away by hostile Indians.] When the Mormon battalion was disbanded in 1847, a number of the Mormons came to San Francisco, and among them was one Henderson Cox and one Beardsley, who boarded in the same house with me. They having worked in the Georgia mines, told me, in conversation on the subject, that they were about prospecting for a road (since called the Mormon Pass) for the Mormons to return to Salt Lake, and in so doing would prospect the streams in their route (this was in the end of August or first of September, 1847). I then described the death of Salvador, and where I found the gold, and gave them a chart of the country from memory. In the following January I returned to San Francisco from the journey above referred to, when I received an invitation to go to Mormon Island, so named afterwards by Henderson Cox. On the 19th of January, 1848, I went there, and with the bounty they gave me and what I worked out myself I had \$19,000 on the 8th of February, 1848. On the 9th of February, I, with Henderson Cox, Beardsley, Beers, two shepherds, and a number more were in the lower end of the mill-race, when Marshall, the overseer, and his little girl came in, and the child picked up a pretty stone, as she called it, and showed it to her father, who pronounced it gold. He was so excited about it that he saddled his horse and that day rode to Sutter's Fort to tell Captain Sutter—but he did not believe it worth notice, and for a while the idea died away. The Mormons wishing to keep their discoveries a secret from people not Mormons, worked out the gold and said nothing more. On the 1st of April, 1848, the first mail from San Francisco to Salt Lake was started, and a number of the California *Star* was printed purposely for that mail containing a special article, written by Dr. Fourgond and myself, concerning the minerals and metals of California, and among other mentioned metals was gold—but as the printer and publishers were [not] Mormons, the full facts were not stated. It was not until the 12th of May, 1848, that the existence of gold in quantity in California was publicly made known in San Francisco by Samuel Brannan, High Bishop of the Mormons, and of Vigilance Committee notoriety. Beardsley and



JOHN A. SUTTER.

Henderson Cox were killed at the foot of the Sierra Nevada in September, 1848. Marshall died either four days before he arrived home in the Eastern States with a barrel of gold, or four days from the coast." It would hardly be anticipated that any person could be found so silly as to believe this story of earning a thousand dollars a day at Mormon Island on February 8th, and, on February 9th, being in the mill-race at Sutter's saw-mill, twenty-five miles away, working for wages, except he had first educated his faith by swallowing the reve-

lations of the angel Moroni and other Mormon supernaturals. Yet some have believed it, and a cloud has been thrown on the just claims of Mr. Marshall, the discoverer.

The story of Marshall's discovery in the race at Sutter's saw-mill has been told too often to need repetition. Sutter and Marshall agreed to keep the matter quiet until the grist-mill near Sutter's Fort was finished, but soon after the discovery Sutter sent down to Colonel Mason, military governor of California, at Monterey, and desired to preempt the land on which the saw-mill and the race were situated, near the future town of Coloma. He was informed that the country was held by conquest, and that there were no laws for pre-emption, but that there was no probability that he would be disturbed in possession. The messengers who brought his letter also brought some of the newly-discovered metal with them, to ask if it was gold. Lieutenant Sherman, now familiarly known as "Old Tecumseh," who was acting as adjutant-general for Mason, bit the metal, and gave his opinion that it was. They went back, and it was soon known among the Mormon hands that there was gold in the river. They wanted to dig for it at the saw-mill, but Marshall threatened to shoot them if they attempted it, so they prospected down the river and discovered the rich placer known as Mormon Island. They informed their fellow Mormons at Sutter's grist-mill, nineteen miles below, and they struck for higher wages. Sutter conceded their price, and they struck again, and so on till they wanted ten dollars a day. Then he stopped, and the mills were left to decay, while the Mormons went to work at the island, where they made from forty to one hundred dollars per day. Their accumulations soon began to circulate as far as San Francisco. Brannan & Co., the principal merchants at Sutter's Fort, reported to Governor Mason that they had taken twenty - six thousand dollars' worth of gold, between May 1st and July 10th, in exchange for goods. At that time "High Bishop Brannan" had nothing to say about Mormon discoveries previous to January 28th. On June 1st, Mr. T. O. Larkin, of San Francisco, wrote the Secretary of State: "It is now two or three weeks since the men employed in these washings have appeared in this town with gold, to exchange

for merchandise and provisions. I presume near twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000) of this gold has, as yet, been so exchanged." The excitement grew intense. Half of the houses in San Francisco were locked up. Merchants and professional men went with the mechanics and laborers. Soldiers deserted their posts, and sailors their ships. One ship-captain, seeing his men were bound to go, went with them, furnished the tools, and took a percentage. Travellers arrived on the coast, jocosely wrote home that the Californians had gone stark mad, and the next day were hurrying to the mines themselves. The news reached the East, and the adventurous and far-seeing began to come. The reports, startling at the first, grew constantly in magnitude, and were soon fully confirmed by a long despatch from Governor Mason, which was made a special message to Congress by the President. The messenger brought with him two hundred and thirty ounces of the gold. Doubt was removed, and the emigration overland and by sea became a great flood.

The event was looked at in strangely different ways. Some thought it a good thing; others very bad. The question of the effect of the extraordinary increase of gold in circulation was gravely canvassed by thoughtful men. Some thought it would alter the relative worth of gold and silver and unsettle all values; others said there were channels already opened into which it would naturally flow, without affecting the existing circulation. Even the local effect was variously speculated upon. Benton, the gifted and erudite, the friend and champion of the West, said in the Senate: "I am a friend to a gold currency, but not to gold mining. That is a pursuit which the experience of nations shows to be both impoverishing and demoralizing to a nation. I regret that we have these mines in California; but they are there, and I am for getting rid of them as soon as possible. Make the working as free as possible. . . . If you want revenue, raise it from the permits—a small sum for each—and upon the coinage. In that way it would be practicable to raise as much as ought to be raised. But revenue is no object compared to the great object of clearing the ground of this attraction, which puts an end to all regular industry, and com-

pared to the object of putting the gold into circulation. I care not who digs it up. I want it dug up. I want the fever to be over. I want the mining finished. Let all work that will. Let them ravage the earth—extirpate and exterminate the mines. Then the sober industry will begin which enriches and ennobles a nation.” Mr. Benton said this because he had just demonstrated to the Senate that placers were transient things. He neglected to include this speech in his “Abridgment of the Debates,” or to refer to it in his “Thirty Years’ View.”

But this is not a history of the gold discoveries of California, and we must leave the subject, enticing though it be. What effect did this discovery have on the Indians? It was fraught with greater evil for them than any other one event in the history of America, except the discovery of America itself. Gold is a magnet that draws with irresistible force. No power has yet been found able to counteract its attraction. Cold, hunger, and every imaginable peril will not keep men from seeking it. No government has been able to hold its subjects from the spot where it could be found. The United States has repeatedly found itself helpless, and early adopted the policy, when gold was found on Indian reservations, of treating for the lands as quickly as possible, and moving the Indians away. As General Carleton put it, “The miners *will* go to their country, and the question which comes up is, shall the miners be protected and the country be developed, or shall the Indians be suffered to kill them and the nation be deprived of its immense wealth?” Through every nook and corner of the mountains the intrepid prospector has pursued his search, hiding from the Indians if he could, fighting if he must; dying, perhaps, but never giving up the search till he did die. When his search was successful, a new mining excitement broke out, a new district was populated, new roads were opened, and the Indians fell back. Indians seldom trouble a mining camp. They attack the stage, the emigrant-wagon, and the supply-train, and thus indirectly harass the miners; but the camp itself is not interfered with. Miners are usually “bad medicine” for Indians.

In “make-up” the early California population, as to its

effect on the Indians, may be divided into three classes, and it is a fair type of all new mining regions of the West. First, there was a large number of mountain men, *i.e.*, trappers and restless spirits who had adopted wild life from choice. Many of them had lived with Indians, imbibed Indian superstitions, and adopted Indian customs. With them the killing of a hostile Indian, or one who from his tribal connection ought to be hostile, was an honor. They would



PIUTE SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

steal the horses of unfriendly Indians, carry off their women, and scalp their dead without the least qualms of conscience. And why not? Their adopted brethren, the Indians, did the same things themselves. Second, there was a still larger percentage of desperadoes—villainous wretches whose sole redeeming feature was their bravery, and some lacking even that—to whom robbery was a business and murder a virtue. Does the reader think the statement a strong one? He may read the proof of it in the proceedings of a thousand vig-

ilance committees, and if justice had been done he might have read it in ten thousand more. These men have made life a hell for the timid in every frontier settlement in the West. White men they oppressed as far as they dared, and Indians they treated as they found convenient. The very best of them committed crimes which were legally punishable with death, perpetrated indignities on persons they disliked, terrorized whole communities, and obtained a halo of romantic glory simply because people dared not talk about them. The third class, and it included the majority of the people, were men of decent character and sentiment, but they had little sympathy for the Indians in general. It was but a short time since the great removal of the tribes to the Indian territory, and the sentiment against the red man was still strong in the Mississippi Valley. Many had seen instances of the frightful cruelty of the Indians, and many had been attacked on their overland journey when they had given no cause, for it. Besides, they had absolutely no time to consider abstract questions of right and wrong. If white men became too troublesome they favored lynching, and if Indians were troublesome they favored the speediest and most effectual way of stopping them. To know who was to blame was of minor importance; the point was that the community could not and would not be kept from the pursuit of wealth by anybody. It was on the same principle that a great railroad magnate once set fire to a wrecked freight train. He destroyed much valuable property, but he cleared the track. He had to take one of two evils, and so did they. Men of the first and second classes wronged the Indians; the Indians retaliated, usually on the innocent, because they were more convenient and less dangerous; the entire community was involved, and frequently innocent Indians suffered. Such is the oft-repeated history of the mining regions of the West.

There was less of this in California than in other mining localities. The reason was that a part of the Indians submitted to the indignities put upon them, and the rest got out of the way. A few resisted and were killed. The reader of California story sometimes wonders that he does not find any

record of the events of Indian wars. The reason is that there were none in the gold fields. There was one exception. In extreme northern California, above and on both sides of Yreka, there were Indians who would and did fight, but the troubles with them are properly a part of the Oregon wars, and will be considered in a subsequent chapter. South of these, throughout the State, was the great body of California Indians. In these there was no fight, and the so-called wars with them were pure farces. They were degraded and brutal sensualists. There were probably never a dozen warriors among them who would not rather have eaten a substantial meal than killed an enemy. They had no arms but bows and arrows, which were not dangerous at over fifty yards. They were divided into numerous small tribes, of dissimilar languages, and with no faculty for union. They were most arrant cowards. Even in their battles among themselves they displayed no bravery. They usually began war by challenge; heralds then met and arranged the time and place of the conflict; the armies advanced against each other, jumping about, with shouts and gestures, to distract the aim of the foe. Frequently, by agreement, armistices occurred, during which children from the opposing armies ran to the ranks of the other side and picked up arrows for use again. The battle generally terminated with the first blood drawn, They seldom scalped the dead, but occasionally ate pieces of their flesh, or cut off the head, hands, or feet for trophies. Their prisoners were exchanged or killed, they being almost the only Western Indians who did not practise slavery. With all his childish timidity, the California warrior could meet death with stoical fortitude, if it were inevitable, and he had one habit which was always aggravating, and often as dangerous to the white man as open war. He would steal—steal anything, at any time, and under almost any circumstances.

It has often been a subject for jest that the people of the frontier punished horse-stealing more severely than murder, but the people of settled countries do not realize that horse-stealing may mean death, and a cruel, lingering death at that. The emigrant who lost his stock on the plains was hopelessly stranded. If no one came along to help him, he

and his family were almost certainly doomed to die. If other emigrants did find him, he still, usually, lost his wagon and goods, for those prairie ships could add but little to their cargoes. Other losses might be equally serious. Provisions ran short on that long overland trip, and on the latter part of it, through what is now Nevada, money, often, would not buy food from other emigrants. There are men yet living who managed to get through that last stretch, only because they were Masons or Odd Fellows, and were given aid as Brethren after money had been refused. Even in the mines, stealing provisions was a grievous injury. At times any kind of meat cost one dollar per pound, and flour, sugar, coffee, and other supplies the same. Occasionally they got as low as twenty-five cents the pound, but not often. Theft might almost be equivalent to murder there. Indeed, Indian theft was frequently accompanied by murder, when the latter could be accomplished by stealth, or was thought necessary. It is not at all surprising that California miners had no love for Indians. It was a very natural thing.

The first trouble with Indians in California began on Mormon Island. A miner took some liberties with the squaw of an Indian chief; the chief objected, and was promptly killed. There were a few hostilities. A few whites were killed and some Indians. It was represented that troops were necessary, and a militia regiment was organized under "Col. William Rogers." He took what supplies he wanted from Ringgold merchants and others, and began his campaign. His command had no engagements with the Indians, but succeeded in "protecting the settlers," and piling up an immense bill of expenses which the State paid. By the winter of 1850-51 a remarkable misunderstanding of the situation had been brought about by men who were charged with scheming to bring on a war, and many citizens of California believed there was serious danger on the frontier. A local author stated that "thousands of miners were hemmed within narrow and unproductive limits during the whole of last winter (1850-51), because of the peril of explorations beyond populous settlements." On March 1, 1851, Governor McDougal wrote the President: "The valley of Los Angeles, of the

San Joaquin, of the tributaries of the Sacramento, and the country around the main sources of that river, and the northern coast, contain an Indian force estimated at not less than one hundred thousand warriors, all animated by a spirit of bitter hostility, and whom a pacific and forbearing policy encourages into renewed acts of outrage. Rendered bold by impunity and encouraged by success, they are now everywhere rising in arms, and every day brings the report of



THE YOSEMITE. [BY HILL.]

some new outbreak." Unfortunately for the success of his appeal for authority to call out the militia, for service as United States troops, the governor neglected to tell what the outbreaks referred to were.

His estimate of "one hundred thousand warriors" is the most preposterous statement made in connection with California Indian wars that has come to my notice. Superintendent Beale comes next with his anticipations of trouble,

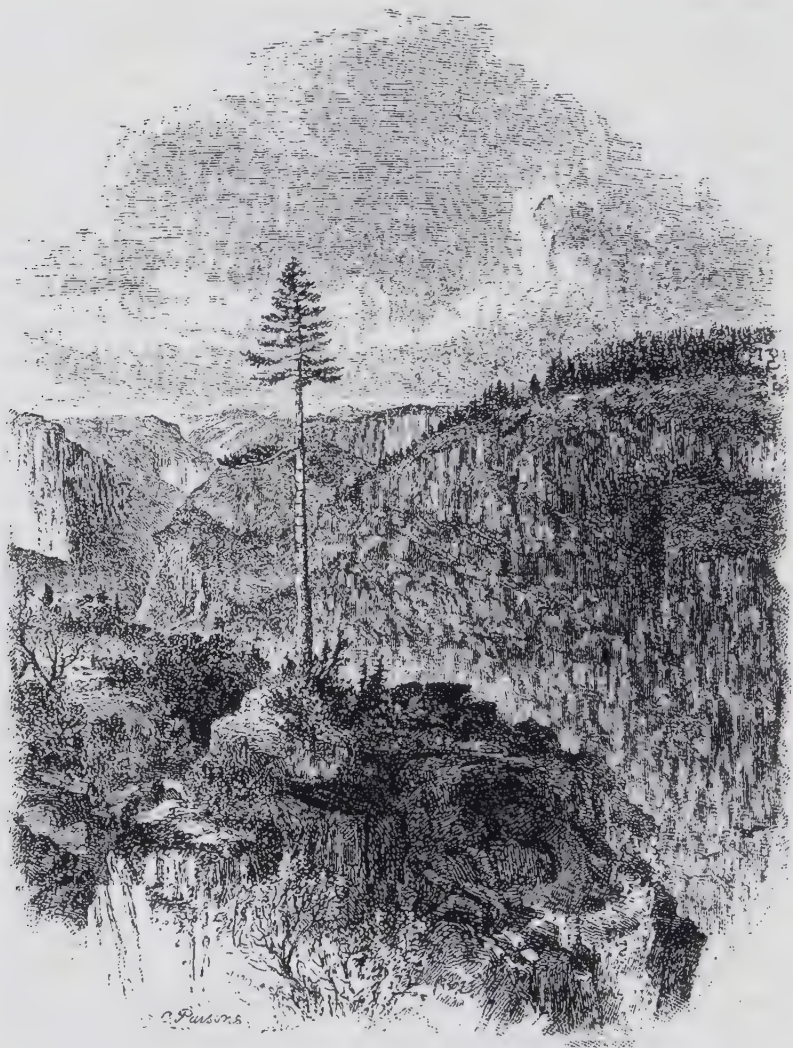
in 1853, in changing the hereditary mode of life of "one hundred thousand persons." In 1856 Superintendent Henley succeeded in getting the number of California Indians down to 61,600. He professed to give a statement by reservations and counties, and in proof of his accuracy it is noteworthy that he dealt only in round numbers. Every number he gives, even of the residents at the reservations, ends in at least two ciphers. In reality the number of Indians, men, women, and children, in California, at any time after the discovery of gold, did not exceed 20,000. Don Antonio de Alcedo, the best Spanish authority, based his estimate on the returns of the Spanish missionaries in 1802, and stated the mission Indians at 14,931, the mustees and mulattoes at 1300, and the wild Indians at 16,000, making a total of 32,231. Mr. Schoolcraft adopted these figures in his census of 1850, but he neglected to take into consideration the ravages of small-pox in the year 1839, and their general rapid decline during the past decade. Forbes, in his "History of Upper and Lower California" (London, 1839), estimated the converted Indians at 18,683, and others 4342. Dufлот de Mofras, an attaché of the French legation in Mexico, estimated the mission Indians in 1834 at 30,620, but he made his estimate in 1842, when he visited California. This was after the missions had been taken away from the priests, and the mission Indians reduced to 4450, and Mofras's sympathies were probably excited by exaggerated stories. He is not a very reliable statistician in other matters. He estimated the population of the Antilles at 3,500,000, for instance. As a fair offset to Mofras, we have Captain Wilkes, U. S. N., who travelled through California in 1841. He says, "The number of Indians is variously stated at from twelve to fifteen thousand; but it is believed by some of the best informed, that their number, since the small-pox made its ravages among them, is not much more than one-half of this number, or eight or nine thousand. The principal part of these are the tribes on the Sacramento." He estimated the entire population of Alta California, whites, Indians, and mixed, to be about 15,000. The war department, in its estimate of 1848, put the number of wild Indians at 3000, and made the total for California,

16,930, but in this estimate the mission of La Purissima Conception is omitted, apparently by mistake. Under the priests, it was said to have 1000 Indians. With this correction the war department's aggregate harmonizes reasonably with Alcedo's estimate, for it is agreed by all testimony that the number of Indians decreased very rapidly during the latter part of the Mexican occupation (1822-47), especially in the country about San Francisco, which was almost wholly depopulated. Said a decrepit Indian of Dolores to agent Johnston, in 1849, "I am very old; my people were once around me as the sands of the shore—many—many. They have all passed away—they have died like the grass—they have gone to the mountains. I do not complain—the antelope falls by the arrow. I had a son—I loved him—when the pale-faces came he went away—I know not where he is. I am a Christian Indian—I am all that is left of my people—I am alone." By the census of 1860, in which, by mistake, the officials returned all the Indians in the State, instead of those subject to taxation, the number of California Indians was 17,798. In 1870 the census return was 7241, and the latest returns of the Indian Bureau at that date fixed the remaining Indians at 12,414; but it is quite probable that these two sums would give an over-estimate of the whole number, as some Indians were probably counted in both. By the census of 1880, the taxed Indians of California were returned at 16,277, but by the statistics of the Indian Bureau, for the same year, the total of the Indians for that State was only 10,666, of whom 4648 were on reservations and 6018 not under agents. In 1884 the Indian Bureau returned 11,317 Indians in California, of whom 6759 were not under agents, and 4738 were on reservations. The character of the Indians was as much misrepresented by Governor McDougal as their number. The valley tribes, it is true, always represented the mountain tribes to be extremely fierce and warlike. They were so only in comparison with the valley tribes. They made some forays, ran off some cattle, and now and then killed a settler, but their most violent crimes were really crimes of stealth. Their murders were the murders of the Thug, not of the bravo. There were then in California, at

the time Governor McDougal wrote, 3000 to 4000 "warriors," mission and wild, poorly armed, disunited, and of little or no spirit.

The national government did not furnish any more troops for California, but did send its quota of arms for 100,000 militia. Militia regiments had been raised and were about to take the field, when the general government altered its plans. Three commissioners were appointed to treat with the California tribes, and the militia were ordered to be held subject to their orders. The treaties they made were simply agreements for the Indians to go on reservations. The Indian titles were never extinguished in California as they were in the other States. Most of the tribes made the agreement gladly, but some of the mountain tribes feared to come in, on account of anticipated punishment, or because they preferred their mountain lairs, and these were treated as hostiles. Catching these Indians and bringing them in constituted the "war of '51 and '52." The Mariposa battalion did this work in the country bordering the San Joaquin Valley. Captain Kuykendall's company brought in the Chowchillas, a tribe of the Kaweah family, who had been among the most active hostiles. Their chief, José Rey, had openly declared for war, and the tribe had committed several outrages. Before the organization of the militia a party of volunteers had marched against them, surprised their camp, killed twenty-three of them and mortally wounded José Rey, after which the Chowchillas had wisely kept out of the way of the whites. Captain Kuykendall succeeded in surprising their camp again, and killing a number of them, his loss being one man wounded by an arrow. After that the Chowchillas kept hid until they were nearly starved, and then came in and accepted the terms of the commissioners.

Captain Boling's company brought in the Yosemite (Yosemite, Oosamites), the dreaded "Grizzly Bears," the terrible tribe that made their home in the wonderful cañon valley that perpetuates their name, the warriors whom the lowland tribes warned the whites especially to shun. Dr. Bunnell, a member of the company, has given a minutely detailed account of their work, and the sole hostility offered by these



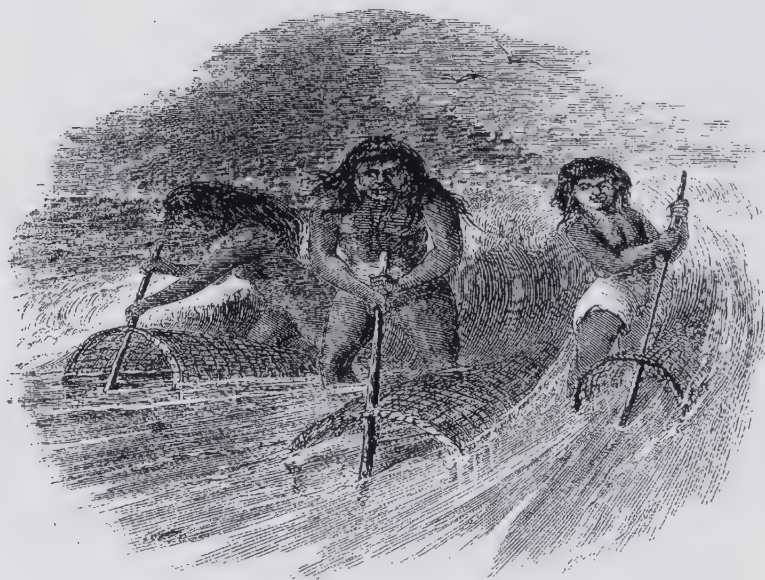
YOSEMITE FROM THE MARIPOSA TRAIL.

dangerous Indians, during several weeks that the company passed in searching the valley and neighboring country in parties of two and three, consisted in rolling down some rocks at two soldiers, by which one of them was knocked down a declivity and badly bruised. At no time did they offer to use a weapon, but kept their village concealed near

the border of Lake Tenieya until they were finally discovered and captured. At their capture there was not an offer of resistance, the miserable wretches throwing up their hands and crying "pace! pace!" (peace! peace!). The war in and around the Sacramento Valley was of substantially the same character. Said Commissioner McKee, whose opportunities for knowing were unsurpassed, "The late war in that section was, I am told, a greater piece of tomfoolery and humbug than even the former on the Fresno and the San Joaquin. The State has been involved for some eighty or one hundred thousand dollars more without the slightest necessity, or accomplishing the least good." The stores of the Indians (cachés of acorns) were destroyed whenever found, and the Indians were obliged to come in or starve. The militia were disgusted. Says Dr. Bunnell, "We had discussed the matter in camp, and contrasted the lack of spirit exhibited by these people with what we knew of the warlike character of the Indians of Texas and of the North-western plains. In these comparisons, respect for our captives was lost in contempt. 'The noble red man' was not here represented. The only ones of the Pacific slope, excepting the Navahos, Pimas, and Maricopahs, that bear any comparison with the Eastern tribes for intelligence and bravery, are the Youmahs of the Colorado River, the Modocs, and some of the Rogue and Columbia river tribes, but none of these really equal the Sioux and some other Eastern tribes."

When these fierce savages were all subdued, an improved reservation system was put in force by the government, in 1853. There were five reservations. Klamath reservation, on the river of that name, was occupied by the extreme northern tribes, not the ones of whom we have been treating; it cost about sixteen thousand dollars a year, was fairly well managed, and quite successful. The largest of the reservations of our Californians was Nome Lackee, west of the Sacramento, in the foot-hills of Tehama County. It had no game, no acorns, no fishery, and no rain, and hence, being useful for nothing else, was eminently fitted for a reservation. Adjunct to Nome Lackee was Nome Cult, a pretty valley of about 20,000 acres, about sixty miles south-west of the for-

mer, and across the Coast Range. The Indians did very well at this place, till the agent and employés got their relatives, friends, and partners to come in and settle there. Before long that place became too good for Indians, as we shall see presently. Mendocino reservation, below the cape of that name, on the Noyo River, was an excellent place. There were



BEACH FISHING AT CAPE MENDOCINO.

fish and mussels enough there for all the Indians located there, if it had not been that some white friends of the agency started a saw-mill and filled the river with logs, so that a fish could not get through. Tejon reservation, near the base of the Sierra Nevada, where it joins the Coast Range, in Southern California, was a nice, dry place, where the Indians were never bothered by rain or crops. There were also

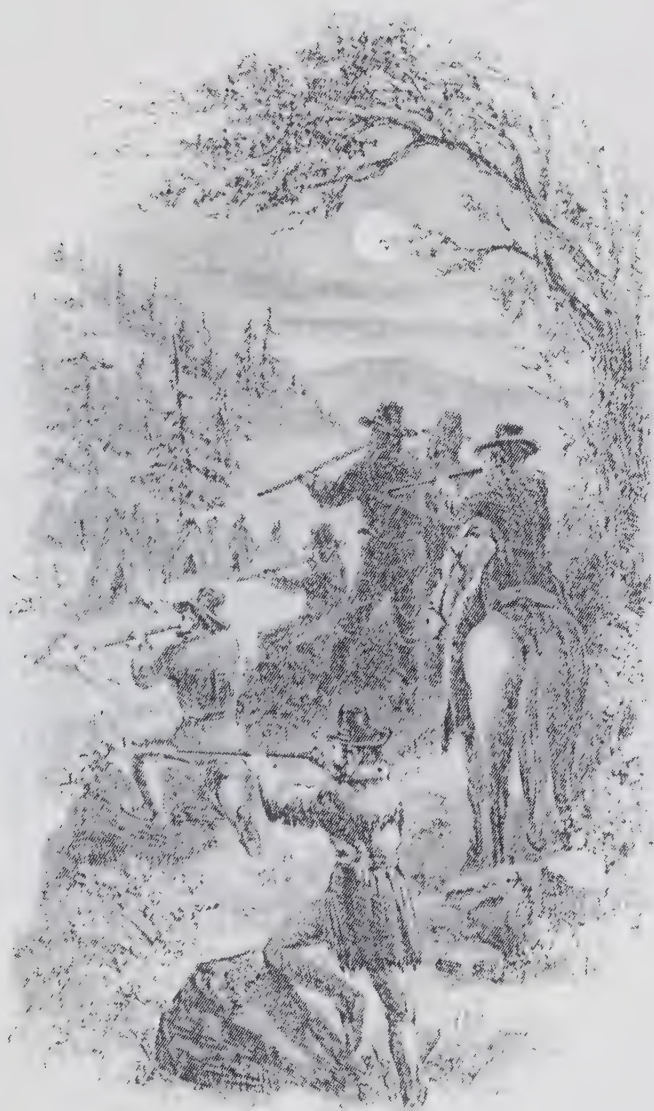
farms at Tule River and Mattole Valley, and finally, as public land was very scarce in California, the United States rented the farms of Mr. Vinsonhaller and Mr. Campbell, which were called respectively Fresno reservation and King's River farm. Farming was supposed to be begun on a broad and liberal scale at these places, which were fitted up, on paper, regardless of cost. Tejon absorbed about \$30,000 per year; Fresno the same; Nome Lackee nearly \$50,000; Nome Cult about \$10,000; and Mendocino \$48,000. About \$50,000 more went annually for the other reserves and general purposes, and by November, 1858, the sum of \$1,173,000 had been invested in the California reservations.

The management of these reservations was under one of the ablest Indian rings ever known in America. Not a reliable report went in to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for five years, but their work was so well done that they received compliments for their able accounts of their labors. The total number of Indians was scandalously exaggerated, as we have seen, and the number at the reservations in like manner. So far as can be learned, not more than 2000 Indians were subsisted at the reservations at any time, and they drew principally on the oak-trees, the manzanita bushes, and the clover fields for their rations. The great majority of the Indians were quietly earning their living as vaqueros and farmhands, or picking it up in the mountains, as they had before the government began civilizing them. Fabulous numbers of acres were reported to be under cultivation, and magnificent crops were always just about to be harvested when blight or mildew or smut or drought intervened and ruined them. A small army of employés was on hand to instruct the Indians and defend the agency in case of outbreak, and the agent or employé who failed to get a claim of his own, and have it fenced and improved by Indian labor, was a man of no enterprise.

In 1858, in consequence of repeated charges and protestations by army officers and citizens, special agent Bailey was sent out to investigate affairs in California. He did not seem to grasp the whole truth, but he was not in the ring, and he told the truth as he saw it. He showed that the salaries

alone of the employés amounted to \$81,889.48, besides subsistence for themselves and families, which would bring the amount to over \$100,000; that there was no such number of Indians on the reservations as reported; that the value of the crops was much less than a quarter of the salaries of the employés; that the only contented Indians were off the reservations; that friends and relatives of the agent and employés had been allowed to settle in the Nome Cult and create disturbance there; and that the Indians were neither being taught anything nor civilized in any respect. The Commissioner of Indian affairs reported that the California reservations were a failure. He gave among other reasons of the failure, the statement that the Indians had not been "sufficiently thrown on their own resources." It is difficult to see how they could have been thrown on their own resources more fully, unless the acorn, berry, and grass crops could have been destroyed. After a year or such a matter a change was made. A new superintendent was appointed; the appropriation was cut down to \$50,000 a year; and Tejon, Fresno, King's Valley, Nome Lackee, and Mattole, with all their improvements, were abandoned in the course of a few years.

There was more "Indian war" in California in 1858, and several years succeeding. At Nome Cult over one hundred and fifty Indians were cruelly murdered by the whites, who had been allowed to settle on the reservation. No charge of aggression, except cattle-stealing, was given as an excuse, and this proved, on investigation, to be false. The real cause was that the Indians drove away from the reservation the cattle of the settlers, which had been roaming the reservation and consuming the acorns, on which the Indians depended mainly for subsistence. Armed parties went to the rancherias in the open day and shot down the wretched "Diggers," without regard to age or sex. Then they called on the State government for aid, and, organized as militia, roamed the country round, killing every Indian they could find. At King's River the settlers drove the Indians away because the government did not support them, and they were an annoyance to the community. The Indians fled to Fresno, where there was not food sufficient for those already there. Then these kind-



HOW THE DIGGERS FOUGHT.

hearted people of King's River hauled over the acorns which the Indians had collected there, and sold them to the government for food for its protégés. At Mattole Station the settlers killed a number of Indians because they considered them a burden. In the neighborhood of Humboldt Bay the settlers made the same complaint; the State sent out militia, who took those that would consent to go to Mendocino, and killed the refractory. Life at Mendocino was not appreciated as



A GROUP OF DIGGERS.

highly by them as it should have been, and some of them returned to their old haunts. Highly indignant at this outrage, a party of settlers attacked their camp at night, using fire-arms at first, and knives when the battue grew more exciting. In the morning sixty corpses of men, women, boys, girls, and infants, ornamented with bullet wounds, stabs, and gaping throats, showed that justice had been done. There were other wars, but these samples will suffice. It is perhaps better to

call them wars, because the word massacre has come by usage to mean such a murder as Indians would commit, and an Indian who was not wholly lost to self-respect would not do such things as these.

There is another chapter in the history of California that is as disgraceful as the treatment of the so-called "wild tribes." It is the story of the Mission Indians. This does not include accounts of assassination under the name of war, of midnight surprises and noonday butcheries, of women cut to pieces and children brained. It is the record of a slow advance of a superior race, driving the natives from their ancient homes with remorseless power, and crushing them back into the mountains and the desert. There is no need of going fully into the story of their wrongs here—it has been recorded ably in various publications that are within the reach of almost every reader; neither is it properly within the province of this work, except as an illustration of some of the most serious flaws in our Indian system. Under the old treaty system the Indians lost their rights easily enough, but they were still recognized to have rights. That they were often deceived, defrauded, and intimidated into making treaties against their interest is unquestionable, but still a treaty was necessary, and their consent must be obtained in some way before their lands could be taken. Since the abrogation of the treaty-making power, there has been a constant tendency towards the concentration of absolute power over the Indians in the Executive Department. This is bad policy, in the abstract, for the fewer steps that are required to get Indian lands, the more easily it will be accomplished. When all the obstacles are centred in one man it will be most easy to overcome them. If from good or bad intent, in weakness or in ignorance, he abolish a reservation and return the land to the public domain, the evil is undone with the utmost difficulty. White men become vested with rights and cling to them tenaciously. In some instances the courts might remedy the wrong, but courts give relief only to suitors whose claims are properly presented. As a rule, Congress is the only source of relief, unless the Executive sees the mistake and endeavors to retrace its steps, a move not often easily accomplished.

In the country obtained by cession from Mexico, the tribes are in a far more helpless situation than those of other sections, for they have not been recognized as having even a possessory title to the lands on which they lived. From these, however, are to be excepted those to whom specific grants had been made by the Spanish and Mexican governments for their settlement and support. The policy of Spain was theoretically the same as our own. The Indians were in a state of pupilage, and were to be redeemed to Christian civilization by the government. The close connection of the Catholic Church with the government, and its well-known missionary proclivities, made this a more hopeful task for Spain than it has proven for Protestant countries. A devoted agent for the work in Alta California was found in Father Junipero Serra, a Franciscan monk, who was sent into that unknown region in 1769 by the Spanish authorities, their colonization previous to that time having been confined to the peninsula. Beginning with the Mission of San Diego, in 1769, Serra and his co-laborers established the missions of San Carlos de Monterey, San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco (Dolores), San Juan Capistrano, Santa Clara, and San Buena Ventura, in the order named, by 1782. After Serra's death, in 1784, the work was continued by the order, and the missions of Santa Barbara, La Purissima Concepcion, Santa Cruz, Soledad, San José, San Juan Bautista, San Miguel, San Fernando Rey, and San Luis de Francia, were founded within the century. Santa Inez was established in 1804, San Rafael in 1819, and San Francisco de Solano in 1823; the latter two never attained any great importance. Under the care of the Franciscans the missions grew strong and rich. There was no starvation then. Great herds and flocks supplied meat and clothing, while the wonderful vines and other vegetable growth of California added luxuries to their subsistence. The Indians were happy, contented, religious, and growing steadily into the ways of the civilized world. The priests had instructed them in the mechanical arts until there were skilled workmen at all the missions capable of doing almost any kind of work.

The intentions of Spain towards the Indians must be

gathered chiefly from the laws concerning them, of which it has been well said, "All of them manifest the great anxiety which the rulers of Mexico have felt, to collect the natives together in communities and subject them to municipal regulations, to secure to them the ability to pay the tribute imposed upon them for the supply of the national treasury, to induce them to forget their ancient religious rites and embrace the Catholic faith, to reform their idle and roving propensities and make them industrious and useful subjects." The chief purpose of the colonization was to make the country valuable to Spain. It was the object of every European power, that established colonies anywhere, to secure from them a money return to the mother-country. The natives especially were assets of the State, which it was desirable to make available as speedily as possible. The Church did not receive the treatment at the hands of Spain that might have been expected. At the suppression of the Jesuits, just prior to the entry of the Franciscans into California, the government took control of the "Pious Fund" belonging to that order, in trust for Church purposes, but it was swallowed up eventually by the State. The disadvantages to the Church of an alliance with the State were similar to those in England, under Henry VIII., though the property was not taken in the same forcible way. That a secularization of the Missions was early contemplated was shown by the establishment of the pueblos of Los Angeles and San José, and the presidios of San Diego, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Francisco. It is also reasonably certain that Spain contemplated granting the ownership of the Mission lands to the Indians of the respective Missions, but this was not, done until after Mexico had asserted her independence, and then in such a way that the title has not held good, except in case of some of the San Juan Capistrano lands.

Both Spain and Mexico taxed the Missions heavily, and in carrying out the secularization policy, by the edict of 1834, Mexico appropriated the greater part of the property. Each Indian head of a family was given a small tract of land; one-half of the movable property was ordered to be divided among the emancipated people; and everything else was

taken by the government. Some of the Franciscans left the country; others remained, and lived among their beggared and helpless flocks; one, at least, starved to death. The affairs of the Missions went from bad to worse until they were financial ruins. Many of the Indians scattered, and resumed their old mode of life. The greater part of the Missions themselves were sold by the State, but in an irregular and illegal way. Under our control there was a very slight improvement. By a decision of the land commission in 1856, the Mission buildings and a few acres of land about them, such as were considered to be devoted to the immediate use of the priesthood, were set off to the Catholic Church, on the ground that they were sacred property, which was inalienable under the Spanish law. The remainder of the Mission lands were treated as belonging to the government, but this decision was not a final one, although it has been followed through all its consequences.

There was never a grimmer satire on justice than this. The Indians, whose labor had made the buildings, tilled the lands, and created the orchards and vineyards, were left with absolutely nothing. The Church obtained the buildings, already well advanced towards ruin, but was left with a beggared laity, and with no mode of recuperation except the purchase of additional lands for a renewal of the Mission work. This was not resorted to, and time, with neglect, has since almost completed the work of destruction that the Mexican Government began. Many of the Indians remained in their former homes, considering, with the stupid, unresisting nature that has always characterized them, that they were appendages to the land. They had worked for the priests for no compensation but support, and they did the same for the holders of the ranchos. Adam Johnston wrote, in 1850, "They think themselves the property of the owners of the respective ranchos where they reside, as much as does the negro of the South to the owner of his cotton plantation. Indeed, the owner of a rancho looks upon them as his property, and in estimating the value of his lands, he always counts upon the services of his fifty or one hundred Indians, as the case may be, to enhance its value." Mr. Johnston

called the attention of the government to the fact that the Mexican authorities held the Mission lands in trust for the Indians, and suggested that our government should do the same, but the suggestion was not adopted. They could have been provided for at that time easily and with little cost, but the government neglected to do it. It always moves slowly to the relief of friendly Indians, and the Indians understand



THE RUINS OF SAN CARLOS DE MONTEREY.

it well. It is no wonder that Indian agents have had cause to complain again and again of hostile tribes advising peaceable ones to go to war if they wished to get presents from us. Our "wards" have had to fight very frequently before the "guardian" paid any attention to their wants.

In 1852 B. D. Wilson, of Los Angeles, reported the condition of these Indians to the Interior Department, but still

nothing was done for them. They lived as best they could among the white settlers, or retired into the mountains. If they had any rights no one regarded them. White men pre-empted lands that they had held for years, and even their villages, which had been in their actual occupancy long enough to give them a title by prescription against any one but the government, were swallowed up by these cormorants. It is a fact that since the war of the rebellion, whole villages of these people have been driven from their homes by officers of the law, under proceedings to quiet title to land, and forced to seek new homes where they could find them. They did not know enough to defend the rights which they might possibly have sustained, and there was no one to do it for them. It was not until 1883, and then on the recommendation of a woman,* that the government even employed attorneys to defend the rights they did have. There is not much doubt that that valleys of Pala and San Pasqual might have been held by the Indians there, if any attention had been given to the defence of their claims. The pueblos there had been established under the Mexican secularization law of 1834, and the lands had been parcelled out to the Indians, under the law, by the prefects and priests. They had lived there continuously afterwards, but unfortunately had failed to have their rights passed upon by the land commission, appointed under the act of 1851 to adjust private land claims in California.

In 1869 Superintendent Whiting recommended that these valleys be reserved to the Indians, and an Executive order to that effect was made in 1870. This caused general indignation among the white people who wanted those lands, and a remonstrance against it was forwarded to Washington. It is said that most of the signatures to this paper were appended by a monte-dealer named McCan and two confederates. Even the dead protested against the reservation of these lands; at least the names of people who had been bur-

* Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, by whose death, on August 12, 1885, the Indians of America lost one of the most active and intelligent friends they ever had.

ied for years were signed to the remonstrance. The obnoxious order was revoked; the whites preempted the lands that Mexico had given to these Indians; and our "wards" were made wanderers. Congress refused to do anything for the Mission Indians because they were citizens, and the people of California would let them have nothing because they were not citizens. The agent at the land office in Los Angeles informed them that they could not preempt land because they were not citizens. In 1873 three of them applied for registration as voters, but the Clerk of Los Angeles County refused them, on the ground that they were not citizens. They appealed to the United States Commissioner at that point, and he transmitted their affidavits to the District Attorney at San Francisco, in whose office they probably still repose. Yet the Supreme Court of California held, in 1865 (*People vs. Antonio*, 27 Cal. 404), that the statute of that State for the punishment and protection of Indians did not apply to Indians who had "been living for years among white men," or, in other words, to the Mission Indians. They were subject to punishment under the same laws as white men, and yet by the statutes of California they could testify neither for nor against a white man. They had all the disadvantages of both the state of pupilage and the state of citizenship, and none of the advantages of either. Theoretically this was an impossibility; practically it was true. It is doubtful if even under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments they have any enforceable rights. That many of them were citizens of Mexico at the time of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo is unquestionable, and under that treaty they became citizens of the United States; but prior to the amendments each State could prescribe the qualifications of its electors, and the Supreme Court has held that the amendments do not apply to Indian tribes, so that the benefit of the amendments to Indians debarred of citizenship by State laws is very uncertain. Moreover, the Executive Department has virtually declared them in a state of pupilage again, by various orders establishing reservations for them, from 1875 to 1883.

The attention of the government was called to these people many times. In 1865 J. Q. A. Stanley, of Los Angeles,

offered to act as distributing agent to them, without compensation, and the government graciously accepted his offer. He reported, several times, the constant and shameful encroachments of white men, and begged the authorities to do something for the protection of the Indians; especially to secure them lands for homes. Mr. Whiting, Superintendent of California in 1869, urged not only the provision for the future but also a remedy for the recent past. He said, "It seems to me that while the government assumes to act as guardian for the Indians, and the latter are treated as minors, the settlers should never be allowed to acquire title (from the guardian) to lands conceded to have been donated to the neophytes by a former government. If these Indians are recognized as minors in law, and incapable of transacting business of a complicated nature, no laches of theirs can deprive them of their legal rights. . . . It is quite certain that since my last annual report, and since it was known that I contemplated establishing a reservation for the Mission Indians, all of the best lands claimed by the Indians at Pala and San Pasqual, and especially the watering-places, have been taken up and occupied by settlers. The immigration has crowded off the Indians, and left thousands without a home. By sharp practice, and under various pretences, they have also been deprived of their horses, their working-oxen, their cows and stock cattle. Illicit traffic in ardent spirits unquestionably aided in the accomplishment of these wicked robberies." And yet such people as these settlers profane words, in some sense sacred, by talking of entering Indian lands "in good faith," and establishing "happy homes." The Pala and San Pasqual reservations were thrown open by fraud. The white robbers dwell in Pala, San Pasqual, and Temecuela to-day, some of them in houses that the Indians built. The Indians have no title to bar entrance even to their present lairs in the mountains, except the thin covering of an Executive order, revokable at will.

It is hardly possible, if we are to retain any faith whatever in a common humanity, that these wrongs can be pushed any farther. The reports of B. C. Whiting, in 1871, of John G. Ames, in 1873, and of Helen Hunt Jackson, in 1883, with

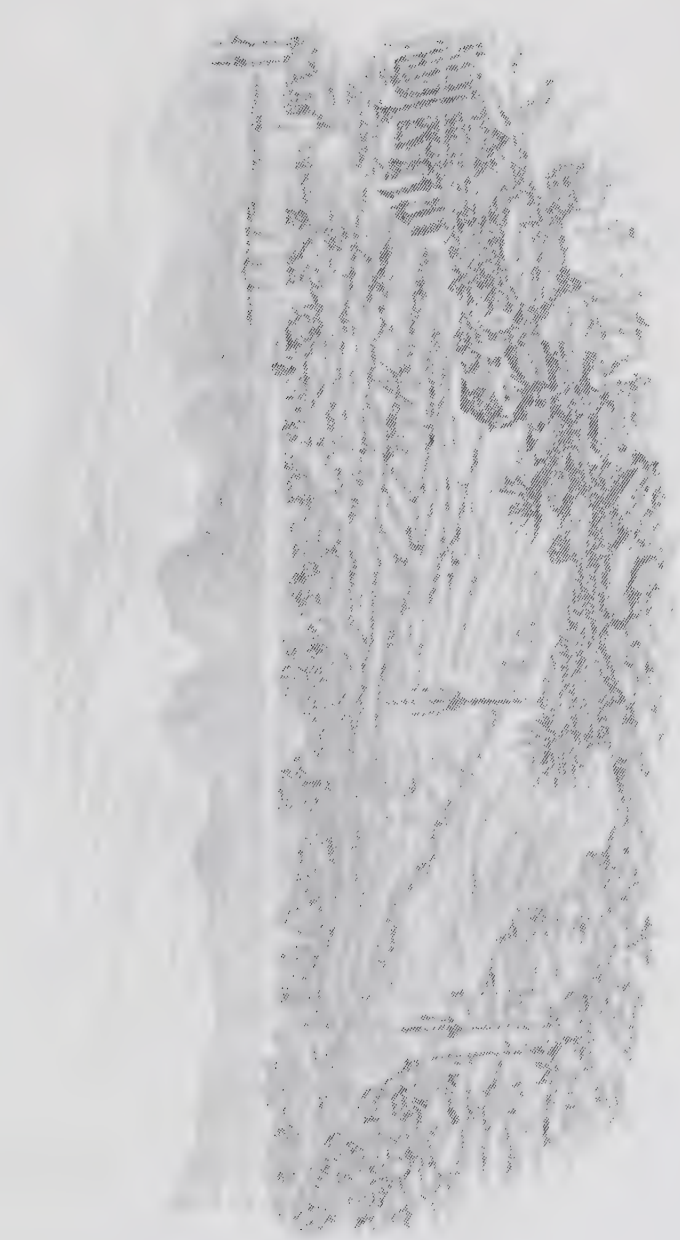
various unofficial publications, have brought these things home keenly to people who are capable of shame over a national disgrace. The national authorities have shown a disposition to do something. Under Mrs. Jackson's recommendation, attorneys have been employed to defend their remaining interests, and possibly a long-deferred justice may still rescue something from the chaos of their rights. One thing is certain. Our laws should not be left so that any one man, or dozen men, can take away from these, or any other Indians, their homes, and permit white men to acquire vested rights therein. There is a Winnebago reservation case on the nation's hands to-day, and a possibility of others. It is not the probability of wrong that makes the laws bad; it is the possibility. If the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus were suspended for a week, or a day, it would cause intense indignation throughout the land, not because extensive wrong would probably be done, but because possibly it might. Under the Constitution no white man's property can be taken from him without due process of law. In parity of justice, before any rights could possibly be taken from our "wards," the legislative, executive, and judicial departments should all pass on the expediency and fairness of the act. It has ever been, and now is, too easy to do a wrong to these people, and too difficult to right one. If the former had always been as difficult as the latter, we should not, as a nation, have had to apologize for half of the injustice that has been done.

CHAPTER VI.
OATMAN FLAT.

IF an American who was not acquainted with the country might be seized by some supernal power and suddenly placed in Southwestern Arizona, he would never suspect that he was within the boundaries of the United States. Its soil, its vegetation, its sierra outlines, its dry, phantasmagoric atmosphere, its animal life, and its inhabitants, are all strange. Towards the Gulf of California the country for many miles is dry, barren, and desert, with no plant life but the cactuses, and even these seem depressed and hopeless, except when an angel's visit of rain brightens them. A little farther back come ranges of granite mountains, still more desert than the plains, for on their sides no vegetation appears, nor any soil to support vegetation. White and glistening, they rear their crests like the skeletons of mountains whose flesh had dropped away. Still farther back more vegetation shows, but it is strange to the average American. There is a broken carpet of grass in many places, brown and dead in appearance. Here and there is a mezquite, a palo verde, or a patch of sage. The Spanish bayonet thrusts out its sharp leaves. The century plant rears its lance-like stem and floats its graceful flowers. The prickly pear spreads its flat, jointed limbs in the heated air. Most striking of all, the saguarra, or pitahaya (petahyah), the giant cereus of the naturalists, sometimes solitary and sometimes in small forests, raises its fluted column from thirty to sixty feet, and lifts its stove-pipe arms above the other plants. Its color is green; the surface is smooth, and armed with clusters of thorns, as in the other cactuses. This plant is of great value to the natives. Its flowers form a bright-colored circle around its top, and give place to a ring of fruit, each as large as a hen's egg and much resembling a fig. From the juice of this they

make a syrup of which they are very fond; the pulp is pressed in cakes for winter use. Within the dead trunks are found rod-like threads of wood fibre, which, bound together, serve to reach the fruit. Water is scarce in this land. There can hardly be said to be any streams except the Colorado and the Gila, and the latter is dry at times in some parts. Their valleys, with fringes of willow, cottonwood, and mezquite, form a pleasant contrast to the table-lands. The chief reliance of the natives for water is on the natural tanks, which occur at well-known places in the rocks, or in beds of clay. There are also a few springs, which form pools ordinarily, but in very dry seasons these fail, and the Indians are forced to dig to the underlying rock, and gather the water drop by drop. Since the whites have made a thoroughfare of the country they have sunk wells at many points.

This region was inhabited by two classes of natives. South of the Gila were the Pimas, Maricopas, and Papagos. They are all of good disposition and have long been friendly to their Mexican neighbors, whose settlements join them on the southeast. The Pimas and Maricopas live in the Gila valley, occupying a strip of country about twenty miles long and four miles wide. These two tribes are on terms of the closest friendship and intercourse, but speak different languages and maintain entire independence in government and religion. They live in villages and support themselves by agriculture. Their fields, which are watered by irrigating ditches from the Gila, produce good crops of wheat, corn, melons, pumpkins, and cotton. The cotton they weave into excellent blankets, an art which they had when the Spaniards invaded their country. While of a quiet nature, these people are brave warriors, and have beaten the Apaches so often that those scourges of the desert retain a salutary dread of them. In the tribes of both nations there are legends of their wars, in which the Pimas and their allies obtained all the victories and celebrated them right royally. On one occasion, it is said, the Pimas spread flour on the ground for three miles, as a carpet for their victorious chief. The Papagos live to the south of these, and are, in fact, merely converted Pimas, their name being an adaption of *bapconia*, the Pima word for baptized.



VIEW NEAR THE GILA.

They say they originally lived still farther south, but were driven back by the Spaniards into their desert home, commonly called Papagueria or Papagoria. They are on friendly terms with the Mexicans, and have long assisted them in fighting their common enemies, the Apaches. Their principal settlement is at San Xavier del Bac, an old mission, established by the Jesuits in 1668. The stately old cathedral there was preserved by them after the Jesuit power passed away in Mexico, and it remains to-day, a splendid monument of Saracenic architecture, that would be an ornament to any city in the country.

In customs the Cocopahs resembled these tribes. They were a small band, numbering some three hundred warriors, who lived along the Colorado, next above the Gulf of California. They are agricultural, and raise excellent crops in the valley of the Colorado, which overflows nearly every year, usually in July. Their pumpkins and melons are especially large and fine. The previously mentioned tribes are quite decently clothed, but the Cocopahs make no pretensions to dress. Their men wear a light breech-cloth, and the women two little aprons of bark, one before and one behind. The Cocopahs and Maricopas were both originally parts of the Yuma nation, but seceded from it. The secession of the Cocopahs was not opposed; that of the Maricopas was, and a bitter war followed, in which the Yumas were aided by the Cocopahs. The Maricopas fled to the Pimas, who agreed to let them settle in their country, if they would adopt an agricultural life, and make no war except in defence, or to revenge aggressions. To this the Maricopas agreed, and have since kept their agreement. All these tribes were enemies of the Colorado River tribes above the Gila, and of the Apaches, and all remained so except the Cocopahs, who, in 1854, made a treaty of peace with the tribe next above them, known as the Yumas. The Cocopahs also differed from the others in the loose virtue of their women. They, like the Yumas, were well-made and handsome, but the comeliness of their women served only to attract the passion of their white neighbors, and bring upon themselves the diseases that have well nigh destroyed them. They spend half their time in the Colorado,

swimming, or sitting immersed near the banks, their heads plastered over with fresh mud.



PIMA GIRLS.

The nation of the Yumas (Sons of the River), according to their statement, includes five tribes: the Cuchans, the Mahaos, the Mohaves, the Hah-wal-coes or Hualapais, and the Yampais or Yavipais. The Cuchans, who are commonly known as the Yumas, lived next above the Cocopahs, to whom they were very similar in habits. In 1950 they numbered about four hundred and fifty warriors. Above them on the Colorado were the

Chem-e-hue-ves (Chim-me-wah-wahs, Kem-ah-wi-vis) a branch of the Pi-Utes, who are found in large numbers west of the Colorado in California. Above the Chem-e-hue-ves, and north of Bill Williams Fork, were the Mo-ha-ves. Their name is from two Yuma words: *hamook*, three, and *habi*, mountains, referring to the third mountain range, at which their territory begins. The name is written Hamockhaves, Yamockhaves, Yamajabs, Tamatabs, Jamajabs, Amochaves, and Mojaves. They are a large tribe, closely related to the Yumas, and very friendly with them. These two tribes intermarry, and both are related, by numerous marriages, with the Coahuillas of the Colorado desert, and the Diegenos (Indians of San Diego) of Southern California, with whom they are on terms of intimate friendship. The habits of the Mohaves are generally similar to those of the lower tribes, but they make much better houses, and appear rather more intelligent. Above the Mohaves, occupying the country in the great bend of the Colorado to the south, were the Yampais. The Tonto Apaches lived east of these, in the neighborhood of Bill Williams Mountain. The Yampais and Tontos have been called the same by some authorities, and both are generally considered mongrels—connecting links between the Apaches and the river tribes. The Tontos were not of the bold, roaming disposition that characterized the other Apaches. They are small, not well-formed, and in their manner of life degraded. All of the tribes mentioned were foot soldiers when they came under our rule. They had some horses and mules, but not many, and they were prone to use them for food in times of scarcity. The lance was a weapon little used by them. Their arms were bows, arrows, and clubs. The last named is a weapon seldom used by other Indians, but those of the Colorado River were never without it. It is simply a stick cut from a kind of live-oak that grows in the mountains—one of the few species of American woods that will sink in water after it has been seasoned.

It is to this section of Arizona that we must next transfer ourselves, but in 1850–51 there was no Arizona. The country south of the Gila belonged to Mexico until the Gadsden purchase of December 30, 1853, and that north of the

Gila was a part of the Territory of New Mexico. The land south of the Gila, after its purchase, was sometimes called the Gadsden Purchase and sometimes Arizona. The Territory of Arizona was set off from New Mexico in 1863, and the northwest corner of the tract, then included in its bounds, was afterwards ceded to Nevada. In 1850-51 the region was still in the condition in which it had been for the past century. The tribes north of the Gila were in what appears to have been their aboriginal condition. They had not acquired guns, nor had they contracted the vices and diseases of civilization. They had not even become expert horsemen and learned the use of the lance, as had their relatives a little farther east, from contact with the cavaliers of Spain. They still revelled in the independence and filth of absolute savagery. The country was almost wholly unknown. Kearny and Cooke had gone across it on their marches to California, and mail-carriers had made their way through by the same routes or by the northern road, which circled two hundred miles above its starting-point, through Southern Utah. At this time Captain Sitgreaves was on his exploring expedition down the Colorado, and Bartlett, with the Mexican Boundary Commission, was locating the eastern portion of the line. The few emigrants who pushed through to California by the southern road had to rely chiefly on the Mexicans and friendly Indians for information, assistance, and protection. There was a small force stationed on the Colorado, at the mouth of the Gila, called Camp Yuma. Fort Yuma was afterwards established in the same locality.

In the year 1849 a project was originated in the western part of Illinois for a settlement in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Gila River. Among those who determined to join this party was Royse Oatman, a man forty years of age, who had lived in the West since childhood. For a long time he was a successful merchant at La Harpe, Illinois, but, like many others, was brought to ruin by holding a large amount of wild-cat-bank paper when the collapse of 1842 came. After his failure he went to Pennsylvania, expecting to settle among relatives who lived in the Cumberland Valley, but the East had lost its charms for him, and he returned to Illinois. Here

he began farming, near Fulton, but, in the course of his work, so injured himself by overlifting that his health failed. In consequence of the seeming hopelessness of recovering, or even being relieved from suffering, in a northern region, owing to his extreme sensitiveness to cold and damp, he joined the projected colony, hoping to find the climate a balm for his ailment. He was accompanied by his family, consisting of a wife and seven children. The colony, numbering some eighty souls, rendezvoused at Independence, Missouri, and on August 10, 1850, started on their long overland journey. One week's travel revealed the fact that the members were uncongenial, owing to differences of religious opinions. A part threatened to turn back, but the differences were smoothed over by the commendable diplomacy of some of the better-balanced heads. By the time the colony reached the junction of the north and south roads, at Santa Fé pass, the quarrels had become so acrimonious that the company divided. The larger party took the northern road. The smaller, consisting of twenty persons, with eight wagons, moved on to the Rio Grande and took Colonel Cooke's route to the south.

Slowly the little train crawled along, over mountain and plain, through cañons and across valleys, down into Mexico, across to the sources of the Santa Cruz, up through the old Spanish towns of Santa Cruz and Tubac, and, as the year closed, filed into Tucson, the city that disputes with Santa Fé the honor of being the first permanent white settlement within the borders of the United States. There they halted for a month. The Mexicans received them kindly and begged them to remain, as had also the inhabitants of the lower towns. The repute of American arms was so great, and the conflict of the Mexicans with the Apaches was so continuous, that American settlers were desirable. Part of the train concluded to stop for a year, at least, and rest. The Oatman, Wilder, and Kelly families decided to go on. Their cattle were in poor condition, and there was no opportunity to improve them much at Tucson. The Apaches had destroyed all the crops, and supplies were scarce at any price. The three families moved on into the "ninety-mile desert," the stretch of dry, hard, gravelly land, with its scant growth of mezquite and

cactus, that separates Tucson from the Pima villages. Dreary and tiresome as it is now, it was far more so then, for there were then no wells in it, and the traveller had no chance to obtain water, except that during some seasons there were pools at the Picacho, a peak midway of the desert. In this desolate region the Coyotero Apaches began to threaten them, and each night they had to place a guard, who frequently wakened the others to resist attacks. On the 16th of February, discouraged, destitute, and almost worn out, they reached the lands of the Pimas. To add to the gloominess of their prospects their provisions were now so reduced that it appeared impossible for them to hold out through the one hundred and ninety miles yet to be traversed before reaching Camp Yuma.

They remained at the Pima and Maricopa villages until March 11, and then the Oatmans started on alone. The motives that actuated the party to this division have never been



PIMA VILLAGE.

satisfactorily explained. It is stated by Lorenzo Oatman that Wilder and Kelly determined to remain, and risk obtaining support by trade with the Indians, while his father believed that starvation, or death at the hands of the Indians, would result from tarrying. On the other hand, it has been said that there was no good reason for the Oatmans going on alone, and it is certain that Wilder and Kelly started after them about ten days later. While in a state of indecision as to their course, Dr. Le Conte, the scientist, accompanied by a Mexican guide, arrived at the villages. He reported that he had passed



ANTONIO AZUL.

through the country between there and Camp Yuma twice, within the past few months, and that he had seen no signs of Indians anywhere. This information decided Oatman to go on. The road continues down the river to the Maricopa Wells, and then leaves it. The river bends to the north, and after a long detour of one hundred and twenty miles, around two ranges of granite hills, comes back to the same general course about fifty miles to the west. The road cuts across the country between these two points, which is known as the Desert of the Gila Bend. For seven days the Oatmans plodded along across this and down the Gila beyond. Their cattle, which were now reduced to one yoke of oxen and two yokes of cows, were almost exhausted. The roads had been made very bad by a recent rain. When they came to one of the numerous hills on the road, they were obliged

to unload the two wagons and carry the goods, piece by piece, to the top. The cattle were frequently unable to pull up even the empty wagons without assistance.

On the seventh day, Dr. Le Conte overtook and passed them. He was touched by their sad condition, and promised to send assistance to them as soon as he reached Camp Yuma, then about one hundred and thirty miles distant. He pushed on rapidly, and that night camped thirty miles ahead of them. At daybreak, while preparing for the day's ride, Le Conte was surprised to see twelve Indians stalk into his camp. He and the guide seized their weapons and stood on their guard. The Indians professed friendship, and tried to divert their attention in order to gain an advantage. After some time their visitors went on their way, and soon after the two men discovered that their animals, which had been left in the valley below, had been driven off, probably during the visit of the Indians. The doctor ordered his guide to go on to Camp Yuma for horses, while he remained and guarded the packs, but the guide had not gone long before the doctor remembered the Oatmans and his promise. He placed a card conspicuously on a tree near the road, informing them of his misfortune at the hands of the Apaches, and promising to proceed at once to the fort for help. The Oatmans never reached this point.

On the evening of the 18th they came to the Gila, at the head of what is now called Oatman's Flat, one hundred and eighteen miles east of Fort Yuma. They attempted to cross, but the stream was swollen and rapid. After a hard struggle they succeeded in reaching a little sand island that still raised its crest above the waters. Darkness had fallen. The animals were mired. They determined to camp for the night, on the island. The surroundings were depressing. The night was cold, and the wind blew in fitful blasts, at times driving the waters of the river almost over the island. The hour was late before a fire was started and the little allowance of food to which they were reduced was doled out. None of them could sleep. The parents sat apart and conversed in low tones. The children grouped around the little fire and considered the situation in their childish way. The rush of the

river and the moan of the wind, as it whirled through the gullies and swept over the distant hills, turned their thoughts to the dangers that might be lurking in the wilds about them. They talked of the Indians, although they had seen none and no indications of any since they started. Each had his crude idea of the course he would pursue, and Olive, the second girl, a child of twelve years, said that she, at least, would not be taken by those miserable brutes. "I will fight as long as I can, and if I see that I am about to be taken I will kill myself," she said, defiantly. The dreary night passed away. With the first rays of the morning they made ready to leave their dismal camp. They gained the opposite bank and made preparations to ascend the hill of the mesa, which is elevated about two hundred feet above the flat. The ascent is over a hill formation, caused by the wash of water that is common all through the West. The upper strata, to a thickness of twenty feet, are harder than those beneath. As the ground has washed from below, the upper part has broken and fallen, making a perpendicular wall, from the base of which the detritus forms a sloping descent to the plain below. The mesa is covered with a growth of saguarras, which appear from below to stand as sentinels along its border.

Up this hill the Oatmans were obliged to carry all their goods, the teams being unable to pull the empty wagons without assistance. The day was spent thus and in resting, with the intention of moving on at night. The full moon afforded ample light, and they hoped to make the journey easier for their cattle by resting in the heat of the day. One of the wagons was taken up the hill and drawn about a mile beyond, to the summit of a swell in the mesa, beyond which one yoke of the cattle could pull it. As the sun set Oatman turned back for the other wagon, which, with the unloaded goods, remained at the top of the hill. Here the family gathered to eat a few morsels of dry bread and a cup of bean soup before starting. The depression of the night before had scarcely abated. Oatman, especially, was weighed down by gloomy apprehensions. For an hour on the preceding night he had wept bitterly, and during the afternoon he had sunk down by the wagon and groaned out: "Mother, mother, in the name

of God, I know that something dreadful is about to happen!" His manhood appeared to have failed him completely. As they packed the wagons, he moved about listlessly, buried in his gloomy thoughts. Lorenzo, who was assisting his father, glanced down the road through the flat, and, to his horror, saw a number of Indians leisurely approaching them. He spoke to his father, who turned hastily. As his eyes fell on the Indians the climax of his terror was reached. His face flushed deeply, and then paled to a ghastly hue. His form stiffened, and the muscles of his mouth twitched convulsively. Several minutes passed before he regained any command of himself. Even then his every movement betrayed his fears. Doubtless it was the result of his presentiment, for he had been known before as a man of coolness and courage. He had also often met and dealt with Indians, and was deeply impressed with the belief that if treated kindly and firmly they would seldom do any injury. Although this theory has often been successfully tested, it must be remembered that the firmness is more important than the kindness. An Indian despises a man who fears him, and will often mistreat such a one, when he would not annoy a man that put on a bold front.

The Indians, nineteen in number, came up to them. They were naked, except their small breech-clouts. Repulsive in features, filthy of person, and with dishevelled hair, they formed a wild and barbarous group. Each carried a bow and arrows and a club. Oatman motioned them to sit down, and spoke to them in Spanish. Some of them understood that language, and replied to him with vehement protestations of friendship. They asked for tobacco and a pipe, to smoke in token of amity. Oatman prepared one, took a whiff, and passed it to them. They then asked for something to eat. Oatman told them that he had scarcely anything; that if he gave them food he would be robbing his children. By this time they had gauged the party with whom they were dealing, and knew that they would meet no serious resistance. They ignored his excuses, and increased the vehemence of their demands until their clamors became furious. Oatman took some bread from the wagon and gave it to them, telling them

that he was bringing his family to starvation by doing so. They devoured it and demanded more, but he refused. They then gathered on one side and consulted in their own tongue, while the family hurried on with their packing. Mr. Oatman and Lorenzo were handing in the goods at the back of the wagon. Mrs. Oatman was inside arranging them. Olive and Lucy, her older sister, were on the side nearest the Indians, arranging some of the property. Mary Ann, a child of seven, sat on a stone in front, holding the halter of the foremost yoke. The remainder of the children were on the opposite side of the wagon. They were almost ready to start. A few minutes more, and they would leave their disagreeable visitors forever, they hoped.

The Indians came closer to them. They scanned the horizon and looked carefully up and down the road, as though in expectation of some one. Then, with wild yells, they leaped upon the hapless group before them. Of all weapons known to man, the club is most fitting to the brutal nature. It was the first weapon to which man laid his hand in the primordial dawn. It is the weapon of some of the higher apes to-day. The sagged hole left by the rifle-ball, the gaping cut of the stiletto, and the broad gash of the lance or the sabre are shocking to the sight, but they have nothing of the horror and repulsiveness of the crush of the war-club, that distorts the features till they lose the semblance of humanity. This was the weapon of the Tontos, for such these Indians were, and they plied it with the ferocity of devils and the excitement of madmen. Oatman was beaten to the ground and his skull crushed by repeated blows, as he writhed and groaned in his torment. Lorenzo received a blow on the back of his head that brought him to his knees, and another that tumbled him over, dazed and helpless. Mrs. Oatman leaped from the wagon and clasped to her bosom her youngest child, a boy of two years. The savages dashed upon her with tiger bounds, pounding out the life of mother and child at once, while her screams for help startled the desert echoes and were mockingly thrown back from the bleak hills. Lucy had been seized by the hair at the first, and beaten until she was not only dead, but almost unrecognizable. The smallest

girl, less than four years old, was despatched at one blow. Royse, her next older brother, was the last to fall of those that died. He had stood farthest away. He saw the others killed and stood nerveless, overcome with horror. As the savages came upon him he gave one piercing shriek, and a moment later was struggling in unconscious convulsion, under the stroke of the club. The other two children, Olive and Mary, were spared. This was the predetermined intention of the Indians, for Olive was drawn to one side by one of them, and Mary was seized by another, at the outset.

The work of plunder began. They tore the canvas cover from the wagon, broke open boxes, and rifled the clothing of the dead, taking what they wanted and strewing the rest over the ground. As they came to Lorenzo he showed some signs of life. They removed his hat and shoes. Two of them seized him by the feet, dragged him to the edge of the bluff, and hurled him over. Down, twenty feet, to the slope, he fell. Down, over the ragged rocks, he rolled. During part of this time he had a dim consciousness of his surroundings, but no power of motion. He heard the shrieks of his brothers and sisters, and the despairing cry of his mother. He felt the Indians searching him, and knew that they were dragging him over the ground. Then came the weird feeling of a wandering consciousness. At one moment he seemed to move between great rows of pictures hung in the distant air. At another his senses were shocked by the din of unearthly and discordant noises. Again, he was lulled by strains of heavenly music that soothed him into ecstatic rest. At the same time he was conscious that he lay on the rocky slope, in the bright moonlight, with the blood flowing from his ears and nose. Then darkness came.

When he next gained consciousness the mid-day sun was beating upon his face. His head throbbed with a maddening pain. He tried to open his eyes, but could not. As his mind cleared, he rubbed away the clotted blood that locked his eyelids, and looked about him. His clothing was in shreds. He put his hand to his head, and felt his scalp torn from his skull and stiffened like parchment. Up the slope he saw the stains of blood that had marked his fall, and re-

alized how he had reached his present place. His thoughts wandered back to the tragedy enacted on the mesa above. An uncontrollable impulse came upon him to look again on the faces of the kindred who lay there. It was so short a distance, and yet how great. Faint and dizzy, he crawled up the rocky slope. His strength failed—he fainted; his consciousness returned—he crept on; up—up—up, full fifty feet he struggled, and then, looking across a gully that broke the edge of the mesa, he saw the wagon lifting its bare ribs in the parched air. It brought the full horror of the place back to him. His desire to look on the features of the dead was gone. His only thought was to get away from the horrible spot. He crawled along the slope to the road, and down the road to the river, every muscle aching, every nerve strained, and his head pulsating with pain and delirium. The Gila, muddy and warm, how he drank of it and bathed his bruised body! It brought relief. He slept. When he awoke it was night. With the aid of a stick that he found by the riverside, he gained his feet and began to walk. The road crosses the Gila twice at this bend, to avoid the bluff that juts out from the south side. Lorenzo avoided crossing by making his way over the bluff. He walked all through the night and the following morning. Near mid-day he reached a pool of warm, muddy water, of which he drank deeply, and fell asleep in the glowing sunshine. After a short sleep he awoke, partially delirious, and continued his journey. In the middle of the afternoon, as he was crossing a high, barren table-land, his strength suddenly vanished and he fell in a faint.

When he recovered, near evening, his ears were filled with a strange noise that seemed to be approaching him. Before he could rise to his feet he was surrounded by a pack of coyotes, growling, snarling, and licking their lank jaws in anticipation of the feast before them. Here was a new danger, for the coyote, though cowardly to an active enemy, is fierce and desperate as its congener the gray wolf to the helpless. Lorenzo started to his feet with a yell, the first utterance he had made since the massacre, striking one of them as he rose. At this they fell back a little and he started on his

march again. They followed him. Twilight came, and darkness. They pressed upon him, surrounding him on all sides with a circle of glistening fangs and glaring eye-balls, but fear brought him a new strength. He gathered stones and threw at them till they fell back again. He hurried on, tormented by the horrible thought that he might faint and be devoured. For hours they dogged his footsteps, but at length they abandoned the pursuit, and by midnight he had the satisfaction of hearing their howls die away in the distant hills. Towards morning he had another season of troubled sleep, after which he started on once more. About noon, as he was passing through a dark cañon, he came in sight of two Pima Indians. They hastily drew their bows at sight of this strange being, but when he raised his hand and spoke to them, they rode up to him. One of them was an Indian with whom the Oatmans had been acquainted in the village. Quickly as they saw who was before them they dismounted and embraced him, with expressions of pity and sympathy. They spread their blankets under a tree, for a couch, and brought him a gourd of water and a piece of their ash-baked bread—all that they had. They rode on to the scene of the massacre, telling him to remain until they returned and they would convey him to their villages.

He slept till evening. On awakening he became fearful that the two Indians might prove treacherous. The awful tragedy of a few hours back made him distrust a dark face. He left the cañon and continued his march through the night and to the middle of the morning. On the crest of a hill, overlooking a long, winding valley, he crept under a bush and slept for two or three hours. When he awoke he felt completely exhausted from hunger and pain. He had a desire to sleep longer, but fought it off. As he lay there, thinking over his hopeless situation, he looked down across the valley, and saw objects moving on the road. He was sure they were Indians. For an hour, in the tortures of suspense, he watched the specks moving towards him, straining his aching eyes to their utmost, and at length, as they crossed a little hill, he saw that they were wagons. A great flood of gladness came over him, and he swooned away. When he



SCENE OF OATMAN MASSACRE

recovered the wagons of the Wilders and Kellys were standing near him, and Robert Kelly was approaching him. In a few minutes he was surrounded by friends, and breaking his weary fast on a bowl of bread and milk. On hearing his story the two families turned back to the Pima villages, to stay until they should be reinforced by others travelling in the same direction. The two men, with a number of Pimas, went on to the scene of the murder, and covered the remains of the victims with stones to protect them from the wolves. Two weeks later six white men who were going to Camp Yuma arrived, and the two families journeyed on with them. Lorenzo, who had already recovered somewhat from his sufferings, was cared for at Yuma by Dr. Hewitt, the post-surgeon, until his health was restored.

While Lorenzo was making his weary way along the road, his sisters, Olive and Mary, were being driven across the desert north of the Gila by the Indians. As soon as the work of plunder was completed the savages moved away a short distance, made a fire, and prepared a supper of bean soup and ash-baked bread. The girls could not eat. After the meal the Indians diverted themselves by terrifying little Mary. They would threaten and scowl at her until, in an agony of nervous fear, she would run to her sister's arms, sobbing wildly. Then they would brandish their clubs and frighten her into silence. For an hour they remained at this place, from which the children could see the bows of the wagon, in the moonlight, marking the spot of the massacre. They were oppressed with grief and suspense. The events of the past hour were so horrible that older persons might well have been overwhelmed by them. All their kindred—father, mother, sisters, and brothers—they had seen fall beneath the clubs of their captors. For themselves was absolute uncertainty as to their future fate, with all the apprehensions of torture that their childish knowledge of Indian customs could bring them. Another element of torture was soon to be added—it was bodily suffering. The Indians took from them their hats and shoes, and started on their march. An Indian led; the two captives followed; the other Indians formed the rear-guard. Across the desert they hurried, the tender feet of the captives being bruised at

every step. Sharp stones gashed them, and cactus thorns pierced them cruelly. After several hours Mary sank down and refused to go farther. Blows and threats had no effect upon her. She said she had rather die than live. At length one of the Indians threw her across his back, and the march was resumed. Olive became so faint and weary that she felt she could not go on, but the fear of being separated from her sister gave her superhuman energy. At noon of the following day they halted until the cattle were brought up, killed, and cut in pieces. In the afternoon they again started, and journeyed until ten o'clock at night. During this time the sufferings of the girls were lessened by having pieces of skin tied upon their feet. At daybreak they continued their march.

Near noon, as they were passing through a dark cañon, a band of eleven Indians appeared, and approached them in great excitement. One of them drew his bow and let fly an arrow at Olive, which pierced her dress but did not harm her. As he fitted another to his bow the captors sprang forward and placed themselves before the girls, while one of them seized the would-be assassin. It appeared that this man had lost a brother in a recent attack upon some whites, and had sworn to avenge himself upon the first white that he met. The captors, however, had other uses for their captives, and finally succeeded in getting rid of the avengers, though not until there had almost been a general battle. They travelled until midnight. In the morning they hurried on till they came to a village of low, thatched huts. The captives, suffering and exhausted by two hundred miles of cruel marching, were placed on a pile of brush, around which all the inhabitants of the village, about three hundred in number, whirled in a dance of exultation and savage joy. Throughout it they took every means of humiliating the captives, by striking them, throwing dirt upon them, and spitting in their faces. Their insults had but little effect on the wretched girls, who had now reached the stage of indifference and desperation. The only apprehension that troubled them was the fear of torture. This was dispelled on the succeeding day. The jubilee and feast were over. A night's rest had somewhat

refreshed the captives and eased their pains. They were set to work at the employments which must henceforth engage them. Their fate was now clear. They were slaves.

It would be difficult to imagine a more oppressive slavery than that in which they existed. The Tontos were a people of the most degraded character, with customs which added weight to the natural brutality of savagery. They had broken off from the tribes to the southeast during the flowery days of the Spanish power, and taken refuge in the wilderness, while their brethren remained to fight the invaders. From the Coyoteros, so they told the girls, they had received an Apache name which means unruly, but this name had been corrupted by the Mexicans into the word *tontos*, which means stupid or foolish. They were a connecting link between their fierce relatives on the east and the agricultural Mohaves on the west; they had neither the wild, warlike habits of the one, nor the good-natured indolence of the others. Their women were obliged to do all the work, as in most of the tribes, and, to make their lot more unenviable, the Tontos had a theory that young females should not subsist on meat any more than was absolutely necessary to prevent starvation. In consequence their women of all ages were dwarfed and dried up, while their young girls frequently died from want of food. To these enslaved and half-starved squaws the Oatman girls were sub-slaves, and they found them most cruel mistresses. They delighted in inventing new and unnecessary tasks, and at the least provocation beat the helpless children unmercifully. The girls quickly learned that the children of the tribe were their masters also, for the slightest complaint from one of these youngsters was the signal for a severe beating. All this, and their constant menial labor, had to be undergone on the most stinted allowance of food. Even in feast times the savages would contemptuously throw them refuse scraps of food, saying: "You have been fed too well; we will teach you to live on little." They would have died of starvation if they had not appropriated for themselves, at every possible occasion, the roots and other food that they were ordered to gather for their owners.

Late in the fall of 1851 a party of Mohaves visited the

village on a trading expedition, and some talk was had about a purchase of the captives. When about a year had elapsed from the time of their capture, a second delegation of Mohaves, five men and the daughter of the chief, came to the Tonto village to negotiate for them. The question of sale was in dispute for some hours, but on the morning after the arrival of the Mohaves the Tontos concluded to accept the price offered, which was two horses, three blankets, some vegetables, and some beads.

Another long and weary march was before the girls, but what they suffered now was not a result of spite. The chief's daughter walked all the way, carrying a roll of blankets that she shared each night with the captives, while the two horses that remained to the party were carrying the gentlemen. For eleven days they trudged along, over rugged mountains and across dusty deserts, until they reached the Mohave valley, on the Colorado River. A beautiful valley it appears to the wayworn traveller across the desert, with the broad river gleaming beyond through its fringe of willows and cottonwood, and patches of grass relieving the brown, dead color that has become so tiresome. Here dwelt the new owners of the slaves. As masters they were far preferable to the Tontos. They seemed to lack much of that savage trait of torturing for the pleasure of seeing pain. They lived in rude but comfortable huts, made of logs set on end, thatched on three sides, and covered with mud roofs. These were usually surrounded by rows of cottonwood-trees and plots of grass, and near them were placed cylindrical osier granaries in which they stored their edibles. The Mohaves raised wheat, corn, melons, and vegetables. They did not till the ground, but planted everything in hills scraped up by their fingers, the annual overflow of the Colorado keeping the valley in a state of great fertility. The girls were obliged to work much as before, but they had more to eat and were beaten less.

One day the Mohaves heard the girls singing, and were curious about this accomplishment of their slaves. At their request the girls sang several songs. Afterwards they were frequently importuned to sing, and were usually rewarded for complying with strings of beads, pieces of red flannel, and

other gifts that have a value to the savage. The flannel was valuable to the girls also, enough of it being acquired to make additions to their very limited wardrobes. The Indians often asked them questions about the whites; and though they usually concluded their interviews by telling the captives that they were outrageous liars, like all the Americans, they listened with apparent interest to the descriptions of the white man's habits. The idea of a heaven above the stars struck them as an especially foolish thing, because the heavenly hosts would necessarily all drop out. They also questioned the girls



IRATABA, MOHAVE CHIEF.

closely as to their contentment with their lot, and professed to be fearful that they would attempt to escape. Finally, they imparted the unwelcome information that they were about to tattoo the girls' faces, so that they would know them wherever they found them. The Mohaves tattoo their own women only when they marry, marking them with vertical blue lines on the chin, but Miss Oatman stated that their markings were different from those of the Mohave women, and that they were not treated as wives by their owners.

The chief labor of the girls, through the summer, was collecting mezquite (pronounced *mez-kee-tay'* by the natives) beans and storing them in the granaries. There are two kinds of mezquite. The common, or straight-pod, is very similar to the common honey-locust in growth, foliage, and the armor of sharp spines. It occurs as a shrub, in dense thickets, or as a tree from ten to forty feet high. It is invaluable to the inhabitants of Arizona for fuel, principally furnished by the roots,

which remain intact long after the tree has disappeared, and are found everywhere. The pods or beans, when ripe, contain a sweet, mealy pulp, which, when dried and powdered, is used for sweetening pinole (ground parched corn), or as a food direct. The other is called the tornillo, or screw-pod mezquite. It is similar to the first, except that the beans are twisted in a close spiral, resembling a screw. During the spring, when the winter supplies had been exhausted and the new growth was not matured sufficiently for food, there was ordinarily destitution among the Mohaves. Their chief reliance was in gleaning the mezquites from which beans had been gathered in the preceding autumn. The summer of 1853 brought a failure of crops to them, and they looked forward to the approaching winter with well-grounded fears of a famine. The unhappy slaves were taxed to their utmost to gather provisions, and the failure to return in the evening with loaded baskets was sure to be paid by a beating. Mary was fast failing under this barbarous life, and the starvation which was peculiarly their lot. She wasted away to gauntness, and became more and more feeble. As starvation became more imminent, those of the Indians who were able to travel made a journey of sixty miles in search of food. Mary tried to accompany them, but gave out and went back. The party secured a tolerable supply of food, but it was soon exhausted. The Indians were growing so desperate that savage selfishness prevailed. Each one provided strictly for himself and ate all he could get. They would let their nearest kin starve, and then rend the air with the dismal howling that their customs make appropriate in time of death.

Mary became helpless and Olive was distracted. She was obliged to go away to procure food, yet she feared to leave her sister. The Indians would give Mary nothing to eat, and some of them advocated killing her in order that Olive might have more time to procure food for them. When Olive found anything to eat the Indians would take it from her, if they saw it. Whole days passed when neither of them had a morsel. Their pangs of hunger were almost beyond endurance, and their strength was ebbing. Olive could remain on her feet but a short time, while Mary was fast approaching death.

She fixed all her thoughts on a future life—a reunion with her father and mother, her sisters and brothers, in a beautiful land where pain and want would never come. Every day, so long as her strength would permit her, she sang the hymns that were used in the Sabbath-schools of thirty-five years ago. Wan and weak, with flesh wasted and skin drawn tightly over her bones, with unnatural fires gleaming in her eyes, her voice would carry, pure and clear, the words of “Jesus, lover of my soul,” or, “The day is past and gone,” until she seemed some supernatural being, striving to throw off the covering that held her, and rise above the earth. The Indians, even those who thought it an injury to themselves for her to live, would gather about her and stand enchained by the weird sight, although close by their relatives were dying unheeded. At times some of them would be (overwhelmed with unknown emotions, and give way to outbursts of weeping and moaning as they looked on the dying girl. Death came at last, and she passed to the abode of spirits peacefully and quietly, as if sinking to sleep. Instead of burning her body, as is their custom, they gave Olive the privilege of burying her remains in the little garden-spot that had been set off for their use.

Oppressed by a terrible feeling of loneliness, Olive lived on through the famine. The next year was one of plenty, but it brought her a new torture. When the growth of the year had advanced sufficiently to furnish the Mohaves with food, and they had recovered strength and spirit, they decided to make an expedition against the Cocopahs. This was the first one that they had undertaken since the purchase of the captives, and Olive was informed that in case any of the warriors were killed she would be sacrificed, in accordance with their custom, which requires a warrior who falls in battle to be furnished with a slave in *Hippoweka*—the spirit-land. For five months the war-party was absent. For five months Olive was tortured by the constant contemplation of the thread on which her life depended. There seemed hardly a possibility that all the war-party would return, for the Cocopahs were reported to have been joined by new and powerful allies since the Mohaves last attacked them. At length, one day, as she was gathering roots, she saw a messenger coming to the village.

He brought news, but of what? She knew not what to do. For a moment she thought of flight, but abandoned that chance as hopeless. In desperation she went to the village to learn her fate. She sat in silence through the convening and opening of a council, that Indian decorum made necessary before the news was told. At length the messenger spoke. The Mohaves were returning in triumph with five prisoners. None of them had been killed. Tears of joy and relief rolled down the poor girl's cheeks, and she bowed her head in thankfulness for her deliverance.

Soon after this, Olive was forced to behold a shocking spectacle. The captive Cocopahs were all young girls but one, who was a woman about twenty-five years of age and unusually beautiful. She appeared almost frantic with grief. Olive succeeded in communicating with her, and learned that her distress was caused by her separation from her husband and infant child. Their village had been attacked in the night, and the Cocopahs had fled. As she ran along, her husband took the child from her arms and ran ahead. She followed, but was overtaken. After remaining in the Mohave village for a week, she made her escape in the night. She swam down the river for several miles and concealed herself in a willow thicket during the day. In this way she swam about one hundred and thirty miles down the Colorado, in less than a week, travelling only at night. She had passed almost through the country of the Yumas, when one day a Yuma warrior discovered her lying under a shelving rock near the river. He secured her, and, as obliged by the intertribal relations, brought her back to the Mohaves. The Mohaves crucified her. That is one thing that the Arizona Indians have learned from missionaries, at any rate, and they seem to think it an improvement on their own barbarities. She was raised to the cross-beam, about eight feet above the ground, and her hands fastened by driving coarse wooden pegs through them. Similar pegs were driven through her feet. Her head was tied to the upright by strings of bark stuck full of thorns. The other captives and Olive were then brought before her and told to behold the fate that awaited them if they attempted to escape. For two hours the unfortunate lived, the Mohaves

meanwhile dancing about her, shooting her with arrows, and mangling her body with burning brands. After death they took her down and burned her body on a funeral pyre.

After this Olive gave up all thought of escape. She lived on in the usual way, though with one improvement; the Mohaves had been awakened to the necessity of greater care in their planting, by the famine of 1853, and there was no more suffering from want of food. In February, 1856, she was startled to hear that a Yuma Indian had arrived in the village with a message from the fort, demanding her release. This



PASQUAL, YUMA CHIEF.

assistance had come from an unexpected source. When Lorenzo Oatman reached Camp Yuma, his story attracted the sympathy of a number of officers and men, who desired to attempt the rescue of his sisters, but the garrison was soon to move and there was no time for any protracted search. Colonel Heintzelman, the commander, sent out a small force under Captain Davis and Lieutenant Mowry, but they failed to find the captives. In June the garrison removed to San Diego, except about a dozen men, who were left to guard the ferry. In a short time these men were driven away by the Yumas, who retained control of the ferry for several months.

A chief named Antonio Garra, a man of resources and ability, undertook to unite the Yumas and Coahuillas, of Southern California, in an alliance to sweep the Americans from the country. This failed through the treachery of Juan Antonio, a Coahuilla chieftain, in whom Garra trusted. Colonel Heintzelman was sent back to chastise them, a work that required over a year. By October, 1852, Garra was killed and the Yumas subdued. Lorenzo had gone to San Francisco with Dr. Hewitt. He remained there and in the mines for three years, trying to devise some plan to rescue his sisters; but though he received much sympathy, he could get no material assistance. In October, 1854, he went to Los Angeles, still intent on this object. He joined several parties of prospectors organized to search for gold beyond the Colorado, and one of them penetrated the country bordering on Bill Williams Fork in 1855, but without getting any trace of the captive girls. In December of the same year he searched in Southern California for them, but with no success. He then tried the newspapers, by which he succeeded in arousing public sympathy somewhat, and in learning that his sister was reported to be a captive among the Mohaves. Thereupon he prepared a petition to Governor Johnson, of California, for men and means to recover her, which was signed by many of the people of Los Angeles county. The governor replied that he had no authority to grant the request, and referred him to the Indian Department. He prepared a memorial to the Indian Department and forwarded it about the first of February, 1856.

During this time an unknown friend was at work. In 1853 there came to Fort Yuma, as carpenter, a Mr. Grinnell, who was known to the Indians as "Carpintero" on account of his occupation. He was a nephew of Henry Grinnell, whose princely philanthropy fitted out the *Advance* and *Rescue* for De Haven's search after Sir John Franklin's exploring party. A similar spirit of humanity actuated the humble carpenter, and led him to take a lively interest in the fate of the Oatman girls. He continually questioned emigrants and Indians for tidings of them. One night in January, 1856, a friendly Indian, named Francisco, came to his tent and asked him:

"Carpintero, what is this you say so much about two Americans among the Indians?" Grinnell informed him that the whites well knew of the existence of the girls and would certainly make war upon the Indians unless they were surrendered. Producing a copy of the *Los Angeles Star*, in which Lorenzo had made his first published appeal for assistance, Grinnell translated the article to Francisco, and, still appearing to read, told him that a large army was being prepared which would annihilate the Mohaves and all tribes who assisted them in concealing the captives. Francisco was visibly impressed. Grinnell kept him in his tent all that night, and in the morning took him to Colonel Burke, who commanded the fort. Francisco said: "You give me four blankets and some beads, and I will bring her in just twenty days, when the sun is there," indicating about four o'clock in the afternoon. Burke thought it was some trickery on the part of the Indian, but Grinnell said to give him the goods and charge them to him. The goods were furnished and Francisco departed.

The arrival of Francisco caused no little tumult in the Mohave village. A council was called and Olive was shut up in a distant part of the valley. Francisco urged her release eloquently, but the Mohaves were not yet acquainted with the power of American arms, besides feeling strong in their remote location. Late at night the council broke up with a refusal to surrender her, and an order to Francisco to cross the river and return no more on penalty of torture. He crossed the river but did not abandon his purpose. All night he argued with the chiefs on that side and in the morning they asked him to return with them, saying they would do all they could to procure her surrender. They went back, and, after some consultation, another council was called, which Olive was permitted to attend. The Mohaves had devised a new project. They stained her skin and ordered her, on pain of death, not to speak to Francisco in American, Mohave, or any other language that he could understand. To him they represented that she was an Indian of a distant tribe. She summoned all her courage and told him who she was and what they had ordered her to do. Francisco sprang from his



A MOHAVE DWELLING.

seat in fury. He launched upon the Mohaves a most vehement and eloquent address. He reproached them for their attempted deception; told them the whites knew that the girl was there; that they would destroy the Mohaves and the Yumas if she were not given up; that the Yumas had fought the Americans for many months and knew that they were more powerful than all the Indian tribes; that he had come to them out of mercy for his own tribe; and that they had endangered their own lives and those of their friends the Yumas by this treachery. To Olive he gave the following note, which she deciphered with much difficulty:

"Francisco, Yuma Indian, bearer of this, goes to the Mohave nation to obtain a white woman there, named Olivia. It is desirable she should come to this post, or send her reasons why she does not wish to come.

"MARTIN BURKE, Lieut.-Col. Commanding.

"HEADQUARTERS, FORT YUMA, CAL., 27th *January*, 1856."

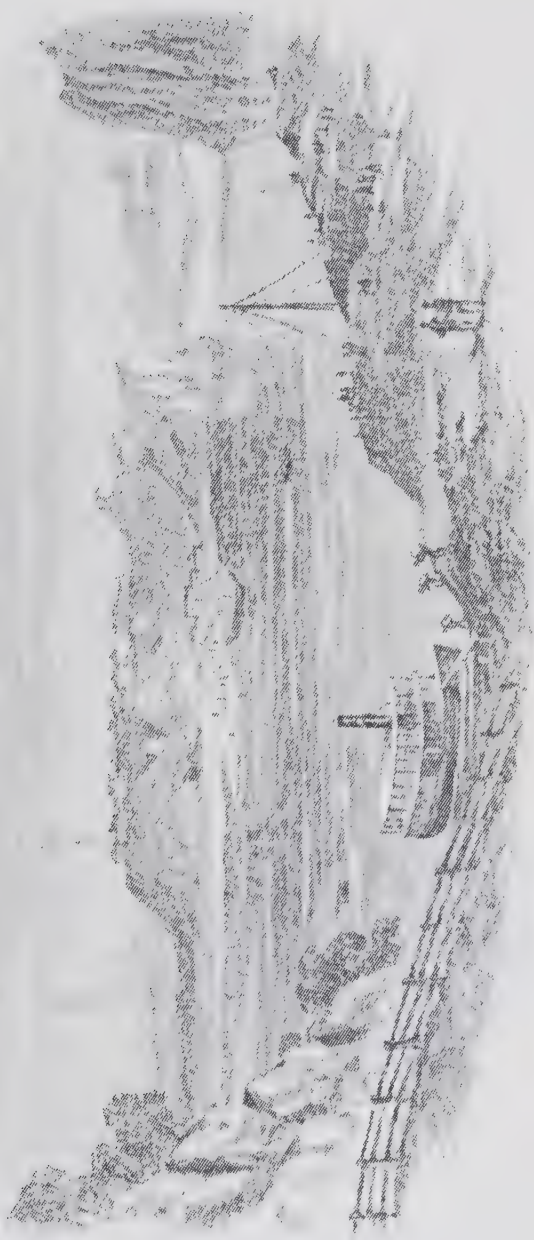
The Mohaves wanted to know what was in this letter. Olive told them, and also informed them that the Americans would certainly send an army to destroy them if they did not let her go with Francisco. The Mohaves began to be cowed. They proposed that they should kill Olive and that Francisco should report her as dead, but this Francisco refused to do. The night dragged on in that fierce debate, where a feather's weight might give the captive liberty or doom her to death. After sunrise Francisco and Olive were told to retire, and when called back they were informed that the Mohaves had decided to surrender her. Unable to repress her emotion, Olive burst into tears. She was not allowed to take any mementoes with her. They took away even the beads and cloth that had been given to her and Mary for singing. She had only the privilege of a last visit to her sister's grave. There were few preparations to make. They got breakfast, secured a little food, and started. They were accompanied by Francisco's brother and two cousins, who had come with him, and by the chief's daughter, who went to the fort to obtain a horse that Francisco had promised to her father.

The twentieth day arrived and found Grinnell waiting patiently. He had been the subject of many jests by his comrades, who thought that Francisco had cleverly worked on his sympathies to the extent of the goods furnished him. At noon three Yumas appeared and announced that Francisco was coming. "Is the girl with him?" asked Grinnell, eagerly. "Francisco will come here when the sun is there," answered the Indians, indicating the point Francisco had designated, and no more satisfaction could be had from them. The sun crept down the west never so slowly. As the hour neared, Grinnell's strained eyes caught sight of three Indian men and two women approaching the ferry, on the opposite side of the river. He sprang forward with the glad shout:

"They have come; the captive girl is here!" Olive, who did not wish to come to the fort in her scanty bark dress, was quickly furnished with clothing by an officer's wife, and was soon presented to the commander amid wild enthusiasm. Men cheered, cannons boomed, and the assembled Yumas, carried away by the general joy, gave vent to shrill whoops. There remained a yet more affecting meeting. Two days after sending his memorial to the Indian Department, a friend handed Lorenzo a copy of the *Los Angeles Star* containing a brief statement of Olive's recovery. He mounted a horse and hastened to the editor. The report was reliable. It was based on a letter from Colonel Burke. A kind friend furnished him with transportation and accompanied him to Fort Yuma. Ten days of riding, along the western slope and across the Colorado desert, and the brother and sister were clasped in a fond embrace. What a meeting! Five years before they separated amid the groans of their dying kindred, in the moonlight, on the desert. Now they meet, the sole survivors, after weary days and nights of hardship and despair, in safety, and surrounded by friends. Tears came unbidden to the eyes of strong men who stood about them, but they were not ashamed to weep.

There remains but little more to tell. Lorenzo and Olive returned to Los Angeles, and thence went to Southern Oregon, to live with a cousin who heard of their trials and invited them to make his home their own. They afterwards attended school in the Santa Clara Valley, in California, and in 1858 removed to New York. Francisco received praise and reward from the whites, and this led the Yumas to make him a chief. He was commonly known as El Sol Francisco, possibly from his indicating the time of his return by the sun. He was very arrogant in his new station, but remained friendly to the whites while he lived. In 1857 the Yumas and Mohaves determined on a grand expedition against the Maricopas. They raised a large band, including a number of Yampais and Diegenos, and attacked the Maricopa villages about the first of September. They burned some houses, and killed some women and children, but a swift vengeance overtook them. The Pimas and Maricopas hastily congregated,

OLD FORT YUMA



and were reinforced by Papagos until their numbers were about equal to those of the invaders. At Maricopa Wells they fought a great battle, in which the river Indians were defeated with a loss of over two hundred warriors. Out of seventy-five Yuma warriors who went to battle only three returned alive. Francisco fell on this field, killed, it is said, by his own men, who thought he had brought disaster on them by befriending the whites. The Yumas and about half of the Mohaves still remain along the Colorado. They are not under charge of any agent, and are subdued to a state of abject servility. The remainder of the Mohaves and most of the Chemehueves are on the Colorado River reservation and are commonly known as the Colorado River Indians. The Tontos remained at large for many years, but at length, reduced by war and disease to less than seven hundred, they were placed on the White Mountain reservation in Arizona. They never acquired any weapons, except a few knives and lances, and were never formidable. The Pimas and Maricopas have had a reservation set off for them, including their cultivated lands on the Gila, and still remain there. The Papagos have a reservation of 6000 acres, including San Xavier del Bac. These three tribes have always remained friendly, and have been at times the only bulwarks of the whites against the hostile Apaches. They offered to raise a regiment for the Union during the civil war, but the government contented itself with furnishing them arms to fight the Apaches. They have often served as scouts and guides.



CHARLES D. POSTON.

After the remains of the Oatmans were covered up by Wilder and Kelly, they were dug out by coyotes, and lay

scattered until the arrival of Dr. Webb's party of the Mexican Boundary Commission, a few months later. They were then reinterred. A second time they were dug up by the desert scavengers and scattered over the mesa. In 1854 they were again gathered by Mr. Poston, an early settler of Arizona, and buried in the flat below the scene of the massacre. A small enclosure marks the spot, and a board with a rudely carved inscription tells the traveller that there are buried the remains of the unfortunate family whose terrible calamity gave a name to Oatman Flat.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROGUE RIVER, YAKIMA, AND KLINKITAT WARS.

OREGON was organized as a territory in 1848 by Congress, and its territorial government went into operation in the following spring, on the arrival of the governor, General Joe Lane, an Indianian who had won distinction in the Mexican war. Under the organic act, it embraced the country west of



GENERAL JOE LANE.

the Rocky Mountains north of parallel 42. The part of this north of parallel 46 to its intersection with the Columbia, and north of the Columbia thence westward to the ocean, was organized as Washington Territory in 1853. At the time of

the organization of Oregon, the part afterwards erected into Washington Territory was still virtually in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, except that a few families had settled in 1844 at Tumwater, now a suburb of Olympia, and one or two more at the latter place. Its first governor, Isaac I. Stevens (the Brigadier-general Stevens of the Union army who fell at Bull Run), arrived, overland, in the fall of 1853, with a surveying-party, examining the country which they traversed with regard to its availability as a railroad route. To these territories we must now return, for, while a restless peace has been maintained in Washington and Northern Oregon for several years, trouble has arisen in the South.

Along the southern boundary, extending into both California and Oregon, were several warlike tribes, who, though not very friendly among themselves, were in general sympathy in their hostility towards the whites. On the Rogue River were several bands of the Shasta family, sometimes known by the names of their chiefs, but almost always called "the Rogue River Indians." There were two principal clans of them, the Upper and Lower Rogue Rivers; the former were led by "Joe," whom they called Apso-kah-hah (the Horse Rider); the latter were under "Sam" (Ko-ko-kah-wah—the Wealthy), a wily and avaricious old man, who generally restrained them from hostility to the whites, and managed to reap a heavy harvest of presents and profits for himself. South of these, on the Klamath River, were the Lutuami or Klamaths (Klamet, Klamac, Clammat, Tlamath), the several tribes included under the name having no close relationship. Those nearest the ocean, called the Lower Klamaths (Eurocs, Youruks or Pohliks), were a dark people, inferior to their relatives above, a distinction which is always marked between the tribes who subsist on fish and roots and those who eat flesh. Above them, on the river, were the Upper Klamaths (Cahrocs, Kahruks or Pehtsik), a finely formed, energetic, and cleanly race. The Modocs (Moădocks, Moahtockna), formerly included in the Klamaths, but really a branch of the Shoshonee stock, lived about the lakes in which the Klamath heads, and others near them, extending to the bounds of the Bannocks and Pah-Utes. In their own language they are called Okkowish, their com-

mon name (pronounced *Mo'-ah-dock'*) being a Shasta word which means strangers or enemies, a coincident signification that has doubtless caused them to be blamed for many wrongs which they did not commit. South of the Klamaths were the remainder of the Shastas (Tshastl, Chasta, Shasty, Sasté, Shas-teeca), of whom a part were friendly, especially a band of the Scott's River Indians (Ottetiewas), under their chief, Tolo, who was called by the whites "Old Man" or "Charley." The Shastas, Rogue Rivers, and Scott's Rivers have all one language, and had formerly one head chief, who was accidentally killed a short time before the discovery of gold in California. After his death a contest arose as to the chief command between John, the old chief's son, Sam and Joe of the Rogue Rivers, and Scarface of Shasta, Tolo remaining neutral. When the whites began to come in they separated, each aspirant retaining supreme control of his own faction. These bands were further subdivided under various sub-chiefs, and with them had confederated the Umpquas, who lived north of the Rogue Rivers.

These Indians had never been friendly to the Americans. Away back in 1834 the Umpquas attacked a trading party of fourteen men under Captain Smith, of Smith, Sublette, & Jackson, and killed eleven of them. In 1835 a party of eight was assailed in the Rogue River Valley; Daniel Miller, Edward Barnes, Mr. Sanders, and an Irishman called Tom were killed; the other four escaped, badly wounded. In 1838 they attacked the first party sent out by the Wallamet Cattle Company to bring in stock from California, but were beaten off after wounding Mr. Gay, one of the survivors of the party of 1835. In 1845 the Klamaths attacked Fremont's third exploring expedition, in camp, at Klamath Lake, and killed three men before Kit Carson's trained ear caught the sound, and the party was awakened to win safety in a hand-to-hand conflict. In the spring of 1851 the Rogue Rivers killed two men on Grave Creek, and two or three on Rogue River, in consequence of which Major Phil. Kearny, the same gallant cavalier who fell at Chantilly, was sent against them with a detachment of regulars. He defeated them in two actions; the men fled to the mountains and about thirty women and

children were captured. He was taking these prisoners into California when he was met by General Joe Lane, who



PHILIP KEARNY.

persuaded him to permit them to return with him to the Rogue River. Lane arrived at Rogue River shortly after the commissioners who were treating with the various tribes arrived at the same place. The Indians had refused to make any terms with Major Kearny; but when they saw their women and children returning, under charge of a "tyee" in whom they had great

confidence, they came in, and a treaty was made. Just about this time, unfortunately, the commission received instructions to discontinue its labors, and the treaty was never ratified. Nevertheless, the Rogue Rivers committed no further serious depredations for about two years.

The other tribes were not so quiet. In June, 1852, the Pitt River Indians killed four men who were locating a wagon road, and in August the Modocs massacred an emigrant party of thirty-three persons, of whom several were Californians who had gone out to assist the emigration. Volunteer companies were at once organized at Yreka and Jacksonville and despatched to the scene of the affair, near Tulé or Rhett Lake. The California company, under Captain Ben Wright, reached Bloody Point, on the lake, just in time to relieve an emigrant train of sixteen wagons which had been surrounded by the Indians for several hours. At the approach of the volunteers the Indians took to their canoes and continued the fight from the lake, which is shallow, full of islands, and bordered with a heavy growth of tulé reeds. They soon discovered that they were playing an unequal game, and after losing a dozen or more warriors they retired out of range. The next day the volunteers found and buried the bodies of eighteen murdered

emigrants and settlers. They remained in the locality for three months, together with the Oregon company, under Captain Ross, which had arrived after the battle and consolidated with the Yreka Company, with Captain Wright commanding. They employed their time in escorting emigrant trains through the more dangerous places, and concluded an otherwise meritorious campaign by a most disgraceful massacre. It was on the morning that they left for home that they had, as one of their number reported it, "a smart engagement, in which we killed about forty of them, impressing upon the minds of the balance, no doubt, the opinion that we had avenged the wrongs their tribe had committed towards the whites, at least during that season." In reality Wright sent out a captured squaw by whose representations forty-eight of the Modocs were induced to come to the camp to have a feast and make a treaty. The original plan was to poison the food given to the Indians, and so be rid of them, but it did not succeed. Some say that the squaw got an inkling of what was going on and notified the warriors, who thereupon refused to eat. Others say that they ate, but the poison did not operate; that Wright used to swear afterwards over the way he had been imposed on by the druggist. At any rate, the feast part of the programme passed and they sat down to talk. While the talk was going on Wright opened fire with his revolver, killing two of the principal Indians. At this prearranged signal his men fired, their rifles having been charged afresh for the occasion, and thirty-six more of the Modocs fell. The remaining ten managed to escape before the volunteers could reload. Wright broke camp and returned to Yreka in triumph, his men carrying the scalps of the Indians on their rifles. He reported that he had demanded the return of stolen property of the Modocs, and, on their failure to surrender it, had punished them. A general welcome was extended by the citizens of Yreka, and the legislature of California paid the volunteers for their services, but Wright met his punishment four years afterwards, when the Rogue Rivers killed him, at his agency, with twenty-three others. The Modocs never forgot this outrage, and the bad faith shown bore fruit long afterwards, as we shall see hereafter.

From these conflicts no very peaceable disposition had been produced in either whites or Indians, but, aside from this, there was a continuing cause which was the chief occasion of both the wars that followed. In 1852 President Fillmore said, in his message to Congress: "The Senate not having thought proper to ratify the treaties which had been negotiated with the tribes of Indians in California and Oregon, our relations with them have been left in a very unsatisfactory condition. In other parts of our territory, particular districts of country have been set apart for the exclusive occupation of the Indians, and their right to the lands within those limits has been acknowledged and respected. But in California and Oregon there has been no recognition by the government of the exclusive right of the Indians to any part of the country. They are, therefore, mere tenants at sufferance, and liable to be driven from place to place at the pleasure of the whites." What the President thought "liable" to occur was at that time occurring. During the controversy with England, as to the ownership of the country, and afterwards, strong representations of future benefits had been held out to emigrants, by statesmen who favored an occupation of Oregon, and these had been made good by Congress, by allowing each actual settler before 1850 to pre-empt three hundred and twenty acres of land, with an equal amount for his wife, if married, while settlers from December 1, 1850, to December 1, 1853, took half that amount. As there was no restriction in regard to what lands were to be taken, the settlers naturally took the best they could find, and, as gold was discovered at various points, farms were opened about the diggings, and all of the better part of the country was overrun by the enterprising immigrants. In the meantime treaties were not ratified, and the Indians failed to receive the promised consideration for the lands of which they had been dispossessed. Of course, the same possessory title remained in them as had always been recognized in the eastern tribes, and disinterested persons, particularly the army officers, regarded them as being imposed upon. In 1852, Brevet Brigadier-general Hitchcock, commanding the Pacific division, wrote: "As matters now stand the United States troops are placed in a most delicate and awkward position.

The whites go in upon Indian lands, provoke the Indians, bring on collisions, and then call for protection, and complain if it is not furnished, while the practical effect of the presence of the troops can be little else than to countenance and give security to them in their aggressions; the Indians, meanwhile, looking upon the military as their friends, and imploring their protection." The courts, of necessity, took much the same view of the question as the military authorities. In 1851 several Klickitats were indicted for malicious trespass, for destroying some timber in the Wallamet Valley, which a settler, named Donald McLeod, had prepared for a house. They maintained that it was their own timber, grown on their land, and that they had warned McLeod not to attempt to settle there. The United States District Judge held that they had a possessory title to the land, not yet extinguished by the government, and that the action would not lie. Another attempt to have the Indians punished for trespass was made by one Bridgefarmer. He had built a fence across an Indian trail, and they had torn it down and followed their customary highway. It resulted as the other case had.

The situation was one from which warfare was certain to result. The settlers had come to get their three hundred and twenty acres of land and go to farming, but no matter where they settled they were on Indian land. They saw other settlers peaceably established on their farms, under the same circumstances, and they settled also. But they went to inexcusable lengths in their appropriations. Nearly all of the Indians had adopted agriculture to some extent, and particularly the cultivation of the potato, of which they were very fond. In many tribes each family had its little patch of a quarter of an acre or more, which was carefully tended and quite productive. In pre-empting farms many of these were enclosed by the settlers, and so notorious had this evil become, in 1853, that Lieutenant Jones, commanding Steilacoom barracks, gravely writes: "The practice which exists throughout the territory, of settlers taking from them their small potato patches, is clearly wrong and should be stopped." One is almost inclined to ask what he was there for, but it is well to remember that military interference, in the United States, has

ever been regarded as the climax of evils, and no officer could be expected to do more than call the matter to the attention of the government.

The Indians of Oregon had, from the first, treated the Americans remarkably well. The Whitman massacre was the first serious trouble that had occurred, and, in Northern Oregon, almost the only one. But as the Indians saw their lands being taken without compensation, their treaties unfulfilled, and the men who "spoke with authority" to them being constantly changed, and unable to carry out their agreements, they lost all confidence in their white friends. One Rogue River chief said: "We have waited and waited, because the agents told us to be patient; that it would be all right by and by. We are tired of this. We believe Uncle Sam intends to cheat us. Sometimes we are told there is one great chief and sometimes another. One superintendent tells us one thing, and the great chief removes him. Then another superintendent tells us another thing, and another great chief removes him. Who are we to believe? Who is your great chief, and who is to tell us the truth? We don't understand the way you act. With us, we are born chiefs; once a chief we are a chief for life. But you are only common men, and we never know how long you will hold your authority, or how soon the great chief may degrade you, or how soon he may be turned out himself. We want to know the true head, that we may state our condition to him. Let him come here himself and see us. So many lies have been told him that we think he never hears the truth, or he would not compel us to suffer as we do."

The Rogue Rivers chafed more than the others, because there were more miners in their country, and consequently more aggression. The road from California to Oregon lay across their lands; placers had been found on them; and miners and settlers had flocked in. Jacksonville was a flourishing town; villages had sprung up at several points; farms were opened all through the Rogue River Valley. The Indians saw but one chance for relief. On August 4, 1853, they began remedying the evil by killing Edward Edwards in his house, on Stewart's creek; and rapine and destruction were the order from that time forward. On the next day Thomas



MOUNT SHASTA FROM VALLEY OF SACRAMENTO.

Wills was killed within three hundred yards of Jacksonville, and, on the 6th, Richard Nolan was murdered about a mile from the same town. By this time the alarm had been sounded everywhere, and the people gathered together for protection, while the torch was applied to their buildings and haystacks, and their stock was being driven off to the mountains. Captain B. R. Alden, commanding at Fort Jones, in Northern California, was notified, and at once repaired to the scene. He brought ten regulars, all that were available at the fort, and some volunteers from Yreka, who, together with the volunteers at Jacksonville, made a force of about two hundred. On August 11 this force had prepared for a night attack on the Indians, who were strongly posted near Table Rock, but at dusk a messenger appeared, at full speed, announcing that a band of Indians was raiding the valley and that the families there were in imminent danger. As he spoke his words were verified by the red glare of burning buildings on the western sky, and the volunteers, without waiting for orders, hurried to the defence of their homes. The force could not be collected again for work till the 16th, and then the Indians had retired into the mountains, firing the pine forests behind them.

On the 20th, while preparations were being made for an extended chase, General Lane arrived and took command. At daybreak of the 22d the troops moved forward in quest of the savages. For two days and a half they searched through an almost impassable country, where nearly all traces of the trail had been destroyed in the forest fires. Near noon of the 24th, General Lane, who was in advance, heard a sound of voices, about four hundred yards away, in a dense forest. The troops were quietly dismounted, and, dividing into two parties, made their attack. The Indians quickly recovered from their first surprise and took positions behind logs and trees, from which they returned the fire vigorously. The battle was thus carried on for nearly four hours, and during it General Lane, Captain Alden, and three others were badly wounded and three killed, the Indians losing eight killed and twenty wounded, of whom seven died. While General Lane was at the rear, having his wound dressed, the Indians called to the

troops that they wanted to make peace. Two men went to talk with them, and, on learning that General Lane was in command, they wanted him to come also. He went over, and, as there was no prospect for a victory over the Indians, he made arrangements by which they were to come to Table Rock and make peace. Both parties remained on the ground over-night, good faith being mutually observed, and in the morning the Indians moved off. They appeared at Table Rock as agreed, and a treaty was concluded there on September 10. The Indians were by no means conquered, but treated on equal terms, being influenced by their confidence in General Lane more than by any other consideration.

Discontent soon became an active force again, for all the old causes were in operation. Force seemed to be the only arbiter for which either party had any respect. There were murders committed by Indians, and murders committed by white men. On January 16, 1854, a party of citizens from Yreka undertook to chastise a party of Shastas for an alleged theft of cattle, but were driven back with a loss of four men. Over on the Oregon side, at daybreak of the 28th, a party of thirty miners, under a discharged sergeant of dragoons, named Abbott, attacked three lodges of friendly Indians at the mouth of the Coquille; killed sixteen, and wounded four. These Indians had only three good guns among them, and the number of warriors in the district was less than half of that of the whites. The assassination of some thirty men is attributed to the Shastas, Rogue Rivers, and Modocs between the treaty of September 10, 1853, and the outbreak of 1855. It may safely be assumed that at least as many Indians were murdered by whites, for there were many white men among the pioneers who, when a safe opportunity presented, shot an Indian as they would a wolf. In addition to these home affairs, the whites were greatly inflamed, all through the coast, by the barbarous massacre of an emigrant party of nine men, two women, and eight children on August 20. This crime was committed near Fort Boisee by the Snake Indians. Before it occurred there had been murders all along the emigrant trails, and, in the summer, a company of militia had been sent out under Captain Jesse Walker. He attacked the Modocs at

their rancherias on Tulé Lake, forced them to take to the water, and destroyed their buildings and all their provisions. From August 18 to September 4 there was more or less skirmishing between them, and, on the latter date, the Indians, being wholly out of provisions, made peace, and promised to rob and kill no more. He then marched against the Pah-Utes and chastised them at Warner's Rock, but was unable to bring them to terms. But troubles in Oregon were beginning to be more important than those along the trails.

Until 1855 the Klickitats (Robbers) had been friendly to the whites. In 1851 they had tendered their services during the Rogue River troubles, but had not been used. In 1853, sixty of their warriors, armed and mounted, had gone to assist General Lane, but they did not arrive until the treaty of Table Rock had been completed. These Indians, though not great in numbers, were among the most powerful and influential of the tribes, well supplied with fire-arms, and very expert in their use. From their home on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains, north of the Columbia, they had sallied forth, at about the time the missionaries came into the country, and fallen on the weaker tribes below. They first attacked the Cowlitz, Chinooks, and other inferior tribes along the Columbia, and in five years had reduced them to tributaries. In 1841 they began raiding south of the Columbia, west of the Cascades, where the coast tribes, reduced by disease, were unable to resist them. They subdued the Clackamas, Yamhills (Che-am-ills, meaning bald hills, now hopelessly corrupted in the form given), Santiams, and other tribes of the Wallamet Valley, and forced them to pay tribute. The Umpquas next fell before their conquering arms, and the Klickitats controlled the country from the Columbia to the Rogue River Mountains, exercising possession and claiming title by right of conquest. In their palmy days they maintained a state more nearly approaching regal magnificence than did any savage tribe of America. Casino, one of their chiefs, was frequently attended on his travels by a hundred slaves, and, on visiting Fort Vancouver, it is said, his slaves carpeted the way from the landing to the fort, a quarter of a mile, with furs, and, on returning, the Hudson's Bay men

carpeted the same path with blankets and other goods. In 1851 treaties were made with the coast tribes at Shampoag, in which the Klickitats were entirely ignored, notwithstanding their possessory title had been judicially recognized, as before mentioned. Nevertheless they retained their actual sovereignty. They maintained an extensive trade in furs and slaves with all the neighboring tribes, roamed the country at will, and exacted tribute on all fish and furs taken in their territory, as well as on all increase of stock. Their chief highway was through the valley of the Wallamet, and here, during the winter season, they usually kept their families. As the country settled up, their excursions became annoying to the whites, and, in 1853, Governor Palmer represented to the government that the property of the whites, as well as that of their subject tribes, suffered at their hands. In the spring of 1855, reduced by disease to a comparatively small band, they were compelled to remove to their original home, and from that time they were ready for war.

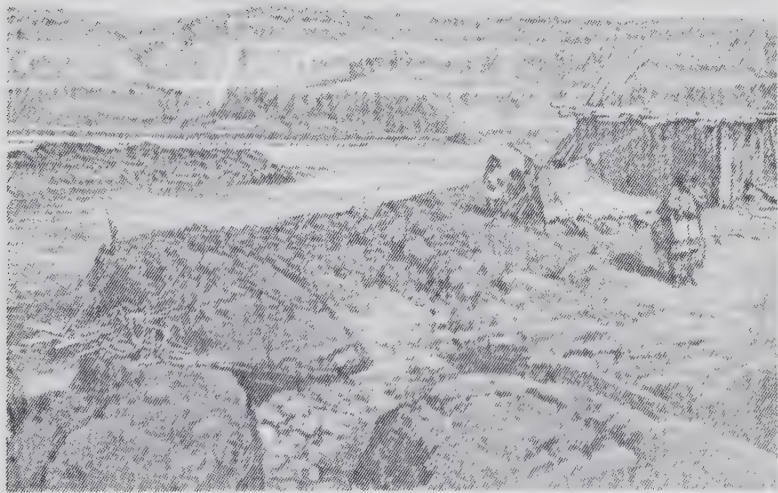
Several of the tribes east of the Cascade Mountains were dissatisfied with the treaties which had been made with them, for their lands, by Governor Stevens, in the spring of 1855. They did not understand the bargain as the whites did. Chief among these were the Yakimas (Black Bears), a strong tribe of Washington Territory, whose country lay just north of the Klickitats. They were closely united by intermarriage and interest with both the Klickitats and the "King Georges," or British, and carried on an extensive commerce through all the northern country from the coast to the Rocky Mountains. Their chiefs, Kamiaken, Owahi, Skloo, and others, had signed the treaty of Walla-Walla under strong pressure from Governor Stevens, and almost immediately repudiated it. The Indians claimed that the chiefs who signed it had been bought up, a practice occasionally resorted to by the representatives of the government; they were indignant and alarmed. To the representations of the Hudson's Bay people, that the Americans would take their lands, the Yakimas lent a credent ear. In fact, they had only to look across the mountains to see the lands of other tribes taken without recompense, while disease was sweeping the

expelled owners from the face of the earth. Disaffection was rife everywhere, and there was scarcely a tribe from the British possessions to California but had its grievance. Mormon emissaries aided in diffusing enmity, nor was their part merely that of advisers, for in the succeeding war guns and ammunition bearing Mormon brands were captured from the Indians. The more intelligent and resolute chiefs urged a union of all the tribes for war. Among these none was more influential than Leschi, a Nasqualla chief, who, with half a dozen of his tribe, crossed the mountains and preached a crusade to the interior tribes. "Bold, adventurous, and eloquent, he possessed an unlimited sway over his people, and, by the earnestness of his purpose and the persuasiveness of his arguments, carried all with him who heard him speak. He travelled by day and night, caring neither for hunger nor fatigue; visited the camps of the Yakimas and Klickitats; addressed the councils in terms of eloquence such as they had seldom heard. He crossed the Columbia, penetrated to Southern Oregon, appealed to all the disaffected there. He dwelt upon their wrongs; painted to them, in the exuberance of his imagination, the terrible picture of the '*polakly illeha*,' the land of darkness, where no ray from the sun ever penetrated; where there was torture and death for all the races of Indians; where the sting of an insect killed like the stroke of a spear, and the streams were foul and muddy, so that no living thing could drink of the waters. This was the place where the white man wanted to carry them. He called upon them to resist like braves so terrible a fate. The white men were but a handful now. They could all be killed at once and then others would fear to come. But if there was no war, they would grow strong and many, and put all the Indians in their big ships, and send them off to that terrible land where torture and death awaited them." On the other hand, there were chiefs in all the tribes who opposed war; some tribes refused to take any part in the matter, and others acted as auxiliaries to the whites. The Nez Percés were particularly faithful. They escorted back to Walla-Walla Governor Stevens, who had gone to treat with the Blackfeet and other tribes, and for whose safety there was much apprehension.

They also organized for active work against the hostiles when they should be called upon.

A union in sympathy, at least, was effected between a majority of the tribes, but before any definitely arranged plans for simultaneous action were matured the impatient tribes of the North opened the contest. The Colville mines were discovered in the summer of 1855, and the usual rush for the new diggings ensued. Among others who started was a Mr. Mattice, who had been operating a coal-mine on the Dwamish. He had just crossed the mountains, by Snoqualimie Pass, with a considerable amount of money and provisions, when a party of Indians, supposed to be Yakimas, killed him and carried off his property. About the same time his partner, Fantjoy, was also murdered by the Indians, and thereafter miners were cut off at every opportunity. In September, Indian agent Bolen went from the Dalles into the country of the Yakimas, and had a talk with Kamia-ken, Owahi, and other chiefs. On the next day, as he was returning, three Indians came up with him, and, while two talked to him, one fell behind and shot him in the back. He was scalped and his body partially burned. As soon as this outrage was heard of, a plan was formed to send 100 men into the Yakima country from Fort Steilacoom, while Major Rains (afterwards a Confederate general), commanding at Fort Vancouver, advanced by way of the Columbia, and to unite the two forces in the enemy's territory. The force from Steilacoom was confronted in the mountains by an overwhelming body of Indians, and retired to the western slope. Under instructions from Major Rains, Major Haller advanced from the Dalles, with 100 men on October 3. On the 6th he was surrounded in a position where he had neither wood nor water, and was forced to retreat, reaching the Dalles on the 10th. He lost three killed, nineteen wounded, thirty pack animals, and was obliged to cache a mountain howitzer, which, however, was afterwards recovered. Major Rains then came up and took the field in person, with 350 regulars. He pushed forward to the Catholic mission on the Yakima, had a few skirmishes with the Indians, and burned some of their stores, but failed to accomplish any satisfactory result.

In the South, war was precipitated by a foolish and fiendish attack on the friendly Rogue Rivers of Old Sam's band. Some of the whites decided that sub-chief Jake's ranche was a harbor for unfriendly Indians, who had been burning fences and buildings, and also for friendly ones who had been guilty of pilfering, so, early on the morning of October 8, a party of them under "Major" James Lupton attacked it. They left behind them, as proof positive of their prowess, the bodies of



THE DALLES.

eight men (four very aged) and fifteen women and children, besides several whose bodies were thrown into the river. They also fired into sub-chief Sambo's camp, killing one woman and wounding two boys. This latter party was on the way to the reservation, the men having gone ahead. A large number of the remaining friendly Indians fled in terror to Fort Lane, where the troops saved them from destruction in the war of extermination that followed. The rest joined

"John" (Te-cum-ton—Elk-killer), the hostile fourth chief of the tribe, and at once began retaliating. On the 9th they burned every house from Evans' Ferry to Jump-off-Jo Creek, and robbed and destroyed every wagon along the road. They killed eighteen people, of whom six were women and children, at Jewett's Ferry, Evans' Ferry, Wagoner's Ranch, and neighboring points. This descent is known as the "Wagoner massacre." On the next day they killed Misses Hudson and Wilson, on the road between Crescent City and Indian Creek, and thence forward a most sanguinary war was waged by both whites and Indians on unprotected parties of stragglers, while both parties oppressed the friendly Indians who desired only to remain on the reservation in peace, the whites murdering them at every opportunity, and the Indians destroying their houses and other property. Among other atrocities a party of volunteers, on December 23, 1855, surrounded the camp of some Indians, whom they had visited the day before, and knew to be friendly and unarmed, with the exception of a few bows and arrows; they killed nineteen men, and drove the women and children out into the severe cold, from the effects of which the little remnant that gathered at Fort Lane were all suffering with frozen limbs. The openly expressed policy of the volunteers, and of many of the citizens, was the extermination of all neighboring Indians.

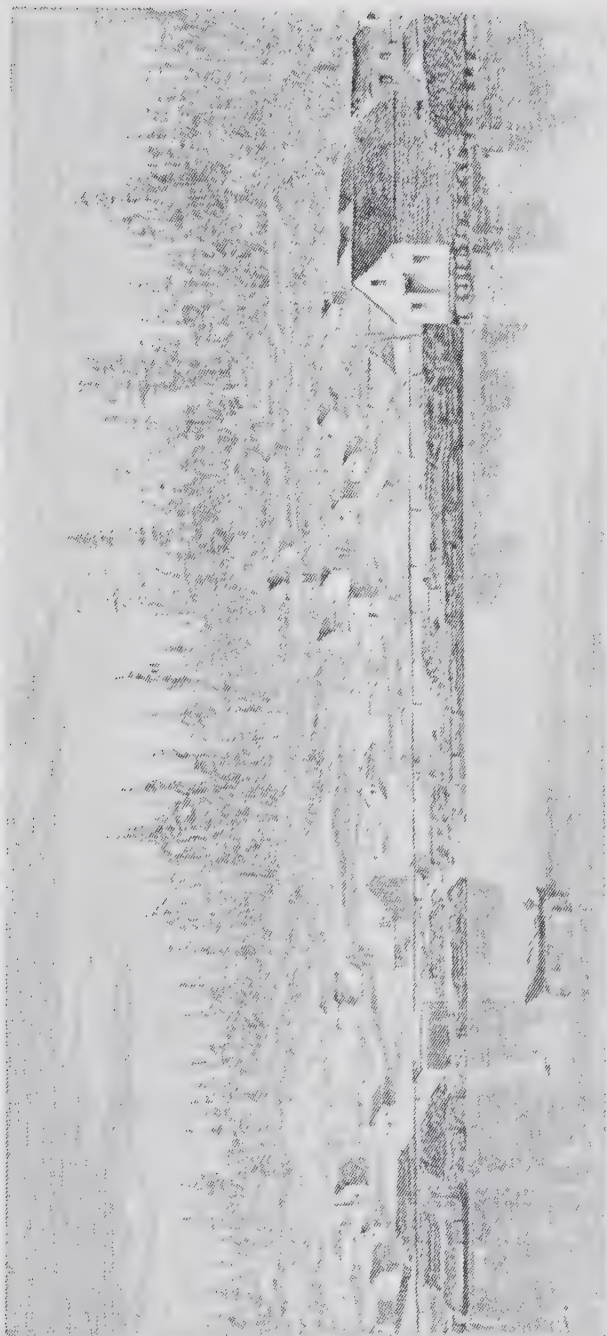
At the North the volunteers blundered as badly as in the South. A company of them, under Nathan Olney, an Indian agent, had Organized on the call of Major Rains, and pushed up the Columbia early in the winter. They reached Fort Walla-Walla on December 3, and on December 5 met the band of the Walla-Walla chief Pio-pio-mox-mox (Yellow Serpent, Serpent Jaune). This chief had formerly been a good friend of the Americans. He had assisted Colonel Fremont in California; he had refused to join the hostile Cayuses after the Whitman massacre; he was emphatically the chief of the Columbia country whose influence was most worth having. But he had recently plundered Fort Walla-Walla (still a Hudson's Bay Company post), and was understood to be in sympathy with the hostiles. He advanced under a white flag and desired to treat, but a question arose over the terms, and the

whites told him he must go back and fight. This he refused to do, so he and four of his men were held as prisoners, still repeatedly refusing to leave the camp and fight, still promising to return the property plundered from Fort Walla-Walla, and still insisting on peace. On the 7th, the volunteers were attacked by about three hundred Indians and fought them on the march all day. At evening an attempt was made to bind Yellow Serpent and his companions, but they refused to submit to this indignity; they drew knives and attempted to resist, but were shot down, except one young Indian who made no resistance. Yellow Serpent's scalp and ears, and the scalps of the others, were sent into the settlements as trophies. This action settled the question with many hesitating Walla-Wallas, Umatillas, Cayuses, Pelouses, and Des Chutes, who forthwith joined the hostiles. On the 8th, the attacking force numbered nearly six hundred, but they were driven across the Columbia with little loss to either side. Aside from this these volunteers accomplished nothing beyond creating dissatisfaction among the friendly Cayuses and Nez Percés, who had acceded to their terms, and who accused them of taking their property wrongfully. After two months' service this company was disbanded, but a large force of volunteers was kept in the field in various parts of Oregon, most of them still determined on the policy of extermination.

In the latter part of January the Indians about Puget's Sound suddenly began war, having been incited to it by the chiefs Leschi, Kitsap, Stahi, Nelson, and others. So unlooked-for was this outbreak that a number of unsuspecting settlers were cut off while supposing themselves in entire safety, and much valuable property was destroyed before any organization could be made for mutual protection. Some of the settlers took refuge on shipboard, and others in the town of Seattle. The Indians, meantime, devastated all King County, and even attacked Seattle. It was a situation, seemingly, of great peril, with active hostilities thus in progress from the Sound to Northern California, but the sources of safety were among the Indians themselves. They were hopelessly divided. There was not a tribe in which there were not some chiefs and some warriors who favored the Americans, and preferred

peace, while the great majority of the Flatheads and Nez Percés were of this mind. This enabled the army officers afterwards to accomplish by diplomacy what could only have been accomplished with the greatest difficulty by war. Besides, these Indians were not the Indians of the East. Perhaps three thousand warriors in Oregon could be counted as hostile, but one thousand Shawnees, Delawares, Seminoles, Sioux, or Apaches would have done ten times as much damage.

Major-general John E. Wool, who succeeded General Hitchcock in the command of the Department of the Pacific, had little sympathy with the extermination policy, and less with the plan of sending troops into the country of the hostiles while the settlements were left unprotected. He disregarded the voluminous plans which Governors Stevens and Curry prepared for carrying on the war, refused to make a winter campaign, declined to recognize the volunteers as United States troops, insisted that their presence in the field was wholly unnecessary, concentrated the regulars at Fort Vancouver, and used as many of them as he considered necessary in protecting the friendly Indians, who remained on the reservations, from the aggressions of the whites. Governor Palmer took substantially the same view of the matter as General Wool, and also urged the establishment of the Grande Ronde and Siletz reservations near the coast; and, in consequence, petitions of the Oregon Legislature were forwarded to Washington, asking the removal of both. They further charged against Palmer that he was a "Know-nothing Whig," and had been guilty of not voting the Democratic ticket at local elections; while they characterized E. R. Geary, whom they recommended for his successor, and whom Palmer had discharged from the office of secretary for abetting the opposition, as a "sound, consistent, and reliable national Democrat." Governor Palmer was succeeded, for other reasons, by George L. Curry, as Governor, but was retained as Superintendent of Indian Affairs. A spicy wrangle ensued between Wool and Governors Stevens and Curry, which was protracted for months in the newspapers and in their official reports. It must have been painful to the governors, in after-times, to learn that Wool's reports had uniformly gone to the Secretary



SEATTLE.

of War endorsed, "Respectfully submitted. I fully approve the views of Major-general Wool. WINFIELD SCOTT."

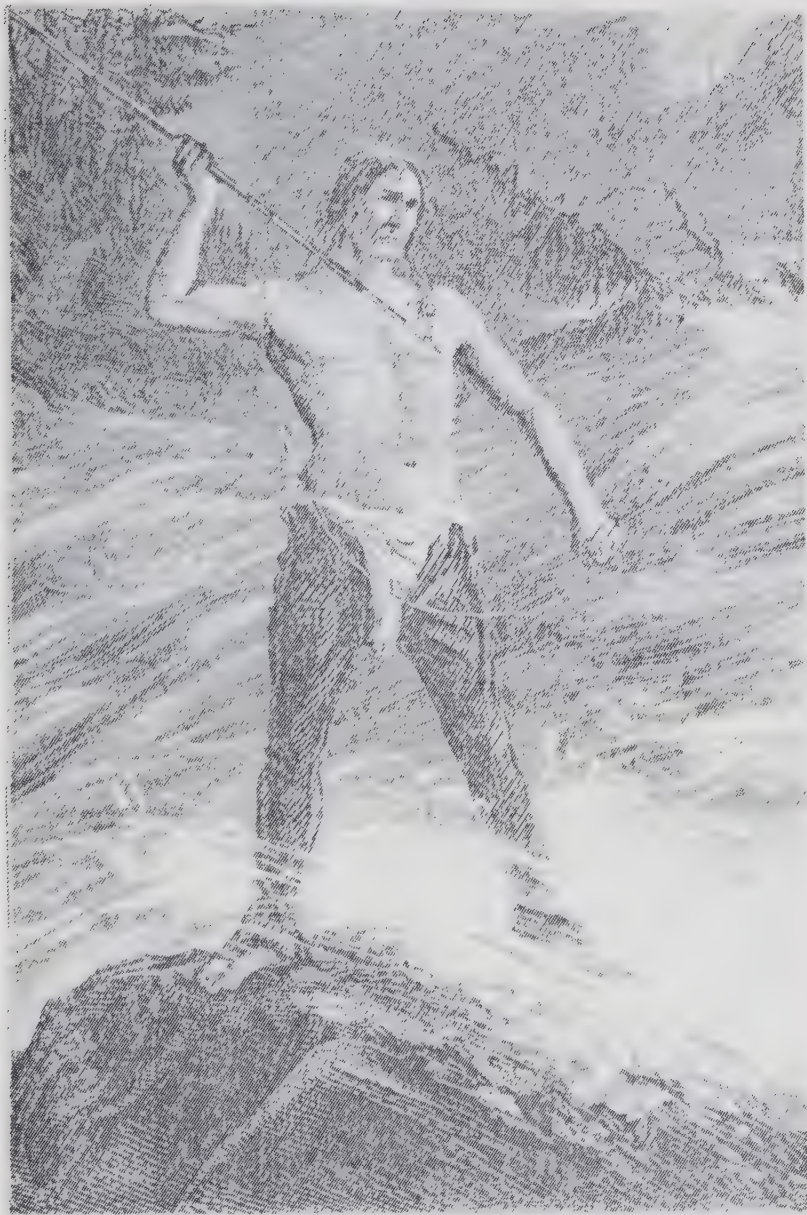
The regular troops and the volunteers acted independently of each other, the former endeavoring to bring the war to a close by treaty, making what the settlers considered undue concessions to the Indians, and the others trying to accomplish the extermination project, or, at least, to make "an indelible impression." Neither did anything of importance during the winter, but the Indians had more success. On February 22, 1856, at dawn, when most of the volunteers of the force encamped on Rogue River, three miles above its mouth, were gone to a "Washington's birthday ball" at the mouth of the river, the hostiles surprised the camp and killed Captain Ben Wright, special agent, Captain Poland, and twenty-two others, among whom was Mr. Wagoner, whose family had been murdered in the preceding October. Charles Foster alone escaped from the camp, and succeeded in reaching a place of safety, after hiding all day in the bushes. He estimated the attacking party at three hundred. They also sacked and burned all the ranches along the river, the whites who escaped fleeing to Port Orford and the mouth of the river, where they fortified themselves, and remained on the defensive for a while.

As the spring opened, and General Wool got ready to act, Colonel Wright, of the 9th Infantry, went up the Columbia and took charge of the campaign. He passed the Cascades, leaving only a command of nine men, under Sergeant Kelly, to protect the portage. The river from the Cascades to the Dalles was the key to the Columbia country, as it afforded the only connection between eastern and western Oregon. The river here breaks through the Cascade range. From Celilo to Dalles City, fifteen miles, it rushes through a narrow channel of basaltic rock with an impetus that makes navigation impracticable; then comes a stretch of quiet water for forty miles; and then between five and six miles of rapids, known as the Upper, Middle, and Lower Cascades. The mode of passage is now, as it was from the earliest days, by boats, making portages at the Cascades and the Dalles. In 1855-6 the intermediate forty miles was traversed by two little

steamers, the *Mary* and the *Wasco*. The force left by Colonel Wright was located in a block-house at the Middle Cascades. On May 26 Wright left the Dalles, and on the same day a party of Yakimas under Kamiakin, assisted by some of the supposed friendly Indians, attacked the settlement at the Cascades. They first fired on the steamer *Mary*, lying at her landing, and killed one man and wounded three. The boat was run out into the stream, before they could accomplish their purpose of boarding and destroying it, leaving the captain and mate on shore, and steamed up to the Dalles, picking up a number of families on the way. The Indians next turned their attention to the citizens, a part of whom were killed and a part escaped to the block-house at the Middle Cascades. The block-house was attacked and fired on all that day and the succeeding night, but without damage. A messenger reached Wright, five miles above the Dalles, and he countermarched on the 27th. The portage was cleared, after a warm skirmish, and on the morning of the 28th the besieged block-house was relieved. In this affair, known as the "Cascade massacre," seventeen whites, including one soldier and several women and children, were killed.

Colonel Wright found there was satisfactory evidence that some of the supposed friendly Cascade Indians had aided in the massacre, and ordered a military commission, by which their chief, Chimoneth, and eight braves were found guilty and hanged. He then resumed his march against the hostiles, leaving detachments to guard the fisheries, and a stronger force at the Cascades—the latter under an officer with whom the American public is now well acquainted, Lieutenant P. H. Sheridan. One of his first duties was to report on the murder of six Indians, the father, wife, niece, and little child of Spencer, a friendly chief, and two friendly Vancouver Indians in company with them, by six white men. These Indians were bound, short cords with slip-nooses were placed about their necks, and then, by pulling on both ends of the cords, they were, to borrow an expression from Balzac, "delicately strangled between the head and the shoulders." The younger woman was also outraged.

By May 23 Governor Stevens appears to have had hopes



SPEARING SALMON AT THE CASCADES.



THE CASCADES.

that General Wool's plan would be as dismal a failure as the winter campaign had been. On that date he wrote to the Secretary of War: "It is not to be disguised that the tribes east of the mountains thus far consider themselves the victors. When Colonel Wright commenced his march into the Yakima country, early this month, they practically held the whole country for which they had been fighting. Not a white man now is to be found from the Dalles to the Walla-Walla; not a house stands; and Colonel Wright, at the last despatches, was in the Nahchess, in presence of twelve or fifteen hundred warriors, determined to fight. Colonel Wright met the hostiles on the 8th of May, and made an effectual [ineffectual] attempt to treat with them till the 11th. On the evening of the 11th he despatched an express to the Dalles for reinforcements. His force probably now numbers some four hundred and seventy-five effective men." Nevertheless the Indians would not fight, and Wright was unable to bring on a general engage-

ment. But while they were able to avoid the troops, the Indians were distressed by the loss of their supplies and their fisheries. After numerous talks, in which the sub-chiefs were promised preference over the hostile head-chiefs, bands of the hostiles began coming in and agreeing to live at peace, it being understood that their lands were not to be taken away from them. In this way the summer was passed.

At the same time, Lieutenant-colonel Buchanan, assisted by Superintendent Palmer, was pursuing a similar course in the South, but the hostiles there were more pugnacious. John, their leader, said the whites would kill him if they got him in their power, and declared he would never surrender. On May 27 his band surrounded the camp of Captain Smith at Big Bend, on the Rogue River, and held him besieged for thirty-six hours, although Smith had ninety men and a howitzer. Their situation was one which would have resulted in their total destruction if assistance had not arrived, but word had reached the troops below, and a detachment under Captain Augur was sent to relieve the beleaguered company. He routed the Indians by a dashing charge, in which he lost two killed and three wounded. Smith's company had been without water for twelve hours, and had lost eight killed and eighteen wounded. This was the only engagement in the entire war that was worthy of being called a battle. On June 21 all of the friendly Indians who had been near Port Orford, and all the Lower Rogue Rivers, were gathered together and removed by steamer to their new reservation of Grande Ronde, between the Wallamet and the coast. The hostiles then concluded to treat also, and John's band surrendered on June 29. By July 19 all the remaining Indians, to the number of twelve hundred and twenty-five, were on the way to the Grande Ronde, where they remained until the spring of 1857, and were then removed to the Siletz reservations on the coast. In the North a few of the hostiles fled to the interior, but, by the efforts of Lieutenant-colonel Casey, the main body were pacified and put on the several small reservations set off for them along the Sound, a few being held as prisoners. Late in the fall arrangements were concluded with the interior Indians, by which they were permitted to retain their former territory,

the army officers recommending that the treaties made by Governor Stevens be not ratified. No whites were to remain east of the Cascade Mountains but those who had ceded rights from the Indians, except the miners at Colville, and these were to be punished if they interfered with the Indians. Military stations were established among the tribes, however, and maintained, although they occasioned some dissatisfaction. Lieutenant Sheridan was put in command of the one in the Yakima country.

This war was little more than a succession of massacres and outrages on both sides, so far as collisions between the hostile parties were concerned. The loss of life was not great, but the destruction of property was enormous, on the southern coast, on the Columbia, and on the Sound. Not only was there serious loss from destruction, but also from the desertion of property. A gentleman who passed over the road from Cowlitz Landing to Olympia, in 1857, wrote: "Notwithstanding this region was exempt from any actual collision with the Indians, the effects are nearly the same as, in other parts of the territory. All along the road houses are deserted and going to ruin; fences are east down and in a state of decay; fields, once waving with luxuriant crops, are desolate; and but little, if any, stock is to be seen on the broad prairies that formerly bore such inspiring evidences of life." It was a costly war, and, as usual with Indian wars, the loss and injury had fallen heaviest on the innocent, both red and white.

The treaties for the cession of land, which were largely the cause of the hostilities by the interior tribes, were very extensive, the land relinquished being about equal to all of New England, with the State of Indiana added. They were divided as follows: the Wallamet Valley tribes, 7,500,000 acres, for \$198,000; the Walla-Wallas, Cayuses, and Umatillas, 4,012,800 acres, for \$150,000; the Yakimas, Pelouses, Klickitats, and others, 10,828,000 acres, for \$200,000; the Nez Percés, 15,480,000 acres, for \$200,000; the Des Chutes, 8,110,000 acres, for \$435,000; the Flatheads, Kootenais, and Upper Pend D'Oreilles, 14,720,000 acres, for \$485,000. The sums paid, in aggregate, look rather large, but, viewed with reference either

to the price per acre or the number of grantors, they are trifling. Viewed with reference to the result they are supposed to accomplish, the subsistence of the Indians till they are initiated in civilized methods of support, they are ridiculous. The treaty with the Rogue Rivers of September 10, 1853, by which 2,180,000 acres was relinquished for \$60,000, was about on a par with them—three cents an acre, more or less—and it was ratified. The grantors, at the time of the treaty, numbered nearly two thousand; four years later they had dwindled away to nine hundred and nine, and \$40,000 of the purchase money was still to come, in sixteen annual payments of \$2500 each. In other words, the Indians were getting \$2.75 each per year. Of course they had their reservation lands, and the usual treaty adjuncts of schools, blacksmith-shop, etc., but, if the Indian profited much by his education, he certainly would not find much consolation in reflecting on his treaty. An annual income of \$2.75 can hardly be considered a princely recompense for the surrender of a principality. There is no greater foundation than this for the oft-repeated claim that these treaties of Governor Stevens were made on a grandly liberal basis.

CHAPTER VIII.

ASH HOLLOW AND THE CHEYENNE EXPEDITION.

IN 1856, eight years after our last look at the eastern edge of the mountain country, there had not been much alteration in its appearance in the matter of settlements. There still remained the two pueblos on the Arkansas, one at the mouth of the Fontaine Que Bouille, the present city of Pueblo, Colorado, and the other some thirty miles farther up the stream, called Hardscrabble. The former was established in 1840, and the latter two or three years later. Their character may be gathered from the following extract from a letter of Indian agent Fitzpatrick, in 1847: "About seventy-five miles above this place [Fort Bent], and immediately on the Arkansas River, there is a small settlement, the principal part of which is composed of old trappers and hunters; the male part of it are mostly Americans, Missouri French, Canadians, and Mexicans. They have a tolerable supply of cattle, horses, mules, etc., and I am informed that this year they have raised a good crop of wheat, corn, beans, pumpkins, and other vegetables. They number about one hundred and fifty souls, and of this number there are about sixty men, nearly all having wives, and some have two. These wives are of various Indian tribes, as follows, viz., Blackfoot, Assineboines, Arickeras, Sioux, Aripohoes, Chyennes, Snake, Sinpitch (from west of the Great Lake), Chinook (from the mouth of the Columbia), Mexicans and Americans. The American women are Mormons: a party of Mormons having wintered there, and, on their departure for California, left behind two families. These people are living in two separate establishments near each other; one called 'Punble' [Pueblo?] and the other 'Hardscrabble;' both villages are fortified by a wall twelve feet high, composed of *adobe* (sun-dried

brick). Those villages are becoming the resort of all idlers and loafers. They are also becoming depots for the smugglers of liquors from New Mexico into this country; therefore they must be watched."



CHEYENNE VILLAGE.

There were also the trading-posts, as formerly, but the chief trace which the white man had left was by the wearing of thousands of wagon-wheels along the Platte and the Arkansas. There was also a well-marked road along the foothills from north to south. The country was still occupied by the same Indian tribes, but their boundaries were fixed to a certain extent. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes, by the treaty of Fort Laramie, in 1851, held the lands east of the

mountains, between the North Platte and the Arkansas, as far as the junction of the South Platte on the former, and the old Santa Fé road crossing (near Dodge City) on the latter. To the south of the Arkansas were the Kiowas and Comanches, and north of the Platte were the Sioux. These Indians belong to the plains, but their conflicts with the settlers of the mountains and foot-hills are within our province. The Arapshoes have lived in this general locality from the period of our earliest knowledge of them. They call themselves *Atsina* ("Good Hearts"). They are also called the Fall River Indians and the *Gros Ventres* of the South. In origin they are allied to the *Caddoes*. Their number in 1822 was estimated at 10,000, which was probably about three times their real number, and in 1842 at 2500.

The Cheyennes, though closely confederated with the Arapahoes, are of entirely different stock. They belong to the great Algonquin family, and, when first known to the whites, lived on a branch of the Red River of the North. Here, about a century ago, they became embroiled with the Sioux through a collision between two of their hurting parties. The Sioux were far the stronger, and the bloody war that resulted seemed so certain to destroy the Cheyennes that they retired west of the Mississippi. Their powerful foe still pursued and oppressed them, so they determined to move again; this time to the west of the Bad Lands, where they hoped to rest in peace. The main body of the nation started in the spring, leaving a large party which was to remain for four months, to hunt and to keep back the Sioux. When these last went after the others the Sioux followed on their trail, and overtook them on the Big Cheyenne. The Cheyennes were besieged for many days; at length their warriors made a night sortie, while the squaws and children escaped across the river; many of the warriors were killed, but the remnant reached the main band. The Cheyennes located along the eastern border of the Black Hills, and grew in wealth and numbers. They acquired horses, and joined their neighbors in raiding the Mexican settlements. Their men ranked among the best warriors, and their squaws were the most chaste women of the plains. In 1822 they were

estimated at 3250, and in 1847 at 5300. These numbers would be more nearly correct if reversed. Their number did not exceed 3000 in 1847, and they were then complaining of their decrease. Previous to this date differences had arisen among them, growing out of their southern journeys for the purposes of trade and war, and they separated into two bands, one remaining about the North Platte, in coalition with the Ogallalla Sioux, and the others ranging gener-



INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE MOVE.

ally on the Arkansas. The Arapahoes also separated into north and south bands, on account of a factional fight, and both bands allied themselves to the Cheyennes. Although these tribes were dissimilar in many respects, their confederations proved close and lasting ones. They fought each other's battles and shared each other's triumphs; treated together, went on reservations together, and still remain in the same close communion.

Although living thus, each tribe retained its own language, and very few of either learned the language of the other. Their means of communication was the universal sign language of the Indians, which has been brought to a remarkable state of cultivation by the Indians of the plains. This distinctiveness of language is probably due to the character of the Arapahoe tongue, which is harsh and guttural, and very difficult to learn or understand. It has even been said that two Arapahoes have difficulty in understanding each other in the dark, when signs cannot be used, but this is doubtful, and, if true, is due to the constant use of the sign language and not to scantiness of vocabulary. Sign language is used among all savages, and, to a greater or less extent, by all civilized peoples. Among them all it is in many respects similar, and, what is more remarkable, duplicate signs for the same idea are often duplicated in the same way in different continents. This indicates that certain signs are the natural expressions for certain thoughts, and that such communication is in fact less artificial than vocal language. The experiment of bringing Indians and deaf-mutes together has often been tried during visits of Indians to the East, and they always communicate readily, the signs being, of course, ideographic. A very wonderful demonstration of the extent of natural meaning in signs and expression was a test exhibition by President Gallaudet, of the National Deaf Mute College, at Washington, in which he related intelligibly to a pupil the story of Brutus ordering the execution of his two sons for disobedience, without making a motion with hands or arms, or using any previously determined sign or other communication, but simply by facial expression and motion of the head. To illustrate the natural sign theory, let us take the expression of peace or friendship. To the savage the obvious natural thought would be to show that he had no weapons, which is easily done by exposing the empty hands. When one is mounted, or it is inconvenient to lay down the weapons, the same thought is conveyed by exposing the opened palm of the right hand; this is sometimes supplemented by moving the hand towards the party communicated with, signifying that although armed, you are

disarmed as to him. This is the sign that Logan made to the white hunters on the Juniata, more than a century ago, at the same time further expressing the thought by spilling the powder from the pan of his rifle, and they understood him at once.

On the other hand the long-distance signal of friendship, when mounted, is an illustration of purely artificial signs. The person desiring to communicate the message of amity turns his horse and rides him back and forth two or three times, over a space of forty or fifty paces. If the approaching party be friendly, he clasps his hands above his head, or interlocks the fingers as far as the first joints, and rests his hands on his forehead, as though shading his eyes from the sun. The first answer is possibly derived from the white man's habit of shaking hands, but this is not certain; the Natchez Indians used it in 1682 in saluting La Salle's party, as they descended the Mississippi. The second answer is of uncertain origin, but is also ancient; an Illinois chief used it on the occasion of a visit by Father Marquette, who mistook it for a sign of reverence indicating that he was dazzled by his visitor. Another artificial sign is that for white man, which is made by drawing the horizontal, flattened hand, palm down, or the index finger alone, across the forehead from left to right, just above the eyebrows. Other signs are derived from the verbal expressions of ideas. Thus, the common Indian expression of deceit is to say one has a double or forked tongue; this is expressed in sign language by touching the left breast with the right hand, and carrying it thence to the mouth, from which a forward motion is made with the hand closed, excepting the first and second fingers, which are extended and slightly separated. So, with the Klamaths, the word for crazy or mad is from a root signifying a whirling motion, and the sign is a rotary motion of the hand close to the head.

The signs for the different tribes usually correspond with the tribal name, though they are sometimes indicated by reference to their mode of dressing the hair, or other tribal peculiarities. The Crows are designated by bringing the flattened hands to the shoulders, and, by a wrist movement, imi-

tating a bird flapping its wings. The Arapahoes or "Good Hearts" are designated by touching the left breast with the fingers. They are also called "Smellers" by some bands, and the corresponding sign is seizing the nose with the thumb and index finger, or touching the first finger to the right side of the nose. The Cheyennes are usually called "Cut-arms" or "Cut-wrists," from the mutilations they practise in the sun-dance and other religious ceremonies, and are designated by drawing the first finger of the right hand, or the bottom of the flattened hand, across, the left arm, as though gashing it. They are also called "Dog-eaters," which is signified thus: make the sign for dog, by extending the hand in front of and below the hip, and drawing it back, marking with the extended first and second fingers the upper contour of an imaginary dog, from head to tail; then make the sign for eating, by bringing the thumb together with the first and second fingers, above and a little in front of the mouth, and moving them quickly to the mouth several times. A motion of the hand or the first finger across the throat, as if cutting it, indicates the Sioux or "Cut-throats"—the *Coupes-Gorges* of the French trappers. The Brulé (Burnt) Sioux, or Si-can-gu ("Burnt Thighs"), are designated by rubbing the palm of the hand fingers down, in a small circle on the upper part of the right thigh. This band received its name from being caught in a prairie fire about the year 1763. The Nez Percés and Caddoes are both designated by passing the extended index finger from right to left under the nose, referring to their ancient practice of piercing the nose. A forward motion of the index finger towards the left, in a sinuous course, indicates the Shoshonees or "Snakes."

There is a tradition among the plains Indians that the sign language originated with the Kiowas, who were originally the go-betweens in the commerce of northern and southern Indians and Mexicans, but this is not within the range of possibility. They could not have communicated it so universally over the continent, and it is certain that the language existed in many places before there was any extensive commerce on the plains. There is little doubt that they extended and improved it, as other tribes in other localities have

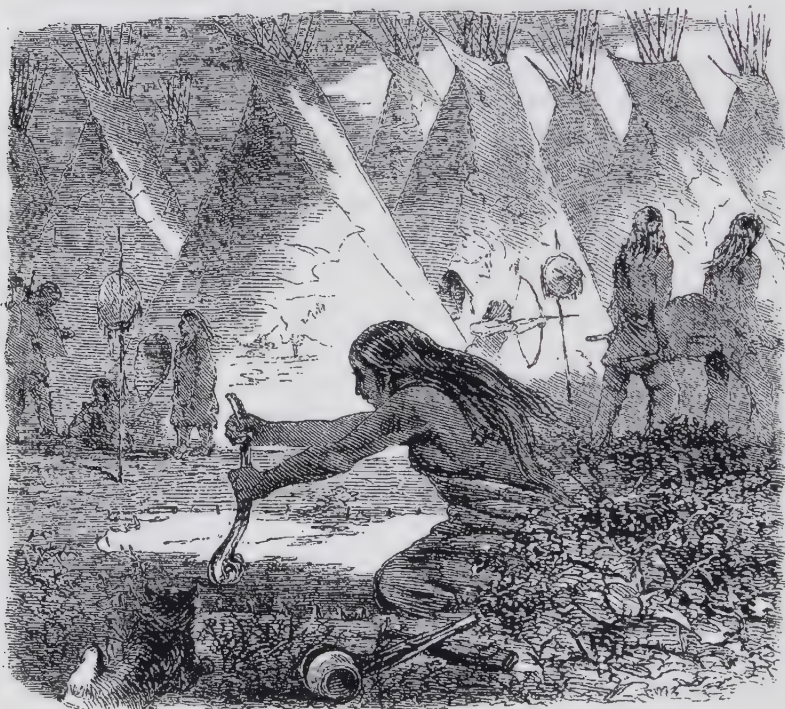
done also, so that no tribe at present uses purely natural signs. It is certain that there are divergencies in meaning in many cases; that some tribes have carried the language to greater perfection than others, and that many signs are altogether conventional. The reader must also remember that what would appear natural to one accustomed to signs, might not appear so to one who had given the matter no thought. A slight, unintentional gesture may entirely alter the meaning that an amateur sign-talker is desirous of conveying. Thus, Baillie-Grohman undertook to say to an Arapahoe, "How has it come to pass that the bravest of the brave, the man of all men, the dearest friend I have among the Arapahoes, has grown such a flowing beard?" but only succeeded in informing the gentle savage, "that his face was like a young maiden's, and his heart that of an old squaw."

For communicating at long distances the Indians have devised many ingenious expedients. When a party is searching for anything, its discovery is usually communicated by riding rapidly in a circle; the same sign is also, used as a signal of danger, or when it is desired for the party communicated with to be on the alert. Horsemen riding to and fro, passing one another, inform the beholder that an enemy is at hand. If riding back and forth abreast, the meaning is that game is discovered. Blankets are frequently used in long-distance signalling. The discovery of buffalo is announced by facing the camp and spreading the blanket, the upper corners being held in the out-stretched hands. Instruction to pass around a place is given by pointing the folded blanket in its direction, drawing it back towards the body, waving it rapidly in front of the body only, and then throwing it out to the side on which the party signalled is desired to go. When it is desired to signal the discovery of something sought, and the discoverer has no blanket, the information is communicated by throwing a handful of dust in the air. A novel mode of signalling at night, in use among the Sioux, is by fire-arrows, which are prepared something like sky-rockets, by attaching moistened powder to the arrow-heads. The meaning given to various flights of these arrows is always agreed upon for special occasions. Another very

common mode of signalling is by columns of smoke, sometimes rising steadily, and sometimes in puffs, made by covering the fire briefly with a blanket. Perhaps the most ingenious method ever used was signalling by the reflections of the sun on hand-mirrors, which was highly perfected among the Sioux. General Dodge once saw a Sioux chief put his warriors through a long drill, giving his directions entirely by the reflections of a small glass. This system has never been communicated to the whites, though the Indians say they have no further use for it, having abandoned war. It was much used in their operations against Fort Phil Kearney.

The government of western tribes is rather complex. They have usually a head chief, whose power in ordinary matters is supreme, but still not sufficient to crush an organized opposition of large extent. Below him are sub-chiefs, who control various bands of the tribes and have absolute control over their immediate followers. Any change of the settled policy of the tribe, or matter affecting the common interest, is controlled by the council, or assembly of all the warriors who choose to attend. The police power is in the hands of certain chosen men whom they call "soldiers," from their analogy to the warriors of the whites. Says Parkman, in speaking of the Sioux soldiers, "The office is one of considerable honor, being confided only to men of courage and repute. They derive their authority from the old men and chief warriors of the village, who elect them in councils occasionally convened for the purpose, and, thus can exercise a degree of authority which no one else in the village would dare to assume. While very few Ogillallah chiefs would venture without risk of their lives to strike or lay hands upon the meanest of their people, the 'soldiers,' in the discharge of their appropriate functions, have full license to make use of these and similar acts of coercion." With the Cheyennes this body is enlarged and performs many other duties, partaking of the nature of a fraternity rather than an official organization. They are called "dog-soldiers," which is equivalent to Cheyenne soldiers, the name of the tribe being an Anglicism of the French *chien*, or rather of the feminine form, *chienne*, which was given them on account of their

fondness for dogs as food. The name is always pronounced, and formerly was frequently written, Shian. Of this body General Dodge says, "Among these 'dog-soldiers' are many boys who have not yet passed the initiatory ordeal as warriors. In short, this guild comprises the whole working force

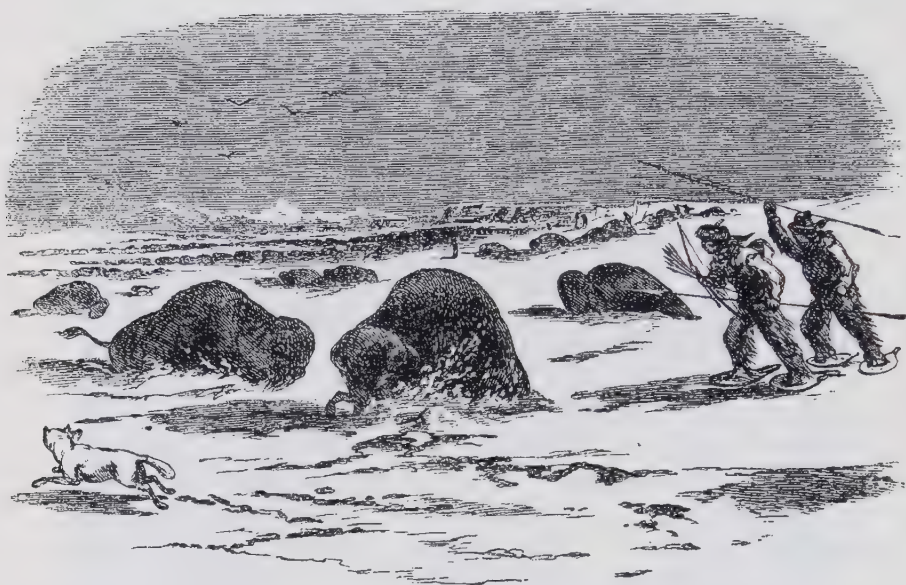


SQUAWS CURING ROBES.

of the band. It is the power which protects and supplies the women and children. A war-party is under the command of the chief. The home, or main camp, with its women and children, horses, lodges, and property of every kind is under the control and protection of the 'dog-soldiers.' From them emanate all orders for marches. By them the encampments are selected. They supply the guards for the camp, designate the hunting-parties and the ground they are to work over, and when buffalo are sought, they select the keen-eyed hunters who are to go in advance and make all the arrange-

ments for the surround. One of the most important functions of the 'dog-soldiers' is the protection of the game. . . . Crimes against the body politic, or violations of the orders of the chief, are punished severely: sometimes by death, at other times by beating and destruction of property. In these cases the chief acts; but he must have at least the tacit consent of the Council, and the active assistance of the 'dog-soldiers.' Nearly all crimes against individuals are compounded by the payment of damages, the amount of which is assessed generally by the chief, assisted in important cases by two or more prominent men. A violation of the 'dog-soldiers' rules is at once met by a sound beating." The independence of this organization and its ability to defy the power of the chiefs has caused the name of "dog-soldiers" to be applied, in some instances, to bands of renegades; but this is a perversion of the real meaning of the term, and it is never used in that sense by the Cheyennes.

Between the Cheyennes and Arapahoes and the white trappers of early days there was peace or war as happened to suit the parties respectively. In 1841 the Indians had become quite hostile, and a severe engagement occurred between Cheyennes and Sioux and sixty men under Mr. Frapp, of St. Louis, on Snake River, in which the Indians lost eight or ten warriors, and the whites four, besides their leader. Fremont found them hostile at the times of his several expeditions, but avoided trouble by threatening the vengeance of the "Great Father" in case of any injury to his party. In 1845 Colonel Kearny marched along the foot-hills from Fort Laramie to Fort Bent, and summoned the Indians to a grand council. When convened, he informed them that any future injury to the whites would be severely punished, and showed his power by parading the dragoons, firing a howitzer, and sending up a rocket. The Indians were much impressed and promised good behavior, which promise they kept for many months. During the summer of 1847 the Kiowas, Apaches, Pawnees, and Comanches were at war with the whites, and doing much damage; it was estimated that they killed 47 men, destroyed 330 wagons, and run off 6500 head of stock. In the winter, efforts were made to bring



SIOUX HUNTING BUFFALO

the Cheyennes and Arapahoes into a coalition against the whites, but Lieutenant-colonel Gilpin (afterwards governor of Colorado) marched two companies of cavalry into the midst of their villages, and camped there all winter. This movement, with their enmity to the Pawnees, determined them in the course of friendship, and they abandoned all intercourse with the hostile tribes. Before this time a party of Arapahoes, under circumstances of base treachery, had murdered two trappers named Boot and May. Their tribe was much frightened over the anticipation of vengeance by the whites, and hastened to send a valuable present of horses to Fort Laramie in atonement. Bordeaux, the trader there, declined to accept them. Still more terrified, they sent in offering to surrender the murderers, but Bordeaux declined this also. They then returned to their lodges in despair, expecting a terrible punishment, but weeks passed, and no dragoons came, so their courage rose again. They grew more insolent and bold, and this feeling spread to the neighboring tribes until all were ready for the hostilities which broke out in 1854, beginning with the Sioux.

The Sioux were the most extensive of the western nations. Their name in their own language is Dakota, the word Sioux being an abbreviation of Nadowessiou, which is a term of contempt given them by their Algonquin enemies, the Chippewas. They also call themselves O-ce-ti Sakow-in, or the Seven Council Fires. Their tradition is that in the far past they were all of one council fire, but separated on account of intestinal strife. These council fires, as usually counted, are: (1) The Mde-wa-kan-ton-wan, or Village of the Holy Lake; (2) the Wall-pe-ku-te, or Leaf-Shooters; (3) the Wah-pe-ton-wan, or Village in the Leaves; (4) the Sis-se-ton-wan, or Village in the Marsh; (5) the I-hank-ton-wan-na, or End Village; (6) the I-hank-ton-wan, or End Village; (7) the Te-ton-wan, or Prairie Village. Some count only six fires, esteeming the 5th and 6th, which are commonly called Yanktonnais and Yanktons, to be the same. The first four are called by the other Sioux I-san-ti, or, as it is commonly written, Santee, meaning People of the Leaves, on account of their forest homes. The French called them Gens du Lac. We have to deal only with the last division, though in all the Sioux wars there were always more or less of the other sections among the hostiles. The ending of the names above given signifies a village, from *ton-wan-yan*—to form a village, to dwell. Ordinarily the last syllable is dropped, and the Indians referred to are called the Sissetons, the Tetons, etc. As to pronunciation, the letter *n* in these names, preceded by *a* or *o*, has the French nasal sound. The Tetons (the word means Boasters or Arrogant Ones) or prairie Sioux have also seven principal divisions: (1) The Si-can-gu, Brulé, or Burnt Thighs; (2) the I-taz-ip-co, Bowpith, Sans Arcs, or Nobows; (3) the Si-ha-sa-pa, or Blackfeet; (4) the Mi-ni-kan-ye (Minne-con-jous) or Those who Plant by the Water; (5) the Oo-hen-on-pa, Two Boilings or Two Kettles; (6) the O-gal-lal-las, Wanderers or Dwellers in the Mountains; (7) the Unk-pah-pahs (Oncpapas), or Those who Camp by Themselves. The student is cautioned not to be misled into the belief that the 6th tribe is of Irish origin, by the fact that their name is put "O'Gallalla" in one of their treaties with the government. The country of the Tetons was west of the

Missouri, north of the Platte, and east of the mountains; the Yanktons and Yanktonnais held the eastern side of the Missouri from Sioux City to about the line of the Northern Pacific railroad; the Santees were in Minnesota and Eastern Dakota, gradually retiring before the settlements.

In the late summer of 1854 a large number of Brulés, Ogallallas, and Minneconjous were camped below Fort Laramie, waiting for their annual presents. On August 18th an ox belonging to some Mormon emigrants was taken and killed by a Minneconjou, who was camped with the Brulés. The whites said it was stolen, and the Indians that it had given out and been abandoned. The Bear (Mah-to-l-o-wa),* chief of the Brulés, came to the fort, reported his version of the story to Lieutenant Fleming, commanding, and said that if a detachment were sent for the Indian he would be surrendered. Lieutenant Grattan, with eighteen men and two howitzers, was sent after him. The Indians were camped between Gratiot's and Bordeaux's trading-houses, distant respectively five and eight miles from Fort Laramie, between the Oregon road and the river. The Ogallallas were nearest the fort and the Brulés farthest from it, with the Minneconjous between. The Brulé camp was semicircular in form, with the convex side to the river, and was bordered by a slight, abrupt depression, heavily grown with bushes. The Bear came out, but either could not or would not surrender the accused, as he had promised. Grattan then moved forward towards the centre of the camp, where the teepee of the accused stood, with the intention of taking him by force, and as he did so the warriors of the camp and many from the other camps pressed angrily forward and massed around the teepee and in the bushes, to resist the attempt. At this show of resistance, Grattan ordered his men to fire, and their guns were scarcely discharged before their commander and the greater part of themselves fell dead from a return volley,

* "The Bear" is not a full translation of this name, that being the signification of Mah-to. Mr. Reed translated it "The Bear that Scatters," but l-o-wa means a pen, or pencil, or other instrument for writing. The name has been printed, perhaps as a result of illegible writing, "Mah-to-Lo-wan." Lo-wan is the Sioux verb "to sing."

while the remainder were surrounded by a thousand or more of infuriated warriors, and exterminated in an inconceivably short time. Only one man escaped, and he died of his wounds two or three days later. The Indian's menaced the fort for a time, but withdrew without accomplishing any damage, and the fort was soon afterwards reinforced by troops



ON THE OREGON TRAIL.

from Fort Riley. The Bear was killed in this affair, and Little Thunder succeeded to the chieftainship. The band separated from the other tribes, though accompanied by many of their warriors, and struck the whites whenever opportunity presented. Their principal successes were the destruction of a mail party and the murder of Captain Gibson. The latter was leading a train of Missourians up the Platte in June, 1855, when, at Deer Creek, thirty miles below the North Platte bridge, two Indians rode up and asked where the captain was. He was pointed out, and while one shook hands

with him, the other shot him dead, after which they fled. Several days later an emigrant party was attacked at the same place by eighteen Indians, who lanced one man and one woman, and drove off sixteen head of horses.

On August 4, 1855, Kansas matters having become more quiet, General Harney marched from Fort Leavenworth with thirteen hundred men for the country of the hostiles. As he rode out of the fort he remarked to Mr. Morin, "By God, I am for war—no peace," and he experienced no change in his sentiments. He had learned Indian fighting thoroughly in the Black Hawk, Seminole, and other wars, and believed in decisive measures. He had brought the Seminole hostilities to a close by hanging thirteen of the hostile chiefs. The Indians are not long in learning the character of an opponent, and they knew what to expect from Harney. Billy Bowlegs used to say, "Harnty catch me, me hang; me catch him, he die." The command reached Fort Kearney without incident, and having replenished their supplies continued their march on the 24th. On September 2d they reached Ash Hollow, a celebrated point in the early history of the plains. It is the lower valley of Ash Creek, a tributary of the Platte, in North-western Nebraska, and was afterwards the location of old Sidney Barracks; it must not be confounded with the town of Sidney, that lies to the south-west, on Lodge-pole Creek. Here information was received that the hostile Brulés were encamped in force on Bluewater Creek (*Me-ne-to-wah-pah*), a stream on the north side of the Platte and two miles above Ash Hollow. General Harney at once prepared for an attack. Colonel Cooke, the former commander of the Mormon battalion, was sent at three o'clock in the morning, with four companies of cavalry, to cut off their retreat. Under the guidance of Joe Tesson, an old trapper, the command approached the creek several times, but found a succession of villages for four miles up the stream. About sunrise they succeeded, without attracting attention, in reaching a position half a mile above the upper village, in the bed of a dry gulch which opened to the creek. At half-past four Harney moved forward with the infantry. As he approached the lower village, the Indians struck their lodges and began re-

treating up the creek, while Little Thunder came forward and began a parley. To this Harney was not averse, knowing that their retreat was cut off. He told the chief that his warriors had insulted our citizens and murdered our troops, and now, these warriors, whom he said he could not control, must be surrendered or they must fight. While they were talking, a commotion among the more distant Indians announced to the soldiers that the cavalry had been discovered. Little Thunder returned to his warriors, and, without waiting for any answer to his demand, Harney advanced, firing. At the first volley the dragoons rode out of the defile and charged down the valley. As they came in sight, the infantry gave one wild yell and dashed forward. The Indians saw their danger and fled towards the bluffs on the west side of the valley, pursued by the infantry, while the cavalry directed their course to cut off the fleeing Indians. The battle then became a chase, the Indians urging their fresh ponies to their utmost speed, and throwing away everything that could hamper their flight. The dragoons pursued them from five to eight miles, until scattered and far beyond the support of the infantry; they then turned back to camp. In this engagement the Indians lost eighty-six killed, of whom á number were women and children, five wounded, and seventy prisoners, women and children, besides fifty horses and mules captured, a large number killed, and all their provisions, robes, camp utensils, and equipage destroyed. In the camp was found a lot of the plundered mail, some of the clothing taken at the Grattan massacre, and two white women's scalps. The loss to the troops was four killed and seven wounded.

Such a dreadful blow had never before been struck at the plains Indians, and it produced a valuable result. Harney marched on to Fort Laramie, and thence across the country to Fort Pierre, but before he left Laramie he sent word to the Indians that the murderers must be surrendered. After he started, the Indians came in numbers to Fort Laramie, and asked permission to camp in the neighborhood. This was granted, and soon after the garrison was surprised to see five warriors in full war costume approach the fort, chanting their death-songs. They were a part of the murderers

whose surrender had been demanded, and came, as they said, to throw their lives away for the good of the tribe. They were Red Leaf, Long Chin, two brothers of the dead chief Mahto-Iowa, and Spotted Tail. Of the remaining two murderers, one had fled and one was too sick to be moved. After these had surrendered, Red Plume and Spotted Elk, two leading men, came in and offered themselves as hostages for the peace, and all seven, with their squaws, who had accompanied them, were sent to Fort Leavenworth for further proceedings. The Sioux of the plains were evidently conquered, and Harney was entitled to the credit of quieting them, for this action on the Bluewater, which has since become commonly known as the fight at Ash Hollow, was the only engagement that occurred. At Fort Pierre, General Harney held a council with all the Sioux bands, in March, 1856, at which they all agreed to be peaceable in the future. They made reparation for all property stolen, and agreed to surrender the man who killed the cow and the man who killed Gibson. At this time General Harney also authorized the appointment of a native police force, the first instance of the kind among the Western tribes.

The people—especially those of the West—accorded General Harney the praise which the results of his campaign merited, but the War Department appeared inclined to question the means rather than to admire the end. There appears to have been bad blood between Lieutenant-general Scott and General Harney, for some reason not satisfactorily explained, and it was understood throughout the army without much delay that Scott objected seriously to the killing of women and children that had occurred at Ash Hollow. Colonel Cooke, in his official report, which was not published for a year after Harney's, and then on express Congressional call, says, "I will remark that in the pursuit, women, if recognized, were generally passed by my men, but that in some cases certainly these women discharged arrows at them." Colonel Sumner, in his final report of the Cheyenne expedition, two years later, goes more bluntly to the point, saying, "I have the pleasure to report, what I know will give the Lieutenant-general commanding the army the highest satis-

faction, that in these operations not a woman nor a child has been hurt." The matter drifted along until the summer of 1857. Harney had then received orders to take command of the expedition into Utah, and was making his preparations, when he received a summons to appear before a court-martial in Washington, and the command of the Utah expedition was turned over to Col. Albert Sidney Johnston. For a time things looked gloomy for Harney; but he had friends, and he was a fighter in a political way as well as on the field.



BEFORE THE DAYS OF STAGE STATIONS.

Soon there was felt in the case the power of William H. Russell, of the firm of Majors, Russell & Co. The greatness of these names is but a memory now in the West, and in the East they are forgotten, though people who knew Washington City thirty years ago may remember Mr. Russell, the great contractor, who daily dashed along Pennsylvania Avenue behind four blooded grays. They were the great freighters of the plains, who, for several years before the re-

bellion, controlled all transportation of a public nature from the Missouri to the mountains. They commenced business early in the 50's with twenty wagons and two hundred oxen, from which they grew until, in 1859, they employed 5000 wagons, 20,000 oxen, 10,000 horses and mules, and 4000 men. They inaugurated and owned the famous Pony Express, by which, with its 1000 fleet horses and 100 trusty men, the mail was carried from St. Joseph to Sacramento. What a change came over them! The failure of Congress to pass the appropriation bills, in the spring of 1860, paralyzed their business, which then amounted to \$8,000,000 a year. Russell was arrested as a defaulter, and died so poor that his friends paid his funeral expenses. Mr. Waddell of the firm died penniless; A. B. Miller was recently living in Denver, Colorado, in reduced circumstances; and Majors, the only one of them that came up again, is a millionaire in Salt Lake City. But to resume, Russell was very influential with the administration, so much so that he procured the appointment of Gen. Joe Johnston as quartermaster-general of the army after the death of General Jesup. He induced Buchanan to put a summary end to the court-martial, by making Harney a brigadier-general, a rank he already held by brevet, and putting him in command in the West. Harney went out to Utah, but after a brief stay went on to Oregon, where he was soon quarrelling with Scott again over the occupation of the island of Haro and the cashiering of Lieutenant De Hart.

Terrorizing as was the blow struck on the Bluewater to the Sioux, it seemed to have no effect on the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. It was too late in the season of 1855 to proceed against them, and the expedition which was planned, for the spring of 1856, "to compel them to release the captives held by them, restore the property taken, and deliver up the criminals," was given up because the troops were needed in Kansas again. Immunity from punishment only made the Indians more bold. On August 24, 1856, a war-party of eighty Cheyennes attacked a mail-party within a few miles of Fort Kearney, and severely wounded the conductor. Capt. G. H. Stuart was sent in pursuit of the marauders with forty-one men, and overtook them at about four o'clock on the

following afternoon. Dividing his force, he charged their camp from two sides. The Indians fled, but were hotly pursued, and suffered a loss of ten killed, eight or ten wounded; twenty-four horses and mules and much other property captured. On this same day another party of Cheyennes attacked a train of four wagons on Cottonwood Creek, about thirty miles below Kearney. This train belonged to A. W. Babbitt, Secretary of Utah, who was conveying a large amount of public money and valuable property to Mormondom. The Indians here killed two men, wounded one, carried off Mrs. Wilson, and killed her child. On the 30th a party of Cheyennes and Arapahoes attacked a small party of emigrants eighty miles above Kearney, killed one woman, wounded one man, and carried off a child four years of age. On September 6th a party of Cheyennes and Arapahoes attacked a Mormon train on the Platte, and killed two men, one woman and a child, besides carrying off a woman. These particulars of outrages committed by the Cheyennes, long after the Sioux had made peace, are mentioned because an impression has been created by certain Indian-ring gentlemen, who will be mentioned more expressly hereafter, that the Cheyennes were ever friendly to the whites. Many well-meaning but poorly informed people have been drawn into this delusion. Mr. Loughridge, of Iowa, in descanting on the "Sand Creek massacre," even went so far as to say that the Cheyennes "had done more to make travel across the plains safe to the whites than any other class of people." Major-general Persifer F. Smith wrote from Fort Leavenworth, on September 10, 1856, "This tribe must be severely punished, . . . but no trifling or partial punishment will suffice, and as no one can be spared from this neighborhood I will postpone extensive operations until the spring." The beauty of a winter campaign was not yet appreciated.

In the summer of 1857, Col. E. V. Sumner was sent against them with six companies of cavalry and three of infantry. On July 29th, while marching down Solomon's Fork, the cavalry, which was about three miles in advance of the infantry, came suddenly upon some three hundred warriors, drawn up in line of battle across the valley. The

troops wheeled into line and charged at once. "The Indians," says Colonel Sumner, "were all mounted and well-armed; many of them had rifles and revolvers, and they stood with remarkable boldness until we charged and were nearly upon them, when they broke in all directions and we pursued them seven miles. Their horses were fresh and very fleet, and it was impossible to overtake many of them. There were but nine men killed in the pursuit, but there must have been a great number wounded." The loss to the troops was two killed and nine wounded. On July 31st Sumner found their principal village, from which they had fled in great haste, leaving one hundred and seventy lodges standing, and in them a large amount of supplies of every kind, all of which were destroyed. Sumner then continued his search for the Indians, but they separated into small parties and avoided him, a move which they accomplished more easily because his troops had no provisions but fresh beef, the cattle being driven as they marched. Early in September he received orders to break up the command and detach all but two companies of dragoons to join the expedition into Utah. He obeyed with reluctance, for he said he thought the Cheyennes had "not been sufficiently punished for the barbarous outrages they have recently committed." The punishment was severer than it seemed, for the buffalo did not range in their country that summer, and the movements of the troops prevented them from making any preparation for the ensuing winter by hunting elsewhere.

For three or four years their behavior was quite exemplary, and this change of heart came at an opportune season, for in the next year was made the discovery of gold, which caused the settlement of the eastern slope of the mountains. In the summer of 1858 a party of about one hundred men, mostly Georgians and Cherokee Indians, led by Green Russell, started from the Missouri to look for gold on the eastern slope of the Rockies. They found indications, but no paying placers, and all but thirteen of them started back in disgust. On the next day Russell struck pay in Cherry Creek, and soon after in Dry Gulch, both on the plains near Denver. They took back enough gold to interest every one who learned of it,

and in the spring of 1859 a considerable emigration began. Among those who turned from previously intended courses to look at the new diggings was John Gregory. He knew that placers on the plains were very certain to mean deeper deposits in the mountains, and made his search in the tangled ravines of the foot-hills, which resulted in the discovery of Gregory's Gulch. From that time the future of the mines was assured. The wildest stories were current concerning the wonderful riches of the region. Benton's jest about the "ankle-deep" and "knee-deep" gold in California was put in the shade by some genius who reported that the gold on Pike's Peak was in layers on the surface, and was collected by parties of men who slid down the mountain on a harrow, each tooth of the harrow cutting up a long shaving of gold. Within three years there were probably 80,000 immigrants to the "Pike's Peak" country, of whom, however, a large number returned to their homes, or went elsewhere.

Concerning these settlers there is one very extraordinary thing to be noticed—the Indians never complained of any bad treatment at their hands. The cause of the mutual good feeling was partly due to Ash Hollow and Sumner's expedition, but more than anything else it was due to the fact that the whites were locating on ground which lay between the territory of the mountain tribes and those of the plains, and was never per-

BOUND FOR PIKE'S PEAK.



manently occupied by either. The consequence was that the settlers neither interfered with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes nor the Utes, but had their friendship sought by each party for the purpose of acquiring arms and ammunition to fight the other. While the Indians fought each other the prospectors made their way all through the foot-hills and the mountains of the main range. To this day the hunter and prospector find their old workings and the decaying boards of their flumes in the ravines on the western slope of the Snow Mountains, which are the main divide in Colorado. In time of war, when all provocations were summed up, the Indians accused the whites, in a general way, of intruding on their lands and driving away the buffalo, but in the "weak piping time of peace" they had nothing to say of this. On February 18, 1861, the Arapahoe and Cheyenne chiefs made a treaty at Fort Wise, which contained this uncommon clause: "In consideration of the kind treatment of the Arapahoes and Cheyennes by the citizens of Denver and the adjacent towns, they respectfully request that the proprietors of said city and the adjacent towns be permitted by the United States government to enter a sufficient quantity of land to include said city and towns, at the minimum price of \$1.25 per acre." The Senate struck out this clause, but in the capacity of a solemn declaration by the Indians it stands unimpaired by the amendment. Of course it cannot be said to be conclusive proof that the Indians were particularly anxious to do something for their white friends. It was, more probably, the result of a few presents by the town companies to induce the Indians to recommend a favor that injured them in no respect; but in the absence of any accusation of mistreatment by the whites, it is satisfactory evidence of the real state of feeling.

This treaty is a celebrated one, and the reader will find himself repaid in remembering some of its provisions, for it was the foundation of the subsequent troubles with the Cheyennes. By it the southern tribes of Cheyennes and Arapahoes ceded all their lands except a triangular tract, bounded on the west, practically, by meridian 28° 30' west of Washington, on the north-east by the Big Sandy, and on the

south-east by the Purgatoire or Las Animas. It recited that these tribes were very desirous of adopting an agricultural life, and made provisions for such a change. Finally it provided that right of way should be had across their lands for "all roads and highways laid out by authority of law." In this phrase there was a world of significance. Whether or not the chiefs understood that the right to build a railroad would be claimed under it is uncertain, but whether they did or not it is certain that their warriors wanted no railroad, no such cession of lands as had been made, and no agricultural life. They said that they preferred to remain hunters, and would do so; that the buffalo would last a hundred years. Dissatisfaction was expressed at once, and depredations followed soon afterwards. They threatened to kill their chiefs if they did not repudiate the treaty. The war of the rebellion had its weight in increasing the hostile feeling, and at length the Kansas Pacific road was begun, directly through their country. All these things worked towards war, and culminated in the open hostilities of 1864.

CHAPTER IX.

LOS NABAJOES.

OF all the interesting Indians of the Far West none are more interesting than the Navahos. The name is a Spanish one, in their orthography Nabajos or Navajos, and signifies ponds or small lakes. Their country, which abounds in these, most of them full in the rainy season and dry the remainder of the year, was originally called Navajoa, and the Indians, in the old New Mexican records, were called "Apaches de Navajoa," which has gradually given place to the present form. The Apaches proper call them Yu-tah-kah, and they call themselves Tenuai or "men," a title which nearly all the American tribes take to themselves in their respective languages. Their home, from our earliest knowledge of them, has been in the northwestern corner of New Mexico and the northeastern corner of Arizona. It may, in a general way, be described as lying between parallels 35 and 37 of north latitude and 107 and 111 of west longitude; or east of the Moqui villages, north of Zuñi, west of the divide between the Rio Grande and the Pacific slope, and south of the Rio San Juan. Across it, from southeast to northwest, is a ridge of high land which takes a mountainous shape at the northern end. It is there known as the Sierra Tunicha; farther south as the Chusca; still to the south and east as the Mesa de Lopus; and terminates at the southeast as the Sierra San Mateo. In the southern part is a low range called the Zuñi Mountains, and in the northwest a more rugged chain known as the Calabasa (Calavaser) Mountains.

The country is partially drained to the north by the San Juan, of which the Chelly and Chaco are the principal tributaries; on the southwest the drainage is to the Colorado Chiquito, by the Rio Puerco (Hog River) of the West and

Cottonwood Fork. Much of it is not drained at all, the surface water gathering in ponds during the wet season and passing off by evaporation. The higher land presents a succession of high peaks, sterile valleys, timbered table-lands, and fields of lava, with an occasional oasis. The lower lands have a yellowish composite soil, with outcroppings of sandstone, gypsum, and some coal. It is readily washed, converting the face of the land into a series of mesas (table-lands) separated by arroyos and cañons, with now and then a streamlet, to which the ground imparts a Color varying from a rich cream to a dark buff. These are all called *rios*, though elsewhere they would be called brooks. In the rainy season, they at times develop suddenly into raging torrents, sweeping away dams and other obstructions, and then as quickly subside to their former feeble state. The vegetable growth is chiefly the wild sage or artemisia, with a fair allowance of cactus, and a sprinkling of pines, cedars, and piñons. On the mountains are some extensive forests of pines of large growth, with scrub oak, and rarely the valley of some mountain brook shows a fertility of soil and luxuriance of vegetable growth that makes it a paradise, as compared with the hot, dusty, dreary deserts about it.

The Navahos are well-formed, of good countenance, and light-colored, as compared with the average Indian. It has been claimed by some savants that they are a degenerated Pueblo people, an idea which has also been advanced in regard to the Nez Percés, the Natchez, and some other tribes that showed a marked degree of civilization, but, with due respect to the authors of the idea, there is little ground for the belief. The surest test of origin is language, and the language of the Navahos identifies them, as well as the Apaches and Lipans, with the Athabaskan family, of British America. Neither of these three southern tribes has any traditional account of occupying the old pueblos or *casas* that are found in their country, and the buildings themselves show a gradual decay, through centuries, without repair or occupancy. The dwellings of the Navahos, which they call *hogans*, are rude, conical huts of poles, covered with brush and grass, and plastered over with mud. They refuse to make any more sub-

stantial buildings on account of their nomadic habits and certain superstitions, which cause the destruction of their *hogans*, at times. With these facts in view, it is far more probable that there was an emigration of Athabascans from the North, and a partial adoption of the customs of the people they conquered, than that there was an emigration from the South, of a civilized race, which has fallen back into complete savagery, while, at the same time, the remainder of this Southern civilized race has retained all its civilization except the dwellings, that constituted its most desirable feature. The Navahos are of a more peaceful disposition than their cousins, the Apaches and Lipans—even more so than their timid relatives, the Tinné of the North. They devote their time to pastoral and agricultural pursuits almost exclusively. At the time of our conquest they possessed about 200,000 sheep, 10,000 horses, and many cattle. Their chief crop was corn, of which they sometimes raised 60,000 bushels in one year; it was estimated that they had 5000 acres under cultivation, in 1855. They irrigated very little, but secured crops by deep planting, the corn being placed about eighteen inches under the surface, and earing out soon after it came above the ground; in consequence of which their fields present an unfamiliar appearance to an American. In addition to corn, they raised wheat, peas, beans, melons, pumpkins, and potatoes, and had numerous peach and apricot orchards.

They dressed much more comfortably than other Indians. The men wore a double apron coat, like a shortened *poncho*, opened at the sides and fastened about the waist by a belt. It was of woollen cloth and frequently much ornamented. The legs were covered with buckskin breeches, close-fitting, adorned along the outer seams with brass or silver buttons. They extended to the knee, and were there met by woollen stockings. The feet were covered with moccasins, and often leggings, reaching to the knee, were worn. The attire was finished by a blanket thrown over the shoulders, as a mantle, and a turban or leather cap, surmounted by a plume that gave it the appearance of a helmet. They formerly carried a lance and a shield, which, with their costume, gave them the appearance, at a distance, of Grecian or Roman warriors. The



CANONS IN THE NAVAJO COUNTRY

costume of the women was a sleeveless bodice, loose above, but fitting neatly at the waist, a skirt reaching below the knees, and moccasins, in summer; in winter they added leggings and a blanket. The bodice and skirt were usually of bright colors, the latter terminating in a black border or fringe. The costumes of both sexes have become more or less nondescript of later years, but many still retain their ancient fashions. They manufacture all their clothing, including their blankets. The blankets have been the wonder and admiration of civilized people for many years. They are very thick, and so closely woven that a first-class one is practically water-tight, requiring four or five hours to become soaked through. The weaving, which is all done by women, is very tedious, two months being consumed in making a common blanket and sometimes half a year for a fine one. They are worth from fifteen to a hundred dollars, varying with the quality of the wool and the amount of work put on them. They formerly manufactured cotton goods also, importing the cotton bolls from Santa Fé, according to Señor Donancio Vigil, but this has been discontinued for many years. They make some pottery, similar to that of the Pueblos, of whom they probably learned the art. They have numerous silversmiths, who work cunningly in that metal, and these have made remarkable advances in art of late years, since they added modern tools to their kits. They are singularly imitative, and will acquire a practical knowledge of any kind of work in a very short time.

Their superstitions are peculiar. They never touch a corpse if possible to avoid it. If a person dies in a *hogan*, they either burn it or pull out the poles and let it fall on the body; if on the open plain, they pile stones over the corpse and leave it. In consequence, they do not scalp or mutilate their victims, and, in fact, have little pleasure in killing, though they have a Spartan admiration for adroit thievery. They have a great aversion to the hog, and neither eat its flesh nor permit it to live in their country. This, with a few other peculiarities, has caused some to insist on their Israelitish origin. Perhaps some future sage may see in it evidence of relation to Bismarck. They are averse to bear meat also, on account of

some religious scruple, and seldom kill the animal except it be in self-defence.

The most striking characteristic of the Navahos is their treatment of women. The life of an Indian squaw, ordinarily, is one of drudgery, with very few pleasures to relieve its monotony. She is so completely a slave that her husband has the right not only of selling but also of renting her. She does all the work, while her husband looks after the amusements for the family. In occasional instances women hold higher positions, but it is usually through some gift of prophecy or other "medicine" power; this is especially the case with the tribes of Oregon and Washington. There have also been a few tribes that admitted women to the council. William Penn mentions a council at which several women were present, and among them one, to whom remarkable deference was paid, known as "the ancient wise woman." He asked them if this were their custom. They replied that "it was, and that they never decided on any important matter without consulting their women, and that some women were wiser than some men." The Mohawks paid unusual attention to the opinions of the squaws, but with them their councils were held separately. In some tribes women have attained the supreme command, and in others, where they cannot become chieftainesses, they may have the right of naming the chief. Thus, Catharine Brant, widow of Joseph Brant, the Mohawk chief, named two successors in office to him. With the Navahos there is an equality of sex which is a close approximation to the "woman's rights" doctrine. The husband has no property in the wife, though he has invariably to pay her parents for her when he marries. The marriage ceremony consists simply in eating a meal together, and the tie is as lightly severed as made, when either wearies of it. The women hold their property independently, and in case of divorce an equitable division of goods is made, the children going with the mother. Incompatibility of temper is an excellent ground for separation. It is much on the principle of the French social system, where a woman is not free until she is married.

In consequence, women are well treated, and escape much



NAVAHO SQUAWS WEAVING A BLANKET.

of the drudgery that falls commonly to the lot of squaws. The men do the greater part of the out-door work, and the women look after the affairs of the house. If a Navaho wants his horse saddled, he does it himself, if he has no peon. Man and wife eat together. Stranger still, it is a common thing in their country to see a man carrying a pappoose—an extremely rare condescension in other tribes, though sometimes seen among the Utes and Shoshonees. The women appear to have a special interest in the sheep. The flocks are looked after by the young girls, who employ their leisure moments in spinning a loose yarn that is used for the filling of blankets. They make very pretty and romantic shepherdesses. The sheep are never disposed of without the consent of the women; in fact, a Navaho never makes a bargain of any kind without consulting his wife or wives. They never strike their women. If a man quarrels with his wife, or she becomes careless of his wishes, or abandons him, he solaces his grief and assuages her anger by killing some gentleman of an adjoining tribe, or other outsider, which makes everything pleasant again. The doctrine of "free love" goes with "woman's rights" in their case. None of the women are chaste, and the nation has been badly infected with venereal disease, but they claim to be nearly rid of this, through the efficacy of their treatment, which consists of a decoction of herbs taken internally, an ointment made from a peculiar kind of clay, and sweat baths. In consequence of their better usage the women are much above the average squaw in looks. They are tall, straight, and well-formed. As a rule they are healthier than the men, which is probably due to their out-door exercise as shepherdesses in youth. Their treatment of women is the result of their religion. Their only god, Whai-la-hay, is a woman, and, according to their tradition, she taught them to weave blankets and mould pottery. Hence they are grateful to the sex. Besides, after death, the Navaho shade has to fight his way through a guard of evil spirits and get across a great water, neither of which he can do without the assistance of Whai-la-hay, and that they do not receive unless they have treated their women well. There appears to be some connection between this goddess and Ari-Zuñá, the sun-maiden, the

beloved of Montezuma, who figures more or less extensively in the different religions of Mexico. In calling her their only god, I mean the only one of a beneficent disposition. They have a masculine devil, called Chin-day, to whom they devote much attention in endeavors of propitiation. They also repair at stated seasons to a mountain in their country, called Polonia, for the purpose of worshipping the spirits of their ancestors, who are supposed to have a certain subordinate power.

Another characteristic of the Navahos was their form of government, or, rather, their lack of government. When they came under our control they numbered about 12,000, of whom 2500 were warriors, but notwithstanding their numbers, and the extent of country they occupied, they had scarcely any central controlling power, and what power there was, was on a democratic basis. The patriarchal form of government obtained among them, a man having as absolute control over his children, while they lived with him, as of his slaves, but, once a warrior, a man was his own master, and once married, a woman was largely her own mistress. Head chiefs were made and unmade with little ceremony, and the pledges of a head chief appeared to have little weight, either while he was in office or afterwards. Every man had personal liberty of action, by virtue of being a warrior. If he distinguished himself in war, or acquired riches which enabled him to maintain a following, he became known as a chief. The head chief was really a war chief, with no perceptible authority in time of peace, and neither he nor any other governing power of the tribe could compel the surrender or punishment of a man of any influence among them. On account of this lack of executive power, there was no enforcement of law and little law to enforce. Religious scruples were the chief restraining power. Some men, from a naturally bad disposition, became vagabonds, and lived wholly by theft, plundering their own nation as well as others. Of these the remainder appeared to be in perpetual dread, without any power of restraining them. Major Backus once asked a Navaho chief how they punished their people for theft. "Not at all," he replied. "If I attempt to whip a poor man who has stolen my property, he

will defend himself with his arrows and will rob me again. If I leave him unpunished, he will only take what he requires at the time."

This lack of government was the source of all their troubles with the Americans. We were obliged to consider them a tribe and to treat with them on that basis. When a treaty was broken it was necessary to treat them as a tribe in demanding satisfaction, but they were unable as a tribe to make the reparation we demanded. There were two other causes that prevented any lasting peace for many years. One was that they thought they outnumbered us. The reason they gave for this belief was that, in the beginning, a beaver dug a hole in the earth, from which there came five whites and seven Navahos, *ergo*, they are the more numerous. It required a score of years to satisfy them that figures could lie in regard to population. The other was hostile feeling between them and the Mexicans. The two nations had fought for centuries, and, as neither of them was afflicted with honesty, they were continually in conflict after they passed under our control. The blame of this is put on one or the other, as writers favor or oppose the Indians. The fact is, that each robbed and abused the other at every opportunity. When it came to reparation, it is reasonably certain that the estimates of damage done by the Navahos, especially as to the amounts of stock stolen, were generally exaggerated; and it is equally certain that, in the restitutions which the Indians were compelled to make, they culled the worthless animals from their herds to return. The Mexicans took the larger number of captives; the Navahos stole the more property. The territorial records from the time of our occupation to January 1, 1867, show the New Mexican losses from all Indian tribes to have been 123 persons killed; 32 wounded, 21 captured, 3,559 horses stolen, 13,473 cattle, and 294,740 sheep, of a total value of \$1,377,329.60; or an average of 6 killed, 1 captured, and \$70,000 worth of stock stolen annually. The Apaches, Comanches, and Utes were, of course, responsible for a share of this, but the Navahos came in for at least one third of it. What does not appear on the records, and it is very essential for showing the burden of guilt, is how much the Mexicans

stole from the Navahos. The fighting between them was not serious. The Navahos are not dangerous as warriors, although they have been so represented in the diseased literature of frontier life. The idea, so far as it had any basis, came from the Mexicans, and was due not so much to the bravery of the Indians as to the cowardice of their foes.

The relations of the United States with the Navahos begin with the occupation of New Mexico by General Kearny. The general, by his "annexation," assumed the protection of the New Mexicans from Indians, and gave them frequent promises, in public and private, to that effect. He did not remain there long enough to discover that a feud of centuries was not to be disposed of abruptly, but he did receive a taste of their predatory warfare. While visiting the settlements below Santa Fé, on the Rio Grande, with a detachment of troops, the Navahos swooped down on the valley, in sight of the command, and drove off a large number of horses and cattle, a part of which belonged to the command, before the troops could reach them. An expedition was sent against them under Colonel Doniphan, in October, but it did not return until after Kearny had left for California. It entered the country of the Navahos in two columns; one, under Major Gilpin, took the route up the Chama, by way of Abiqui, down the San Juan, and over the Sierra Tunicha; the other, under Doniphan, went up the Puerco of the East and spread over the country in three commands, gathering up the Indians as they moved. About three fourths of the Navaho nation were thus brought together at Ojo del Oso (Bear Spring—Ojo, literally "an eye," is commonly used by the Mexicans to signify a spring instead of the purer Spanish *fuente* or *manantial*), and a treaty was made with them without any hostilities. The stealing went on as usual as soon as the soldiers were out of the country. Early in the following spring (1847) Major Walker marched against them with a force of volunteers, and penetrated as far as the Cañon de Chelly, but did not even succeed in making a treaty. In 1848, Colonel Newby, with a large force of volunteers, entered their country and made another treaty, which was promptly broken on his departure.

In 1849, Colonel J. M. Washington marched against them, with seven companies of soldiers and fifty-five Pueblo Indians. He was accompanied by Antonio Sandoval, chief of a band of about one hundred and fifty Navahos, who ever remained friendly to the Americans, and by Francisco Josta (Hos-ta, the Lightning), Governor of the Pueblo of Jemez. The cause of the expedition was that since their last treaty the Navahos had stolen 1,070 sheep, 34 mules, 19 horses, and 78 cattle, carried off several Mexicans, and murdered Micento Garcia, a Pueblo Indian. The Navahos were first found on the Tunicha, a tributary of the San Juan, where Narbona, José Largo, and Archuletti, three of their chiefs, met Colonel Washington and Agent Calhoun in council. They agreed to meet at the Cañon de Chelly to form a permanent treaty, and were about to separate, when one of the stolen horses, owned by a Mexican volunteer then present, was noticed in the possession of the Indians, and a demand for it was made. The Navahos refused to surrender it, and Colonel Washington directed that one of theirs should be seized. At the attempt the Navahos fled and were fired on. Narbona, who was then head chief, was killed, and six others were mortally wounded. The command moved on and reached the Cañon de Chelly on September 6. On the following morning, Mariano Martinez, representing himself as head chief, and Chapitone, second chief, with a number of their people, came into camp and sued for peace. It was granted, on condition that they gave up the stolen property and surrendered their Mexican captives and the murderers of Garcia. They gave up three Mexicans and part of the stolen property,

agreeing to deliver the remainder at the Pueblo of Jemez within thirty days. The cañon was explored for a distance of nine and a half miles above its mouth, and it was learned that the previous idea of an impregnable fortress in it was errone-



CHAPITONE.

ous. The command then returned by way of the Pueblo of Zuñi, which is situated seventy-five miles south of the cañon. Not only was the property not delivered at Jemez, but a party of Navahos hurried to the settlements before the troops returned, and ran off a large herd of mules from within sight of Santa Fé. Shortly afterwards, Chapitone was brutally murdered by some Mexicans, near Ciboletta.

Not discouraged by past experiences, Colonel Sumner and Governor Calhoun met a large party of warriors and chiefs at Jemez, in the winter of 1851-2, and proposed another treaty. The Indians ridiculed the proposition at first, but after an exciting council they agreed to ratify the treaty with Colonel Washington, which they said Martinez and Chapitone had no authority to make. The treaty was violated continually during the same winter, and, in the spring of 1852, Colonel Sumner marched against them, but being unable to bring on a general engagement, he employed his time in building Fort Defiance. This was the most effective stroke made against the Navahos for years, and had a perceptible effect in restraining them. It was located in the heart of their country, sixty miles north of Zuñi, fifteen miles south of the Cañon de Chelly, fourteen miles from the Laguna Negra (or Negrita), a deep and cool lakelet of dark water, much frequented by the Navahos, and three miles west of the present line of Arizona. It is in the highlands about the sources of the Rio Puerco of the West, at the base of a rocky range, which rises five hundred feet or more above the surrounding table-land, known as the Bonito Hills. Through these hills breaks the Cañoncito Bonito (Pretty Little Cañon), an abrupt gorge with perpendicular walls, and at its mouth is the fort. The cañon is half a mile long, averaging one hundred yards in breadth, with a level grassy floor. Near its head are two springs that feed a little stream which supplies the fort. This place and several fertile valleys of the vicinity had long been favorite haunts of the Navahos. The fort was simply a group of barracks, stables, and offices around a parade-ground, 300 by 200 yards in extent. There were no stockades, trenches, block-houses, or other fortifications. The buildings were principally of pine logs with dirt



FORT DEFIANCE

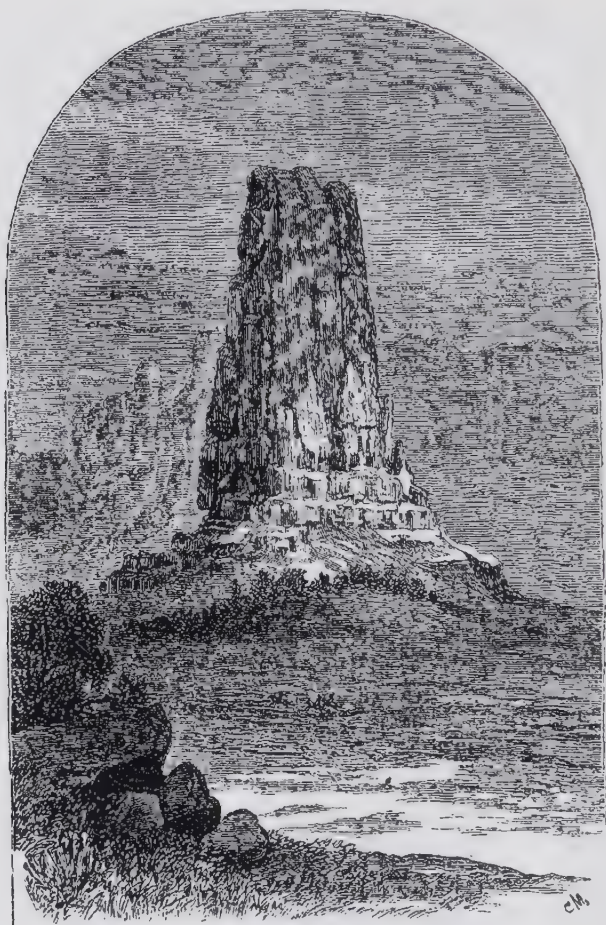
roofs, though a few of them were of adobes. There was one stone building for the officers.

In May, 1853, Romano Martin was robbed and murdered by Navahos. The murderers were not surrendered when demanded by Governor Lane, and a campaign was being prepared for, when Colonel Sumner was relieved by General Garland and Governor Lane by Governor Meriwether. The new governor extended a general amnesty, after a talk with the chiefs, and matters proceeded much as usual. In 1854 a Navaho killed a soldier at Fort Defiance. Major Kendrick, the officer in command, demanded the offender with such sternness that the Indians concluded something must be done. The chiefs agreed to surrender the guilty party, and a day was appointed for his execution by hanging. Rather strangely, the Indians asked the privilege of doing the hanging, which was granted to them, and on the day appointed they brought forward and hung the alleged murderer in the presence of the troops. It was learned two or three years later that the man executed was a Mexican, who had been a slave among them for many years, and that the murderer, who was a man of influence among them, was still living. In 1855 Governor Meriwether met with the Navahos, for a talk, at Laguna Negra. Sarcillo Largo, their head chief, represented that his people would not obey him, and resigned his office at the council, whereupon the chiefs elected Manuelita to the position. The council proceeded quite boisterously, but a treaty was agreed on, the Indians promising to surrender offenders and keep within certain reservation limits, except that they had the privilege of gathering salt at the saline lake near Zuñi. Presents were then distributed, as is usual at treaties, a custom that may account for the great readiness of the Navahos to make them. This treaty was not ratified by the Senate, but that was immaterial, for the plundering went on just as if the treaty were in full force. It is but just to say, however, that these depredations were claimed to be—and to a very large extent certainly were—the acts of a small portion of the tribe. The real offense of the nation as a whole consisted chiefly in shielding the wrongdoers and exercising no control over them. The result was

that while the mass of the nation was peaceable from inclination and the necessities of a largely agricultural life, the warlike and vicious members were exercising their violent ardor at will, and the force of American resentment was held in light esteem.

In the early part of July, 1858, a Navaho of prominence and influence had a difficulty with his wife. He desired her to accompany him on a visit, instead of which she went to a dance. Her husband repaired to the *baile* and reduced her costume to an ultra-fashionable style, by tearing every stitch of clothing from her. This failed to bring her to a sense of her conjugal duty, and it was about as far as Navaho customs permitted him to go in the way of direct coercion. The usage of the nation presented, as his next proper step, the killing of some outsider. He went to Fort Defiance on the following morning, July 12, with the avowed intention of selling two blankets that he carried with him. He was there for three or four hours, and had just sold one of the blankets to a camp-woman (an American compromise between a sutler, a laundress, and a vivandiere), when Jim, a negro boy belonging to Major Brooks, the post commander, passed to the rear of the camp-woman's quarters. He said nothing and did nothing to the Indian, nor had he ever before seen him. As he came out on the other side, with his back turned, the Indian, who meantime had jumped on his pony, let fly an arrow that passed under his shoulder-blade and penetrated his lung. The Indian fled at once. The boy, without making any outcry of any sort, undertook to pull the arrow from the wound, but broke it near the end, leaving the head in his body. The surgeon was unable to extract it, and four days later Jim was dead. On the day after the assault, Sarcillo Largo, former head chief, was sent for, and the assassin demanded. Excuses were made and action postponed from day to day, until, on July 22, Sarcillo and Huero (Juero or Huerero, literally, the Blacksmith—named Huero Miles by the soldiers on account of the analogy of his position to that of Lieutenant-colonel D. S. Miles, recently placed in command in that district) were summoned, and notified that they must produce the murderer within twenty days.

Preparations for a campaign were kept up, and Indian Agent Yost came up from Santa Fé to act in conjunction with the military. He was escorted by Captain McLane, with a dozen men, and, at Covero, was joined by Captain Blas Lucero with his company of Mexican spies, fifty in number. As this party approached Bear Spring (Ojo del Oso), on August 29, they found an encampment of Navahos at that point and attacked it. The spring lies to one side of the travelled road and is approached through a valley, about two hundred yards wide, on either side and at the extremity of which rise steep hills, covered with pine-trees. Down this the troops advanced and opened fire at long range, while the Indians deployed on both sides, under cover of the timber that skirted the valley. The firing was kept up until six Indians were killed and several wounded, when Captain McLane was struck in the side by a ball, and fell. It was supposed that he was mortally wounded, but he afterwards recovered, the ball having struck a rib and glanced off. A part of the command charged, and captured twenty-five ponies and a number of blankets, and the party then proceeded onward to Fort Defiance, where Colonel Miles arrived two days later and took command. On September 1, Juan Lucero, a Navaho chief, came to the fort to see if Major Brooks were not satisfied with the injury done to the Indians at Bear Springs, but was informed that he was not, and would not be until the murderer was surrendered, dead or alive. A block-house was built on the hill east of the fort, as an additional defence, the garrison being comparatively small. The Indians were now satisfied that something would really be done, and Sarcillo came in and promised to surrender the murderer. Sandoval, the friendly chief, made a desperate effort to keep on good terms with both parties. Every day he would rush breathless to the fort and announce his discoveries; now the murderer was at Ojo del Oso; now he was in a cave near Laguna Negrita; now he had fled to the Sierra Tunicha. On the morning of September 8, he announced, with great haste and bustle, that the murderer had been caught in the Sierra Chusca on the preceding day. Soon after, Sarcillo Largo arrived, and stated that the murderer had been desperately wounded and



MESA OF CHUSCA MOUNTAINS.

had died during the night. Could he have a wagon to bring the body in? He could not; but a mule was furnished him, and after much delay and display, a corpse was produced. Every one in the garrison who had seen the offender was called to identify him, and each one unhesitatingly testified that this was the body, not of the murderer, but of a Mexican captive who had often visited the post. The surgeon gave his opinion that the wounds on the corpse had been inflicted that morning. All of this was afterwards substantiated by the Indians themselves, but, at the time, the chiefs protested that

the body was the one called for. Colonel Miles declined to hold any council with them, and active hostilities were prepared for.

On the next morning Colonel Miles went on a scout with three companies of mounted rifles, two of infantry, and Lucero's spies. They entered the Cañon de Chelly on the 11th, and marched through the lower half of it, occasionally killing or capturing an Indian, but meeting with no material resistance. When they camped for the night, in the cañon, the Indians gathered on the heights above and began firing at them. The attack did no harm, for the walls of the cañon were so high that the arrows lost their force and dropped horizontally on the ground, but it was thought better not to take any risks. Among the prisoners taken was the father of the leader of the attacking party, and to him notice was given that he would be hung if the firing were not stopped. He communicated his peril to his son, who withdrew his warriors, and left the soldiers in peace. On the next day they reached the mouth of the cañon, and were much relieved to be out of a place where the Indians could have done them much damage, if they had known how. At the mouth of the cañon, Nak-risk-thlaw-nee, a chief, approached under a flag of truce and proposed peace, but was informed that there could be no peace until the murderer was surrendered. The command then moved to the southwest twelve miles, over the Sierra de Laguna, a range of red sandstone hills, to the ponds where the principal herds of the vicinity were pastured. Here six thousand sheep were captured, and the troops camped, as they had been doing, in the corn-fields of the Indians. In the early morning of the 14th the Indians attacked the picket of the herd, but were driven off after wounding four men, one mortally. On the same day a bugler wandered away from the command and was killed. The troops returned to the fort on the 15th, having killed six Indians, captured seven, and wounded several, bringing with them six thousand sheep and a few horses.

On the evening of the 25th Captain John P. Hatch, with fifty-eight men, started for the ranch of Sarcillo Largo, which was situated nine miles from the Laguna Negra. They

marched all night, and approached the Indians early in the morning, through an arroyo that crossed their wheat-fields, getting within two hundred yards of their *hogans* before they were discovered. About forty Navahos, all armed with guns and revolvers, hastily assumed the defensive. Captain Hatch brought his men within fifty yards of them, dismounted, and opened fire. The Indians stood gallantly until they emptied their rifles and revolvers, and then retreated, leaving six dead; the wounded, including Sarcillo Largo, escaped. There were captured fifty horses and a large number of robes, blankets, saddles, etc., of which all that could not be carried off were



NAVAJO IN WAR COSTUME.

piled on the wheat-stacks, near the houses, and the whole burned. Strangely enough, the Indians neither killed nor wounded any of the soldiers, which was due to their being unaccustomed to firearms. With their bows and arrows they would certainly have inflicted more injury. The Indians had just purchased their arms for war with the Americans, and had not yet learned to use them. Where did they get them? The cloven foot of Mormonism is again apparent; Utah was the only possible furnisher. The Mormon settlements joined the Na-

vahos on the northwest, and the Saints extended their hands in fellowship to them as to other Indians. A year after this fight their criminal dealings with the Navahos were shown beyond question. On September 20, 1859, Captain J. G.

Walker reported from Fort Defiance that he had met a party of Pah-Utes, eighty miles west of the Cañon de Chelly, while exploring the San Juan River, who said that they had been sent out to invite the Navahos to a great council of Indians, at the Sierra Panoche, for the purpose of a union against the Americans. Sierra Panoche is a mountain southwest of the Calabasa range, and eighty miles east of the Colorado River. The Mormons had agreed to furnish all needed arms and ammunition for a general war against the United States. Captain Walker says: "That this report is substantially true I have every reason to believe, as the Pah-Utahs, to confirm their story, exhibited various presents from the Mormons, such as new shirts, beads, powder, etc. I was further confirmed in this opinion by meeting, the next day, a deputation of Navajos on their way to Sierra Panoche, to learn the truth of these statements, which had been conveyed to them by a Pah-Utah whom I saw in the Cañon de Chelly afterwards, who had been sent as a special envoy from the Mormons to the Navajos. He had in his possession a letter from a Mormon bishop or elder, stating that the bearer was an exemplary and regularly baptized member of the church of the Latter-Day Saints." This report was confirmed by the Indian agent at Fort Defiance, the Indians in that vicinity having been visited for the same purpose, during Walker's absence, by an Indian who said "the Mormons had baptized him into their church, and given him a paper certifying that he was a Latter-Day Saint and a good man."

On the 29th Colonel Miles went out on another scout, taking three hundred men, as before. On the first day they overtook a party of Indians with their herds, in the Chusca Valley, twenty miles northeast of the fort, and captured nine horses and one thousand sheep. On the night of the 30th, a detachment of one hundred and twenty-six men, under Captain Lindsay, was sent to attack the camp of Ka-ya-ta-na's band, which was at a laguna fifteen miles distant. The detachment reached the pond at about three o'clock in the morning, found the Indians gone, and followed on their trail. At daybreak they discovered them encamped in a deep cañon. The descent was very difficult. As the soldiers were making

their way down, in single file, the foremost having just gained the bottom, three Indians rode up. With quick exclamations of astonishment and alarm, they wheeled their horses and fled to warn their people. There were but a dozen men down, but seeing that no great advantage could be gained without a sudden rush, Captain Lindsay boldly charged down the cañon with this handful. After a hard gallop of five miles they succeeded in overtaking the Indians and heading off their stock, amounting to seventy horses and four thousand sheep. Captain Lindsay took station, with his little band, on a wooded knoll in the cañon, and held the stock till the remainder of his command came up. The property in the camp which had been so hastily deserted, consisting of blankets, robes, and other supplies, was all destroyed. The Indians lost eight men killed; the troops four killed and one wounded.

Thus a series of expeditions was kept up, leaving the Indians no time for repose. On October 4, Major Brooks conveyed a number of trains towards Albuquerque and then circled through the Navaho country from Ojo del Gallo, in the western edge of the Rio Grande Valley. They had one engagement, in which, it was reported, twenty-five Indians were killed or badly wounded. On the morning of the 17th the post herd was attacked by three hundred mounted Navahos, who succeeded in killing two men and driving away sixty-four horses and mules. On the 18th Colonel Miles started out with two hundred and fifty soldiers and one hundred and sixty volunteer Zuñi Indians, who were to be recompensed by a small ration and what they could capture. The cupidity of the Zuñians prevented an engagement with the Indians, but one hundred horses were captured and the houses of Manuelita's band were destroyed. On the 23d Lieutenant Howland, with twenty soldiers and forty of Blas Lucero's Mexicans, marched south from the fort to Colites Mountain. At daybreak of the next morning he surprised the ranch of the chief Ter-ri-bio, capturing sixteen women and children, four men, including Terribio, ten horses, and twenty goats and sheep. An extensive expedition in two columns was then planned and was being carried out, when the Navahos



GROUP OF NAVAHOS.

sued for peace, and, on December 4, an armistice was granted to give them an opportunity to treat.

On December 25, 1858, a treaty was made, with conditions satisfactory to all parties. Eastern and southern limits were fixed which were not to be passed by the Navahos, except that Sandoval and his band retained their former location. They were to make indemnification for depredations on citizens or Pueblo Indians, since August, 1858, by returning the property taken or its equivalent in sheep, horses, or cattle. For the future the whole tribe was to be held responsible for the wrongs committed by any member, and reprisals were to be made out of any flocks, if satisfaction were not promptly given. All Mexican, Pueblo, and Navaho captives, who desired to return to their people, were to be surrendered. The assassin of the negro boy, Jim, being represented to have fled out of their country and beyond their power, his surrender was waived, but they agreed not to permit him to return under any circumstances. The right of the United States to send out military expeditions and establish posts in their country was formally recognized. Finally, the Navahos were earnestly urged to appoint either a head chief or some central power which could act for the tribe. This treaty lasted nearly five months, being broken hopelessly before the Senate had an opportunity to ratify it. It marks the close of the hostilities occasioned by the murder of the boy Jim, an important epoch in Navaho history.

Before leaving the subject, it may be well to correct an oft-repeated error connected with it. It has been said that the murder of Jim was in revenge for the killing of some cattle, some days prior, by the soldiers, but this is not true. The commander of the post had selected certain convenient grazing-grounds for the post-herds, and these the Indians had been ordered to keep away from, for the reason that there was no more grass than was needed for the post, and to avoid annoyance from the mixing of the herds. Manuelita refused to obey this order, and defiantly stated that he would pasture his cattle on these grounds. He was informed that if he did they would be shot. He drove them in and they were killed. This matter was smoothed over, and the Indians were visiting

the post as usual, for some time before Jim was murdered. The murderer had nothing to do with the cattle, and, according to the Indians themselves, committed the crime solely on account of his trouble with his wife. He gained his point, for she accompanied him, as he had desired, when he returned to their camp with information of what he had done. He secured his domestic happiness and the tribe paid for it.

CHAPTER X.

MOUNTAIN MEADOWS.

DURING these years whose happenings we have been recording, there has been a community existing in the centre of our region that we have barely noticed. Their history, at any period, is a subject which a conscientious writer approaches unwillingly, for it involves a certain consideration of the merits of Mormonism and the Mormons, and that means wholesale denunciation, almost always of the Mormons, and very frequently of their enemies. Sweeping accusations must be made, and these, he knows, weaken alike the testimony of a witness, the plea of an orator, and the statement of an author. It is repugnant to man to believe that the majority of mankind are evil, and it is contrary to ordinary experience that any large class or sect of men should be radically bad. Besides this, all candid men will admit that the Mormons have at times been treated badly; that the killing of Joseph Smith, their prophet, was one of the most disgraceful murders ever known in this country; and that they were driven from their homes in Missouri and Illinois under circumstances of cruel severity. But candid men must also admit that past suffering is no excuse for continuing crime, and, leaving out of consideration all of their offences that preceded or followed it, it has not fallen, nor shall fall, to the lot of any man to record a more atrocious crime than that of the Mountain Meadows. For this crime all Mormondom has voluntarily shown itself responsible, offering no excuse but fanaticism and revenge; and, worse than nothing as these excuses are, the moral obliquity of the deed is, if possible, increased by the desire of plunder, which was also an actuating motive.

To themselves, the Mormons are, of course, justified in any act that is approved by their priesthood. They are the chosen

people whose inheritance is the earth, and in spoiling the Gentiles they are simply taking their own. They are the appointed agents of a vengeful God, and can do nothing but their duty in obeying his mandates, as pronounced by his holy prophets. They are under a "higher law" and the direct control of an inspired guide. They carry the higher-law theory farther than even the extreme Jesuits, and in this dogma centre all the objectionable features of their religion. When any sect receives a dispensation which permits its members to transgress the laws of man, and the commonly recognized laws of God, "for righteousness' sake"—whenever it publicly confesses that it owns no obligation of truthfulness, or honesty, or humanity, to outsiders—it has put itself outside the pale of our civilization, and can no longer justly complain of the lawlessness of any person. More than that, none of its members can consistently ask to be believed in any statement, except its truth be otherwise established, and this is the only safe rule of procedure with the testimony of Mormons or persons who have ever been Mormons. It will be made manifest, in the course of this chapter, that Mormon declarations and oaths are worth less than the breath in which they are uttered, or the paper on which they are written. It does not follow that everything said against them is to be believed, nor that they cannot tell the truth when it is to their interest to do so; but it is evident that their statements must be received with the utmost caution. Put it in what language you may, no really harsher criticism of their veracity can be made than their own claims of obedience to a "higher law."

When the Mormons left Nauvoo it was not certain where they were going. They profess to have moved under divine guidance, which all may believe who choose. The common understanding was that they were going to California, and a statement to that effect was commonly made in newspapers at the time. It is known also that Governor Ford, of Illinois, gave Brigham Young a copy of Fremont's report of his second and third expeditions, and recommended him to go to some of the larger valleys of the Wahsatch. However that may have been, a party of explorers went out in 1847 and selected a place and a path for the mass of the people, who did not seem ready

to trust divine guidance without an exploring expedition ahead. The Great Basin, in which they settled, was not wholly a desert, as they have claimed and as has been too commonly believed. Colonel Fremont had examined it carefully several years before the Mormons came, and he said of it: "Partly arid and sparsely inhabited, the general character of the Great Basin is that of a desert, but with great exceptions, there being many parts of it very fit for the residence of a civilized people; and, of these parts, the Mormons have lately established themselves in one of the largest and best. Mountain is the predominating structure of the interior of the basin, with plains between—the mountains wooded and watered, the plains arid and sterile. . . . These mountains had very uniformly this belt of alluvion, the wash and abrasion of their sides, rich in excellent grass, fertile and light, and loose enough to absorb small streams." Much of the land then considered sterile has since been made fruitful by irrigation, but it is erroneous to suppose that cultivation and improvement have been more rapid in Utah than in other equally sterile parts of the West. The contrary is the case.

The Indians who inhabited this country were diverse in character, although originally of the same stock and speaking dialects of the same language—the Shoshonee or Snake. They have three principal divisions, the Snakes proper, the Bannocks, and the Utes, but these relate only to race. In tribal government they were separated into more than a hundred small bands, each entirely independent. The country was divided among them in small districts, the boundaries being fixed by natural monuments. Only the principal divisions can be noticed here. The Eastern Snakes ranged from the South Pass to Bear River and Wind River; they numbered one hundred and twenty-five lodges, and subsisted largely on buffalo meat, for which reason they are called Kool-sa-ti-ka-ra, or Buffalo Eaters. They have been very reliable in their friendship to Americans, their chief, Wash-i-kee (Gambler's Gourd), otherwise known as Pina-qua-na (Smell of Sugar), having attained a wide notoriety on this account. He was a half-breed, tall, well-formed, superior to his people, and exercising strong control over them. The Took-a-ri-ka, or



WASHAKIE.

Mountain-Sheep Eaters, ranged high up on the mountains, usually, and had little to do with the whites. They were an extraordinary people, building their rude houses above timber line on the mountain heights, and seeming doomed to so cheerless a life that the Canadian trappers gave them the name "*les dignes de pitié*," or, the objects of pity. On the Salmon River was a mixed band, largely of their people, which

numbered fifty lodges. Its principal chief was Qui-tan-i-wa (Foul Hand), and his sub-chiefs were "Old Snag," an Eastern Snake, and "Grand Coquin," a Bannock. Their friendship was always questionable. The Western Snakes were in two main bands, one under Am-a-ro-ko (Buffalo Meat under the Shoulder), ranging on Camas Prairie, and the other under Po-ca-ta-ra (White Plume), ranging in the Goose Creek Mountains and on the Humboldt. They numbered about one hundred and fifty lodges, and were on good terms with the Mormons, but not with other whites. They are commonly called Sho-sho-kos, or "White Knives," from the white flint knives they formerly used. A large band of the Bannocks ranging west of the Blue Mountains were known as the War-ra-ri-kas, or "Sunflower-Seed Eaters. They numbered one hundred and fifty lodges, were commanded by Pa-chi-co (Sweet Root), a mighty medicine man, and were hostile when favorable opportunities occurred. In the neighborhood of Fort Boisé were one hundred lodges of Bannocks, under Po-e-ma-chee-ah (Hairy Man), who were the most friendly of their race tow-

ards the Americans. Ranging about Salt Lake, especially on Bear River, was a band led by "Long Beard" and Pag-e-ah (The Man who Carries the Arrows), numbering about fifty lodges, and known variously as Ho-kan-di-ka, the Salt Lake Diggers, Southern Snakes, Mormon Snakes, or Cache Valley Indians. They were the worst of all these Indians, so far as Americans generally were concerned, but were hand-in-glove with the Mormons. Commonly associating with these were the Mo-pe-as, so called after their chief Mo-pe-ah (Bunch-of-Hair-in-the-Forehead), who boasted himself a friend of the Mormons. They numbered sixty lodges. The Utes were much the largest division, and held the country to the south of the other two, occupying practically all of Nevada, Utah, and the mountainous part of Colorado, with a considerable portion of Northern New Mexico. The eastern bands, the Tabeguaches, Mohuaches, Grand Rivers, Capotes, Uintas, and others occupying the country east of the Wahsatch Mountains, were the best warriors among them; they were less influenced by the Mormons, and most friendly to Americans. The Pah-Utes, or Water-Utes, of the Sierra Nevada, and the western part of Nevada, commonly called the Monos and the Washoes, were also good warriors. Of intermediate grade were the Gosi-Utes (Goships, Goshoots) of Eastern Nevada, the Sanpitches (Sinpichi, or, as now corrupted in Utah, San Petes), Timpanagos, and others of Eastern Utah. The lowest as warriors were the Pah-Utes, or Pi-Utes of Southern Utah and the desert portions generally, several bands of miserable beings, who were getting into a more wretched state each generation, through starvation and their defenceless condition. They were decreasing in numbers, in stature, and in physical strength, and were constantly preyed upon by their neighbors. Their food consisted of snakes, lizards, roots, berries, grass-seed, worms, crickets, grasshoppers, and, in short, anything that could be chewed, swallowed, and partly digested.

The Mormons had but little trouble with Indians, for they approached them as brothers and equals, without any desire to force civilization upon them. The negroes, the descendants of accursed Ham, were originally barred from the Mor-

mon heaven, though latterly a revelation has been made which lets them in, but the Indians were always brothers. They are "Lamanites," the "remnant" of the lost tribes of Israel, lineal descendants of Abraham, sprays from the "fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall," who are to be reclaimed by Mormon righteousness, and in due time to become "a fair and delightsome people." The Mormons brought to the Indians a religion and customs differing in but one essential respect from what they already had, and that was obedi-



UTE SQUAWS OF UTAH.

ence to the Mormon prophet. This duty was largely bought by presents (usually purchased with United States' funds) and protection, and was further induced by missionary work and intermarriage. Their protection of the Indians who adhered to them was sufficient to prevent any punishment for their crimes. The case of the murderers of Lieutenant Gunnison will illustrate this. Gunnison had wintered at Salt Lake in company with the remainder of Captain Stansbury's party,

and all had been treated kindly by the Mormons. Gunnison repaid their kindness by serving as a volunteer in their Indian war during the winter, and by eulogizing them in his reports. But in 1853 he was on a mission which the Mormons did not wish accomplished, that of selecting a route for a Pacific railroad by way of Salt Lake, and he, with seven of his party, were killed by the Indians near Sevier Lake. In 1854 Colonel Steptoe reached Salt Lake with a body of soldiers, captured the murderers of Gunnison, and brought them to trial. A clear case was made against them; the judge charged the jury that they must either be found not guilty or guilty of murder; and the Mormon jury returned a verdict of manslaughter. The highest possible sentence, three years' imprisonment, was pronounced, but the murderers escaped "by oversight" of their jailers, and regained their tribes, where they remained undisturbed. The Mormons announced that they had treated Gunnison's party well, as he testified himself, and that they had done all they could to bring his murderers to justice, to which facts they still point with pride.

The war in which Lieutenant Gunnison assisted was the only real trouble that the Mormons ever had with the Indians. At that time there were but two settlements in the beautiful borders of Utah Lake, one on the American Fork, and one on Provo River. The Indians there, a band of Pah-Utes, did not appreciate good treatment, and from begging went to robbing. Finding they were not punished, they attributed their safety to the cowardice of the Mormons, and became so bold as to shoot people who tried to hinder them from taking what they wanted. They little dreamed of the claws of the velvet paw they had been playing with. The people on the Provo sent for assistance, and one hundred and fifty men went to them from Salt Lake. They found the Indians posted in the brush and cottonwoods along the Provo, and fought them there for two days. Then Sunday came, and the Saints rested, as is their custom, while the Indians fled. On Monday secular occupation was resumed. The Indians at the southern end of the lake were first proceeded against, and about thirty of their warriors killed. They then returned to their first opponents, who had fled up a cañon, and killed

all but seven or eight of their men. Some fifty women and children were taken prisoners and distributed among the settlements, but afterwards allowed to join other bands if they so desired. After this there was no trouble that could be dignified by the name of war. Brigham Young was governor and *ex-officio* Superintendent of Indian Affairs. The agents, farmers, and interpreters were all Mormons. It was repeatedly charged that all the government annuities were represented to the Indians to be Mormon gifts, and numerous offi-



SNAKE INDIANS OF UTAH.

cial reports of this, based on the statements of the Indians and other evidence, show their truth. Pocatara told Superintendent Lander that "whenever he should feel certain that the White Father would treat him as well as Big-um (Brigham Young) did, then he would be the kindest friend to the Americans that they had ever known." The hostile Indians in Utah were often accompanied and led by painted whites, and emissaries were kept constantly at work among the more remote

tribes. While the troops were fighting Indians, who were furnished with Mormon guns and ammunition, in the Yakima country, the people of Southern California were holding mass-meetings and denouncing the Mormon bishop, Tinney, who had been among the San Luis Rey and Carvilla Indians, telling them that the Mormons and Indians must act together against their common enemies, the Americans. While the Pelouses were receiving aid and bad counsel from Salt Lake, an Indian emissary to the Navahos, bearing letters which certified his conversion and membership of the Mormon Church, was taken in New Mexico, and confessed that he was sent by the Mormons to urge the Navahos to war. And so, in almost every war in the Rocky Mountains, the same complaint has been made, down to the last outbreak of the Utes in Colorado, when Ouray certified to its truth. To these charges no defence is made, except the denunciation of their authors as liars.

As might naturally be supposed, the Mormons did not feel kindly towards the people who had expelled them from their homes in the East and murdered their "prophet," and their friendship was not increased by the treatment which their missionaries occasionally received. But there was a more potent cause for their disloyalty than persecution, or mere allegiance to a Church which asserted and maintained temporal power. The Mormons are chiliasts, and for thirty years have been looking for the millennium to be ushered in very soon, their millenarian doctrines being perhaps the strongest feature of their religion as presented in missionary work. The millennium, by prophecy, is to follow at once on the disruption of the Union, which is to be caused by civil war, and "Zion" is to be set up on the ruins of this nation, with headquarters in Jackson County, Missouri. The principal basis of this belief is the following prophecy of Joseph Smith, said to have been delivered in 1832, and certainly published as early as 1854:

"WAR.

"Verily thus saith the Lord concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls. The days will come that wars will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place; for, behold, the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States; and the Southern States will call upon other nations, even the nation of Great

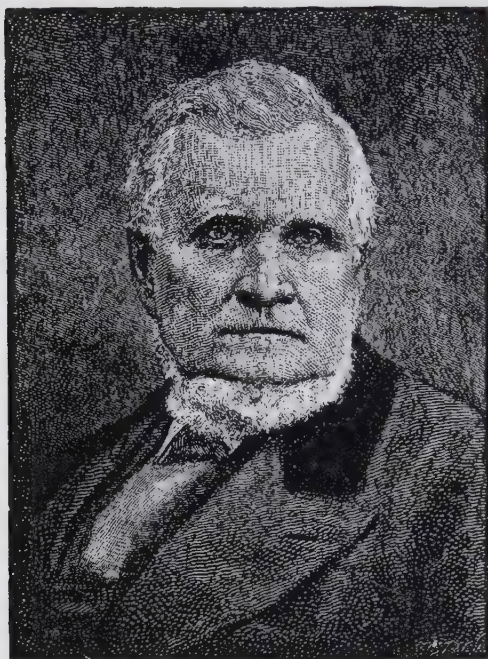
Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves against other nations: and thus war shall be poured out upon all nations. And it shall come to pass, after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war. And it will come to pass, also, that the remnant which are left of the land [*i. e.*, the Indians] shall marshal themselves and shall become exceedingly angry, and shall vex the Gentiles with a sore vexation. And thus, with the sword and by bloodshed, the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn, and with famine and plagues and earthquakes, and the thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning, also, shall the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath and indignation and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed hath made an end of all nations; that the cry of the saints and of the blood of the saints shall cease to come up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, from the earth, to be avenged of their enemies. Wherefore stand ye in holy places, and be not moved until the day of the Lord come; for, behold, it cometh quickly, saith the Lord! Amen."

It would be difficult to find, in the entire range of prophecy, a prediction more remarkably fulfilled in many respects, and more possible of explanation and delay as to the unfulfilled portions. The best proof of its earthly origin will be found in unfulfilled prophecies from the same source, by those who are curious enough to examine them. Its effect on the loyalty of the Mormons was necessarily disastrous. They could not feel an attachment for a country whose destruction must precede their entry into millennial bliss. When the civil war began, "We told you so" was heard wherever a Mormon was found; and when that war was concluded without embroiling "all nations," the ready interpreter showed that the time was not yet full. It has been expected to break out again at every national election, especially those of 1876 and 1884, each failure of fulfilment being only the result of misinterpretation. They cling to it still with more than "Millerite" patience, and its fulfilment is only a question of "a few more years." Then will come the time mentioned by Isaiah, when "Seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel: only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach"—the reproach referred to being childlessness, by Mormon interpretation; the men Mormons, and the women Gentiles.

Decided changes took place in the Mormon community after the exodus from Nauvoo. There was a weeding out of

a majority of the weaker brethren, to begin with, leaving the assemblage in Utah fairly united in credulity and fanaticism. Relieved of any prohibitory power, polygamy was openly announced as a doctrine in 1852 at Salt Lake City, and in the following year abroad. This caused a split in the Church, and an extensive desertion at all points outside of Utah. The dissenters maintained that the doctrine was an introduction of Brigham Young's, and in proof cited the express prohibitions of it in the "Book of Mormon," and also in the "Doctrines and Covenants," the latter adopted in open conference after Smith's death. The Brighamites showed that in fact it had been practised and taught by Smith and other leaders. Moreover, both sides proved their claims by the solemn statements of the principal men of the Church, made at different times, and thus it was demonstrated that the principal men, including Smith and President Taylor, were unblushing liars, no matter whether the doctrine were new or old. It is fairly assured, however, that the doctrine was privately promulgated from about 1844. Under this doctrine a woman may possibly attain salvation, but never an "exaltation," when not the wife of a saint, and, as a corollary to this proposition, it is both lawful and commendable to induce any woman, married or single, to leave her sinful relatives and seek the higher heaven in company with a Mormon. The doctrine was at first treated rather as a matter of privilege; but as months passed away, and its peculiar fitness to their theory of pre-existent spirits, anxiously waiting for earthly bodies, was seen, it became more and more a thing of duty. It reached its grossest form during the reform period of 1855-6.

The "Reformation" was the result of distress. The removal across the plains involved large losses; the work of the last two years had been rendered unprofitable by drought and grasshoppers; the Saints were reduced to a condition of general poverty. The leaders accounted for it as a punishment sent on them for sin and want of faith. Under the preaching of men who, in charity, may be called demented, the people were wrought up to an extravagant pitch of religious frenzy. Men were exhorted everywhere to repent, confess their sins, and be rebaptized, for the day of the Lord was at



PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR.

hand; and from all that land there rose a wail of, "Unclean! unclean!" It floated out over the desert, and over the mountains, and from the extreme southern settlements it was echoed back, "Unclean! unclean!" Men and women bared their hearts darkest corners to the public congregations, and many, whom suspicion itself had marked pure, confessed the perpetration of horrible crimes. Polygamy took on its most re-

volting shape; children of twelve and thirteen years were married to gray-haired elders; whole families of girls were wedded to one man; uncles united with nieces; in at least one instance half-brother and sister were married; men met in the streets and exchanged daughters; divorce and remarriage became so common that some women had eight or ten husbands in almost the same number of months. All of the people were rebaptized, and started anew on their peculiar path, determined to gain heaven at any cost.

Out of this groaning for sin there arose the most villainous of all the doctrines of the Mormon Church—that of the "blood-atonement." It is, in brief, that there are certain sins which are unpardonable, except the blood of the sinner be shed; and the people were exhorted: "Let your blood be shed, and let the smoke ascend, that the incense thereof may come up before God as atonement for your sins." The chief of these unpardonable sins is the "shedding of innocent blood," which means the blood of Mormons, and possibly of

Gentiles who have not reached years of accountability, and whose parents have not been guilty of injuring Mormons or associating with people who have. Adultery, under certain circumstances, procurement of abortion, and the "violation of a sanctified oath" are also unpardonable, and for these offences many of these enthusiasts gladly submitted to death. But it did not stop there. They were not satisfied with throwing themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut, but must also have the privilege of sacrificing others to save them from their sins. "It is to save them," said Brigham Young, in a sermon reported in their Church organ, the *Deseret News*, on October 1, 1856, "not to destroy them. It is true that the blood of the Son of God was shed for our sins, but men can commit sins which it can never remit." Again, on February 8, 1857, he said: "I could refer you to plenty of instances where men have been righteously slain in order to atone for their sins. I have seen scores and hundreds of people for whom there would have been a chance (in the last resurrection there will be) if their lives had been taken, and their blood spilled on the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the devil, until our elder brother, Jesus Christ, raises them up, conquers death, hell, and the grave." These are but brief selections from the many blood-seeking sermons of those days, and the zealous churchmen took eager hold of this doctrine which the world had been growing out of for a score of centuries.

Just after the Church was fairly encompassed in this blaze of zeal, it was announced, on July 24, 1857, to the great gathering of Mormons at Cottonwood Park, where they had met to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their exploring party in the Basin, that there was an army under way for Utah, escorting the new territorial officers. It was true. Crime in the guise of religion had become so rampant in Utah, and its repression by the people there so hopeless, that an external executive agency had to be sought. The courts had been overawed by armed mobs and the judges had fled. A lawyer who protested against such proceedings had been murdered. Indian agent Hurt had reported something of their connection with the Indians, and, believing his life in

danger, had slipped away through the mountain passes, guided by Indian friends. He resigned, declining reappointment. Such troubles had been growing since 1851, and almost every Gentile official that went there had died suddenly, or been driven away on account of "immorality." In his message of 1857, President Buchanan said: "Without entering upon a minute history of occurrences, it is sufficient to say that all the officers of the United States, judicial and executive, with the single exception of two Indian agents, have found it necessary for their own personal safety to withdraw from the territory, and there no longer remains any government in Utah but the despotism of Brigham Young." Whether the officials had been blameworthy or not is immaterial; the fact remains that Utah was in a state of confusion and lawlessness, and it was necessary to send troops with the new officials, who should act as a *posse comitatus* on their call.

From the official instructions given at the time it is easily seen that, in the eyes of the administration, the state of affairs in Utah was very similar to what had recently existed in Kansas, with the difference that the trouble was over another question. But in reality the situation was very different. In Utah the people were united, but they wanted no government except that of their own leaders, no matter what the United States desired. The majority of them were ready for war. They had been apart from the Gentiles long enough to let the delusion of divine aid grow up again, and the belief was general, as it was in Missouri, that one should "chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." The leaders were not so pugnacious. The plan they adopted was to hold the army back until they were ready to move, and then desert the northern part of the territory, destroying everything behind them—to make a second Moscow of Salt Lake City. For this active preparations were made; grain was hoarded up and cached in the mountains; hiding-places were sought out; and all the people prepared for a journey. The Mormons in California were recalled, and all returned to Utah. Fort Bridger and Fort Supply, under control of Mormon Indian agents, were vacated and burned down, in order that they might not furnish shelter to the troops when they

came. The Nauvoo Legion was brought into active discipline, and a general martial spirit pervaded the entire community, such as is shadowed in this verse from one of their favorite songs:

“Old squaw-killer Harney is on the way
The Mormon people for to slay;
Now, if he comes, the truth I’ll tell,
Our boys will drive him down to hell.”

General Harney did not come until after the difficulty was adjusted. He was succeeded by Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, who reached the army in the early winter. No resistance being anticipated, Captain Van Vliet, a discreet officer, was sent ahead to purchase supplies for the army and explain its purpose to the Mormons. He arrived at Salt Lake early in September and found them preparing for war. He was treated with consideration, but could purchase no supplies. They told him that they had been persecuted, robbed, and murdered in the East, and now would resist all persecution at the outset; “that the troops now on the march for Utah should not enter Salt Lake Valley.” Van Vliet called their attention to the fact that resistance could only be temporary; that if the army were kept out over winter the government would send an overwhelming force which would crush them. Young replied: “We are aware that such will be the case, but when those troops arrive they will find Utah a desert; every house will be burned to the ground, every tree cut down, and every field laid waste. We have three years’ provisions on hand, which we will cache, and then take to the mountains, and bid defiance to all the powers of the government.” On Sunday Van Vliet attended their services, and when Elder Taylor, now President, after presenting the probabilities to them, “desired all present who would apply the torch to their own buildings, cut down their trees and lay waste their fields, to hold up their hands, every hand in an audience numbering over four thousand persons was raised at the same moment.” He also stated that, “The Almighty had appointed a man to rule over and govern his Saints, and that man was Brigham Young, and that they would have no one else to rule over them.”

On September 14 Van Vliet left Salt Lake City, and on the 15th Young issued a proclamation, in which he recited the wrongs and misfortunes of the Mormons, and "forbid— First, all armed forces of every description from coming into this territory under any pretence whatever. Second, That all the forces in said territory hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to repel any and all such invasion. Third, Martial law is hereby declared to exist in this territory



BRIGHAM YOUNG.

from and after the publication of this proclamation; and no person shall be allowed to pass or repass into, or through! or from this territory without a permit from the proper officer." A copy of this was sent to Colonel Alexander, commanding the advance of the army. On September 21 Van Vliet met the advance, on his return, and reported his failure. On September 29 Young again addressed the commanding officer, calling his attention to his disregard of the former proclama-

tion, and adding: "I now further direct that you retire forthwith from the territory by the same route you entered. Should you deem this impracticable, and prefer to remain until spring in the vicinity of your present encampment, Black Fork, or Green River, you can do so in peace, and unmolested, on condition that you deposit your arms and ammunition with Lewis Robinson, Quartermaster-general of the Territory, and leave in the spring as soon as the condition of the roads will permit you to march." This was accompanied by a note from "Daniel H. Wells, Lieutenant-general commanding Nauvoo Legion," stating, "I am here to aid in carrying out the instructions of Governor Young." The army was then in what is now the southwestern corner of Wyoming, straggling over a hundred miles or more of country, and not yet apprehensive of actual resistance; Colonel Johnston was at Fort Laramie; the supply trains were not guarded. On October 5 the Mormons, under Lot Smith, one of their great "war-captains" attacked and destroyed a train on Green River, another on the Big Sandy, and a number of wagons belonging to the sutler of the 10th infantry, also on the Sandy, making a total loss of seventy-five wagons, with their contents, and several hundred animals. About the same time it was learned that the mountain passes were barricaded and held by Mormon troops. It was considered impracticable to force them in the winter, so the army went into winter camp.

During the long summer days that the Mormons passed in preparation for war, an emigrant train, known on the road as Captain Fancher's train, was passing through Utah. It reached Salt Lake City in August, and took the "southern route" which led through Provo, Nephi, Fillmore, Beaver, and Cedar City, and at the last-named place joined the Spanish trail from Los Angeles to New Mexico, which ran thence southwest to the coast of California. These emigrants numbered originally fifty-six men and sixty-two women and children, most of them being from Carroll, Johnson, Marion, and other northern counties of Arkansas. At Salt Lake City they were joined by several disaffected Mormons. They had thirty good wagons, about thirty mules and horses, and six hundred cattle. Dr. Brewer, of the army, who met them on the Platte,

in June, said it was "probably the finest train that had ever crossed the plains. There seemed to be about forty heads of families, many women, some unmarried, and many children. They had three carriages, one very fine, in which ladies rode." Slowly this long line wound its way up the Jordan, around the sedgy border of Utah Lake, through Juab Valley, and down the long, dreary stretch of road from the Sevier to Little Salt Lake. At Beaver they were joined by a Missourian, who had been held in custody there for some alleged offense, and he urged them to hurry on beyond the power of the Mormons. They passed through settlements from day to day, but they were friendless as in the voiceless desert. They wished to buy grain and hay to recruit their failing stock, but the edict had gone forth for all supplies to be "hid up" in the mountains, and there was no grain to be bought by their money. One man did trade them a small cheese, but he was seen by the special policeman who was detailed to watch the train, and was "cut off" from the church for it. Sell supplies to these Gentiles? Oh, no! They were but a portion of the mob that would soon be battering at the gates of Zion. Rumor wearied her countless wings in incessant flight, carrying before them the reports of their evil deeds, which grew and spread until their original inventors might have blushed for them. It was said that they were taking property by force; that they broke down and burned fences; that they insulted men; that they ravished Mormon women; that they were a part of the mob that drove the Saints from Missouri; that they boasted of having the pistol with which the Prophet Joseph was killed; that they were connected with the recent murder of the apostle, Parley Pratt; that they threatened to return from California with enough men to destroy all the Mormon settlements; that they poisoned an ox with strychnine, causing the death of some Indians and one white man; that they poisoned the spring at Corn Creek with arsenic, causing the death of twenty Pah-Vant Indians; that they were, in short, a crowd of hardened, godless wretches, whose sins could never be washed away except in their own blood. The chief hierarch of Southern Utah announced that he believed there was not "a d—d drop of innocent blood among them." The charges made against

them were to the people of Southern Utah as words of certain truth, for the fanaticism and bigotry of Northern Utah was only lukewarmness in the southern settlements. Men scowled and women glared their righteous hatred at the doomed party, and little children peered through half-opened doors, in curious fear, at the wicked people who had raised their hands against God's anointed. True, they saw none of this evil-doing as the emigrants passed them, but their belief in it was not shaken by that. They had Mormon testimony to its truth, and that was sufficient.

The emigrants kept on as fast as they could conveniently. They crossed the Great Basin; they climbed up the southern rim; and on this border of Mormondom they stopped for a few days to let their cattle revel in the rank, coarse mountain grass, before they went on into "the Ninety-Mile Desert." The location of the Mountain Meadows, their stopping-place, is in the southwestern corner of Utah, in the present county of Washington, about eight miles south of the village of Pinto. The place is a pass—sometimes called a valley—about five miles in length and one in width, but running to a rather narrow point at the southwest end. At about its centre, lengthways, is the "divide" between the Basin and the Pacific slope, the ascents being very gradual, and at each end is a large spring, the waters of the eastern one flowing into the Basin, and those of the western one to the Santa Clara, and thence to the Rio Virgen. At the eastern spring was the house and corral of Jacob Hamlin, Mormon sub-agent for the Pah-Utes, who, with some assistants, all Mormons, was pasturing cattle on the meadows. The train passed his place on the 3d of September, and camped at the western spring on the 4th. The spring, which is a large one, is in the southern end of the narrow part. The bank rises from it to a height of about eight feet, and from its top there reaches a level stretch of some two hundred yards. Beyond this there comes an irregular ridge or row of hills, fifty or sixty feet in height, back of which is a valley of considerable extent, which opens into the main Meadows three or four hundred yards below the spring. The emigrants were camped on the level ground just north of the spring. They were now on the edge of the Pa-



CACTUS IN DESERT.

cific slope, and must have felt the gladness of the wayworn traveller who knows that another stage of his journey is finished. Just across there, to the southwest, was golden California—they could almost see it—a few more miles of desert, a few more days of dust and alkali water, and they would be through.

In the chilly dawn of Monday, September 7, as they were grouped about their camp-fires, preparing and eating their breakfasts, they were stunned by a volley of guns from the little gully through which the waters of the spring ran away.

Seven of their number were killed, sixteen were wounded, and the remainder thrown into confusion; but it was only for a moment. They were brave men, and they had lived too long on the frontier not to be ready for an Indian attack on short notice. The women and children were hastily placed in the shelter of the corralled wagons, and the rifles of the men were soon replying effectually to those of their foes. This was discouraging to their assailants, for they had counted on a massacre, not a fight. They were not warriors of much eminence. On the contrary, Captain Campbell afterwards classed them as "a miserable set of root-diggers," and said, "nothing is to be apprehended from them but by the smallest and most careless party." They were Pah-Utes from the neighborhood of Cedar City, under Moquetas, Big Bill, and other chiefs; and others from the Santa Clara settlements, extending thirty-five miles below, under Jackson and his brother; Upper Pi-Edes, under Ka-nar-rah, and Lower Pi-Edes under Tal-si-Gob-beth; but at this time they were all directed and controlled by John D. Lee, sub-agent, Nephi Johnson, interpreter, and two or three others, all disguised as Indians. It required all their efforts to keep the Indians at their work. Several were killed early in the engagement, and two of their war-chiefs had their knee-joints shattered by rifle-balls, from the effects of which both died. The Indians moved back to safer quarters, and, after driving away all the cattle that were out of range of the spring, vented their rage by shooting the remainder that they dared not attempt to drive away. An occasional shot was fired at the emigrants, as a reminder that they were still in the neighborhood. White reinforcements were sent for at once, after the first repulse, and began to arrive on the following day. They stopped out of sight of the emigrants to camp. Occasionally they would put on a little paint and go take a shot at the wagons; then they would return and amuse themselves by pitching quoits. The little party of the besieged meanwhile were improving their time. They drew their wagons close together, chained them wheel to wheel, and banked up earth to the beds, making a fortress which they could easily hold against all the Indians within a hundred miles of them.

On Wednesday night a young man named Aden, a son of

Dr. Aden of Kentucky, with one companion, stole out of the valley and started to Cedar City for aid. At Richards' Springs they met three Cedar City men, William C. Stewart, Joel White, and Benjamin Arthur. As their horses drank from the spring, Stewart shot and killed Aden, and White wounded his companion, but the latter escaped and made his way back to the camp. The emigrants now began to realize the desperation of their situation. Aden might surely have hoped for assistance if any one could, for his father was known to have saved the life of a Mormon bishop of the neighborhood; yet he was assassinated by a Mormon. There could be little doubt that the white men, of whom occasional glimpses had been caught by them, were Mormons, and that they were aiding the Indians. They prepared a statement of their situation, giving their reasons for believing that the Mormons were their real besiegers, and directed it to Masons, Odd Fellows, the leading religious denominations, and to "good people generally." This they intrusted to three of their best scouts, who, on Thursday night, slipped down through the arroyo of the spring-branch, across the strip of valley, and off towards California. The paper implored assistance, if assistance could reach them, and, if not, that justice might be meted to their murderers.

While these men were endeavoring to slip through the meshes of the net that was drawn about them, a strange scene was to be witnessed just over the little divide of the Meadows. There were now fifty-four white men in the attacking party and about two hundred Indians, all of whom were satisfied that no direct assault on the camp could be successful. The resolute defence of the emigrants had made a change of procedure necessary, and they were now obliged to obtain "counsel" from those in authority, and the approval of the Lord. Up to this time every step had been taken in that way. George A. Smith, one of the Twelve Apostles, had gone through the settlements and arranged the preliminaries; the day after the train passed through Cedar City a Church council was held, at which women were present, and, after due consideration, it was decided, by a unanimous vote, to be the will of the Lord that the Fancher outfit should be exterminated. The manner

selected was an Indian massacre, but this had failed. A council of the Mormons in the Meadows was held on Thursday evening, and the orders from President Haight of Cedar City were read. They directed that the emigrants should be decoyed from their stronghold and exterminated. Haight was lieutenant-colonel of the militia, and had received his directions to this effect from Colonel Dame, commander of the militia of the district, which was known as "the Iron militia." The men in the Meadows were all members of it, and were commanded by Major John Higbee. There was some feeble remonstrance to the orders, so, after a little talk, they all knelt, with elbows touching, in "a prayer circle," and asked for divine guidance. On the still night air of that mountain pass, one voice after another rose in fervent prayer, asking God to say to them whether or not they should betray and murder one hundred and twenty of their fellow-men. The last voice ceased; a moment of silence ensued; then Major Higbee announced, in confident tone, "I have the evidence of God's approval of our mission. It is God's will that we carry out our instructions to the letter." In that declaration the "higher law" stands out in all its naked enormity. Mere polygamy is a virtue compared with such a devils' faith. The council remained in session until daybreak, and all the minutæ of the following day's work were arranged for. A hasty breakfast was despatched, and the preparation for the Lord's work was begun at once.

The Indians were concealed in a thicket a mile and three quarters from the camp, on the road back to the Basin. The Mormons procured two wagons, with which they moved on towards the western spring. They stopped out of gun-shot, and John D. Lee and William Bateman advanced under a white flag. An emigrant came out to meet them. They talked over the situation. Lee said that the Indians were much excited, on account of injuries done them by former parties, and could scarcely be controlled, but he had got them to promise that no harm should be done to the emigrants if they surrendered to the Mormons. Part of them had left already. It would be necessary to make a form of surrendering; the guns could be placed in the wagons brought by the

Mormons, together with the sick, wounded, and small children; the men must march unarmed, each accompanied by a Mormon, to make the Indians believe they were captives. To this the emigrants consented. They were putting themselves wholly in the power of the Mormons, but it was all they could do. There was no escape without Mormon aid. Even if the



JOHN D. LEE.

Indians left them, their stock was all gone, and they were unable to move. Perhaps they thought the Mormons would be satisfied with getting their property and would save their lives, blaming what had happened to the Indians. Perhaps they did not suspect the Mormons any longer. No one knows. The book is sealed till the last day. The wagons are

driven up; the corral is opened; the guns are loaded in, also the sick, the wounded, and the smaller children; the wagons drive on. The women and older children follow, on foot. The men, part of whom have just finished burying two of their number, who had died of their wounds, making ten deaths at the spring, come last.

It is just after noon, and the day is bright and clear. Tramp, tramp, tramp; they march down from the camping-place. The men have reached the militia, and give them three hearty cheers as they take their places, murderer and victim, side by side. Tramp, tramp, tramp. They are rounding the point of the ridge which has served as a screen for the Mormons and Indians for the past week. A raven flies over them, croaking. What called him there? Does he foresee that he shall peck at the eyes of brave men and gentle women who are looking at him? Tramp, tramp, tramp. The wagons with the wounded and the children are passing the hiding-place of the Indians. How quietly they lie among the gnarly oak bushes! but their eyes glisten, and their necks stretch out to see how soon their prey will reach them. The women are nearly a quarter of a mile behind the wagons, and the men as much farther behind the women. A half-dozen Mormon horsemen bring up the rear. Tramp, tramp, tramp. The wagons have just passed out of sight over the divide. The men are entering a little ravine. The women are opposite the Indians. They have regained confidence, and several are expressing their joy at escaping from their savage foes. See that man on the divide! It is Higbee. He makes a motion with his arms and shouts something which those nearest him understand to be: "Do your duty." In an instant the militiamen wheel, and each shoots the man nearest him; the Indians spring from their ambush and rush upon the women; from between the wagons the rifle of John D. Lee cracks, and a wounded woman in the forward wagon falls off the seat.

Swiftly the work of death goes on. Lee is assisted in shooting and braining the wounded by the teamsters Knight and McMurdy, and as the latter raises his rifle to his shoulder he cries: "O Lord, my God, receive their spirits, it is for thy kingdom that I do this." The men all fell at the first fire

but two or three, and these the horsemen ride down, knock over with their clubbed guns, and finish with their knives. Their throats are cut, that the atoning blood may flow freely. The women and older children are not hurried out of the world quite so quickly as the others. Some are on their knees begging for life. Others run shrieking over the Meadows. They receive but two answers—the tomahawk crashing through the skull, and the knife plunging through the heart. These are all left to the Indians, for fear there may be “innocent blood” among them, which no Mormon may shed. There is alarm on this account already, for one of the emigrants had carried his infant child in his arms, and the bullet that pierced the father’s heart went through the babe’s brain. It is decided, however, that it was accidental and that no criminal wrong is done. Several of the Mormons run to the Indians, to see that they do their work properly. Among them is Lee. It is discovered that two of the girls are missing. Some one saw them run to a ravine fifty yards away. Lee and one of the Cedar City chiefs run to the place and find there the Indian boy, Albert, who lives with Hamlin. He says the girls came there, and shows where they hid in the brush. They drag them forth and brutally ravish them. This was the only act on that field that was not inspired. Was it wrong, under the Mormon code of morality? The question is too subtle for me to answer; certainly it was not punished. Lee next tells the chief the girls must be killed. The chief answers: “No, they are too pretty to kill; let us save them;” but he meets a grim refusal. The unhappy child that Lee holds, with the terror of death upon her, flings her arms round his neck and promises to love him as long as he lives, if he will spare her life. The wolf has keener fangs but no more merciless heart. He throws her head back with his arm, and with one stroke of his keen bowie-knife severs her neck to the spine. The chief brains the other with his tomahawk.

This finished the slaughter at the Meadows, but there remained a little more to do. The trail of the three scouts, who went out on the night before, had been discovered, and Ira Hatch, with a party of Indians, was sent after them. The

fugitives were found sleeping, in the Santa Clara Mountains, and, from the volley fired at them, two slept on in death. The third fled with a bullet-hole through his wrist. He met two Mormons, who were much afflicted over his sad plight, and persuaded him that he could not get across the desert. They induced him to turn back with them, promising to smuggle him through Utah. They soon met Hatch's party and the man was killed; but they did permit him to pray first. The paper calling for assistance, which he carried, was in Mormon custody for some time, and is said to have been destroyed by John D. Lee. The man killed by Hatch's party brings the number killed to one hundred and twenty-one—ten at the camp, young Aden at Richards' Springs, one hundred and seven on the Meadows, and the three messenger scouts. The main massacre was on Friday, September 11, 1857. There has been some confusion as to this, arising from a failure to consult calendars. Judge Cradlebaugh fixed the date as September 10; Dr. Forney as "Friday, September 9 or 10;" all the Mormon witnesses, and Lee, in his confessions, fixed the day of the week as Friday, and the second Friday in September was the 11th, in the year 1857. On the evening of the same day the surviving children, seventeen in number, ranging in age from three to eight years, were taken to Hamlin's, and afterwards divided out among Mormon families.

The property still remained to be disposed of. A part of it was given to the Indians, and for this, Lee as Indian agent, in his report of November 20, 1857, charged the government over fifteen hundred dollars. The bodies of the dead were searched by Higbee and Klingensmith, the Bishop of Cedar City, and the money found is supposed to have been kept by them. The remaining property was put in Klingensmith's custody temporarily, and afterwards, on instructions from Brigham Young, was turned over to Lee and sold by him for the benefit of the Church. The bodies were stripped entirely naked, and fingers and ears were mutilated in tearing from them the jewelry, to them no longer valuable. The bloody clothing and the bedding on which the wounded had lain were piled in the back room of the tithing-office at Cedar City for some weeks, and when Judge Cradlebaugh examined the

room, eighteen months later, it still stank of them. These goods were commonly known as "property taken at the siege of Sevastopol." Carriages and wagons of the emigrants were in use long afterwards, and some of the jewelry is said to be worn yet in Utah. The value of all the property taken, as nearly as it can be ascertained, was over \$70,000. People in Arkansas who saw the organization of the train estimated its value at \$100,000.

It was for many years a hotly debated question whether Brigham Young was connected with this crime or not. To those who were familiar with the subordination of the Mormon Church, its system of espionage, its compulsory confessional, its obedience to "counsel," and its prompt punishment of everything contrary to the will of those in authority, his guilt was a matter of course. But many did not believe it. In 1875 he published a deposition in which he acknowledged himself accessory after the fact, saying that, within two or three months after the affair, Lee began giving him an account of it, and, says the deposition, "I told him to stop, as, from what I had already heard by rumor, I did not wish my feelings harrowed up by a recital of detail." Lee and Klingensmith say they reported it fully to him, and Hamlin says he did also. To Lee, by his account, Young professed to be much shocked by the killing of the women and children, but, after considering it over-night, he said: "I have made that matter a subject of prayer. I went right to God with it, and asked him to take the horrid vision from my sight, if it were a righteous thing that my people had done in killing those people at the Mountain Meadows. God answered me, and at once the vision was removed. I have evidence from God that he has overruled it all for good, and the action was a righteous one and well intended. The brethren acted from pure motives. The only trouble is that they acted a little prematurely; they were a little ahead of time. I sustain you and all of the brethren for what they did. All that I fear is treachery on the part of some one who took a part with you, but we will look to that." There is testimony also that he was accessory before the fact, and his proclamation, that "No person shall be allowed to pass or repass, into or through or

from this territory without a permit from the proper officer," surely indicates that he was in an aggressive mood at the time. But this is now immaterial. He has passed beyond human punishment, and his moral guilt is sufficiently established out of his own mouth. On occasions of self-gratulation he sometimes exposed his methods. On August 12, 1860, he said, in the Tabernacle: "All the army, with its teamsters, hangers-on, and followers, with the judges and nearly all the rest of the civil officers, amounting to some seventeen thousand men, have been searching diligently for three years to bring one act to light that would criminate me; but they have not been able to trace out one thread or one particle of evidence that would criminate me; do you know why? Because I walk humbly with my God, and do right so far as I know how. I do no evil to any one; and as long as I can have faith in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to hinder the wolves from tearing the sheep and devouring them, without putting forth my hand, I shall do so. I can say honestly and truly, before God and the holy angels and all men, that not one act of murder or disorder has occurred in this city or territory that I had any knowledge of, any more than a babe a week old, until after the event had transpired; that is the reason they cannot trace any crime to me. If I have faith enough to cause the devils to eat up the devils, like the Kilkenny cats, I shall certainly exercise it. Joseph Smith said that they would eat each other up as did those cats. They will do so here and throughout the world. The nations will consume each other and the Lord will suffer them to bring it about. It does not require much talent or tact to get up opposition in these days; you see it rife in communities, in meetings, in neighborhoods, and in cities; that is the knife that will cut down this government. The axe is laid at the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit will be hewn down."

His guilt is most fully shown in the subsequent course of himself and the Mormon Church. It was unquestionably the intention of the Mormon Church to keep the participation of white men in the massacre a secret, and lay the blame on the Indians. On January 6, 1858, after he was acquainted with the general facts, according to his deposition, Brigham Young

reported to Commissioner Denver: "On or about the middle of last September a company of emigrants, travelling the southern route to California, poisoned the meat of an ox that died, and gave it to the Indians to eat, causing the immediate death of four of their tribe, and poisoning several others. This company also poisoned the water where they were encamped. This occurred at Corn Creek, fifteen miles south of Fillmore City. This conduct so enraged the Indians that they immediately took measures for revenge. I quote from a letter written to me by John D. Lee, farmer to the Indians in Iron and Washington counties. 'About the 22d of September, Captain Fancher and company fell victims to the Indians' wrath near Mountain Meadows. Their cattle and horses were shot down in every direction; their wagons and property mostly committed to the flames.' Lamentable as this case truly is, it is only the natural consequence of that fatal policy which treats the Indians like the wolves, or other ferocious beasts." This plan was, perhaps, as ingenious as any that could have been adopted, but there is no possibility of keeping such a crime secret. A murder by a single hand, under carefully planned circumstances, seldom fails to come to light, but with a crime of this magnitude the exposure of the truth is only a question of time, and a short time at that.

On October 2, 1857, eleven men, partly Mormons, who were secretly escaping from Utah, passed through Mountain Meadows and saw the fruits of divine guidance. One of them afterwards described it, on the witness-stand, thus: "Saw two piles of bodies, one composed of women and children, the other of men; the bodies were entirely nude, and seemed to have been thrown promiscuously together; they appeared to have been massacred. Should judge there were sixty or seventy bodies of women and children; saw one man in that pile; the children were aged from one and two months up to twelve years; the small children were most destroyed by wolves and crows; the throats of some were cut, others stabbed with knives; some had balls through them. All the bodies were more or less torn to pieces, except one, the body of a woman, which lay apart, a little southwest of the pile. This showed no signs of decay, and had not been touched by



SCENE OF MASSACRE.

the wild animals. The countenance was placid and seemed to be in sleep. The work was not freshly done—supposed the bodies had been here fifteen or sixteen days.” These men went on to California and told their story. A meeting of citizens at Los Angeles examined the testimony, decided that the Mormons had committed the crime, and called on the President for protection. The report flew on wings of the wind to every part of the country, which was already excited over the resistance offered to the army. How secret the brethren in Utah kept it! On December 31, fifteen brief weeks after it occurred, William C. Mitchell, of Dubuque, Arkansas, wrote to Senator Sebastian of that state: “Two of my sons were in the train that was massacred, on their way to California, three hundred miles beyond Salt Lake City, by the Indians and Mormons. There were one hundred and eighteen unmercifully butchered; the women and children were all killed with the exception of fifteen infants. One of my sons, Charles, was married and had one son, which I expect was saved, and at this time is at San Bernardino, I believe in the limits of California. I could designate my grandson if I could see him. . . . Four regiments, together with what regulars can be spared, is too small a force to whip the Mormons and Indians, for rest assured that all the wild tribes will fight for Brigham Young. I am anxious to be in the crowd—I feel that I must have satisfaction the inhuman manner in which they have slain my children, together with two brothers-in-law and seventeen of their children.”

The people of the neighborhoods whence the emigrants went were satisfied with the evidence they had. The press announced the organization of volunteer companies in a dozen counties of Missouri and Arkansas. The government, however, did not decide so quickly. Many wild reports concerning the situation in Utah had been current—reports of battles in which seven or eight hundred on a side had been killed—of the army being captured and the officers hung—and possibly this was only a canard too. It was decided to investigate first, and Dr. Forney, Superintendent of Utah, was instructed to look into the matter. The Western men did not let the case drop, however. On March 18, 1858, Mr. Gwin,

of California, introduced a resolution of inquiry in the Senate, asking what steps had been taken to punish the murderers of the one hundred and eighteen emigrants. He said he knew the Indians were guilty, and it had been charged, and was believed, that the Mormons were, but at any rate the guilty should be punished. On June 22, 1858, Dr. Forney reported: "It affords me great pleasure to inform you, and the friends of the children in question through you, that I learned to-day where the children are. In my inquiries about the children I met a gentleman who lives at or near where the massacre took place. This gentleman, Mr. Hamlin, has one of the children, and informs me that all the children (fifteen) in question are in his immediate neighborhood in the care of whites. These unfortunate children were for some days among Indians; with considerable effort they were all recovered, bought and otherwise, from the Indians." Forney was as impartial a man as the Mormons could have asked for—in fact, he was prejudiced in their favor. He evidently believed Hamlin, of whom more anon, but, as he went south and gathered facts, here and there, the truth gradually forced itself upon him, and on May 1, 1859, when he had recovered sixteen of the children, he wrote: "Four of the oldest of the children know, WITHOUT DOUBT KNOW, enough of the material facts of the Mountain Meadow affair, to relieve the world of the white hell-hounds who have disgraced humanity by being mainly instrumental in the murdering of at least one hundred and fifteen men, women, and children, under circumstances and manner without a parallel in human history for atrocity."

Dr. Forney had cause to change his mind, outside of the evidence of the children. He went first among the Pah-Vant Indians under chief Kanosh, at Corn Creek—the Indians who had been poisoned by the emigrants and taken vengeance on them. He found that none of them had been poisoned by the waters of the spring; that the spring ran so strong that a barrel of arsenic would not have poisoned it; that an ox belonging to Dr. Ray, a Mormon living at Fillmore City, had died about the time the emigrants were camped at Corn Creek, from eating a poisonous weed—a not unusual occurrence—and some Indians who ate of the ox were poisoned, but they had made

no complaints of the emigrants, and had no trouble of any kind with them; that none of the Pah-Vants were at the Mountain Meadow massacre; that the conduct of the emigrants all through Utah had been most exemplary; that none of the children had been with the Indians for an hour. And yet, as if desirous of adding a little more to the awful infamy of



KANOSH.

this affair, all the Mormons who had had custody of these children put in claims for the purchase-money expended in buying them from the Indians, as well as for their maintenance, the total claimed amounting to over \$7000. Of this amount Forney paid \$2961.77 for what he considered proper charges, and reported as to the rest that he "cannot condescend to become the medium of even transmitting such claims to the department."

In the spring of 1859 a company of dragoons and two companies of infantry, under Captain R. P. Campbell, passed through the Meadows and buried the remains. Theirs was the last view of the Lord's work. Dr. Charles Brewer, in charge of the burying-party, reported: "At the scene of the first attack, in the immediate vicinity of our present camp, marked by a small defensive trench made by the emigrants, a number of human skulls, and bones and hair, were found scattered about, bearing the appearance of never having been buried; also remnants of bedding and wearing apparel. On examining the trenches, which appear to have been within the

corral, and within which it was supposed some written account of the massacre might have been concealed, some few human bones, human hair, and what seemed to be the feathers of bedding, only were discerned. Proceeding 2500 yards in a direction N. 15° W., I reached a ravine fifty yards distant from the road, bordered by a few bushes of scrub oak, in which I found portions of the skeletons of many bodies—skulls, bones, and matted hair—most of which, on examination, I concluded to be those of men. 350 yards farther on, and in the same direction, another assembly of human remains were found, which, by all appearance, had been left to decay upon the surface—skulls and bones, most of which I believed to be those of women, some also of children, probably ranging from six to twelve years of age. Here, too, were found masses of women's hair, children's bonnets, such as are generally used upon the plains, and pieces of lace, muslin, calicoes, and other material, part of women's and children's apparel. I have buried thirteen skulls, and many more scattered fragments. Some of the remains above referred to were found upon the surface of the ground, with a little earth partially covering them, and, at the place where the men were massacred, some lightly buried, but the majority were scattered about upon the plain. Many of the skulls bore marks of violence, being pierced with bullet-holes, or shattered by heavy blows, or cleft with some sharp-edged instrument. The bones were bleached and worn by long exposure to the elements, and bore the impress of the teeth of wolves or other wild animals. The skulls found upon the ground near the spring, or position of the first attack, and adjoining our camp, were eight in number. These, with the other remains there found, were buried, under my supervision, at the base of the hill, upon the hill-side of the valley. At the rate of 2500 yards distant from the spring, the relative position and general appearance of the remains seemed to indicate that the men were there taken by surprise and massacred. Some of the skulls showed that fire-arms had been discharged close to the head. I have buried eighteen skulls and parts of many more skeletons, found scattered over the space of a mile towards the lines, in which direction they were, no doubt, dragged by the wolves. No

names were found upon any article of apparel, or any peculiarity in the remains, with the exception of one bone, the upper jaw, in which the teeth were very closely crowded, and which contained one front tooth more than is generally found. Under my direction, the above-mentioned remains were all properly buried, the respective localities being marked with mounds of stone." Major (since General) Carleton afterwards erected a monument in the Meadows, of a large pile of rocks surmounted by a rude wooden cross, between twelve and fifteen feet in height, bearing the inscription: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." On one of the stones he caused to be engraved: "Here lie the bodies of one hundred and twenty men, women, and children, from Arkansas, murdered on the 11th day of September, 1857." It is said that the cross and the inscribed stone mysteriously disappeared the first time Brigham Young came into the southern settlements.

On June 29, seventeen of the children having been recovered, fifteen of them were sent East, overland, in spring-wagons, escorted by soldiers. Every possible provision was made for their comfort, and four women were sent with them to attend to their wants. Two boys about seven years of age, John C. Miller, known to the Mormons as John Calvin Sorel, and Milum Tackett, who was known to the Mormons as Ambrose Miram Taggit, were retained as witnesses. Those returned were Mary Miller, called by the Mormons Mary Sorel; William Tackett, known to the Mormons as William Taggit; Prudence Angeline Dunlap and Georgiana Dunlap, known to the Mormons as Angeline Huff and Annie Huff; Sophronia Jones, called by the Mormons Sophronia Huff; T. M. Jones, called by the Mormons Ephraim W. Huff; Kit Carson Fancher, called Charley Fancher by the Mormons; his cousin Tryphena Fancher, called Annie Fancher by the Mormons, and supposed by them to be Charley's sister; Betsy Baker, Sarah Jane Baker, William Baker, Rebecca Dunlap, Louisa Dunlap, Sarah Dunlap, and Joseph Miller, called by the Mormons Samuel Dunlap. They were met at Fort Leavenworth by Mr. Mitchell, whose great bereavement by this horrible affair has been mentioned. His little grandchild was not among the saved, as he

had hoped. With heart bowed down by the completeness of his loss, he bore the little ones tenderly on to Carrollton and gave them into the arms of their friends. It was a sad day in the little county-seat. Nearly every one had lost some relative in the massacre, and bitter tears were accompanied by bitter curses on the murderers. The two boys kept as witnesses were afterwards taken to Washington, and then returned to their homes. In addition to these children, two others were made orphans at the Mountain Meadows, although they were not there; they were Alfred Rush and his sister Martha—now Mrs. Campbell—who live at present in Texas. The misfortunes of these children did not end with their return. In attempting to justify themselves the Mormons have forged most shameful lies about them, and have so often repeated them that they have obtained credence with outsiders. It was told, and currently believed in Utah, that Idaho Bill, a noted desperado who served a long term in the Utah penitentiary for horse-stealing, was Charley Fancher, and yet it can be proven by a large number of witnesses, whose characters are above reproach, that this boy was raised by his uncle, H. B. Fancher, in Carroll County, Arkansas, and died at his house some years ago. It was told that the children were sent to the poor-house in St. Louis. There was just one of them that went to St. Louis, but not to the poor-house. Sarah Dunlap, blind from her birth, and with one arm shattered and crippled for life by a Mormon rifle-ball, went to the Institute for the Blind in that city. They were all raised by their relatives and friends, and most of them still live in the neighborhood of their former homes. William Baker, Betsy Baker, now Mrs. Terry, and Sarah Baker, now Mrs. Gladden, live at Harrison, Arkansas; Rebecca Dunlap, now Mrs. Evans, is at Hampton, Arkansas; Louisa Dunlap, now Mrs. Lynton, is at Scottsville, Arkansas; her sister Sarah lives with her. Samuel Dunlap is at Lead Hill, Arkansas. Tryphena Fancher is the wife of J. C. Wilson, of Rule, Arkansas. The Huff children live in Eastern Tennessee. William Tackett is at Protom, Missouri; Milum Tackett lived for some years in Texas, but is now in Arizona.

There is nothing in the character of any of them that any

one need apologize for, and if there were, the Mormons should be the last ones to upbraid them for it. Whatever any of them may lack of the comforts or the accomplishments of life is due to the Saints. They have the money, the cattle, the jewelry, and the other property that should have gone for the education and maintenance of these orphans. Is it not enough that they should have been made to eat the bread of charity, and to make their own ways over the rugged paths of struggling poverty, without being weighted down with slander? There is something, too, most strangely inconsistent in the fact that while the whole country has raved about the murder done at the Mountain Meadows, and clamored for the punishment of the criminals, nothing has been done for the relief of the unhappy survivors, whose property, as well as protectors, was swept away on that bloody day. It is true that Congress passed a law donating 320 acres of land to each of them, but any citizen can have that for little more than the taking, and besides, as one of them writes to me, "Public lands in this country (Arkansas) are almost worthless, and but few of them are able to emigrate." Congress ought to make the Mormon Church disgorge the \$70,000, or more, that it took from these people, with usury, and if it be not able to do so, it ought to make good the loss from the public treasury. It is notorious that the Church received the greater part of the proceeds of that butchery. It has been proven by the testimony of Mormon witnesses. It was done at a time when the Mormon Church was in armed resistance to the government. It was done when the government was not enforcing its laws in that portion of its territory. The wronged people are unable to obtain redress by any authorized means. They are poor; and it would take fortunes to prosecute their claim. Why should the Mormon Church be allowed to retain the plunder, while its victims still live in poverty? If it is permitted so to do, the government should make them whole. If the "Gentiles" of Utah wish to make an issue on which they will have the sympathy of the whole American people, let them demand the righting of this wrong. It is a far more urgent cause than preventing the Mormons from hanging a flag at half-mast on the Fourth of July. Ay! it is far more worthy of attention

than prohibiting a half-dozen female cranks from living with a male fanatic, that the Mormon Church should give back to the rightful heirs the property that it took with bloody hands, on September 11, 1857.

At the same time that Forney was pursuing his inquiries, Judge John Cradlebaugh, one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of Utah, came south to hold court there, and to aid in investigating the massacre. He was accompanied by Brigham Young, who was "extending every assistance in ferreting out the perpetrators of the crime." John D. Lee says that while on this trip Young said to a congregation of the faithful, at Cedar City: "I am told that there are many of the brethren who are willing to swear against the brethren who were engaged in that affair. I hope there is no truth in this report. I hope there is no such person here under the sound of my voice. But if there is I will tell you my opinion of you, and the fact so far as your fate is concerned. Unless you repent at once of that unholy intention, and keep the secret of all that you know, you will die a dog's death, and be damned, and go to hell. I do not want to hear of any more treachery among my people." Inasmuch as Young admits in his deposition that he was familiar with the facts of the affair long before this; inasmuch as apostates from that section corroborate Lee's statement; inasmuch as no one was brought to justice at the time, we may fairly believe this statement to be true. There was evidence obtained, nevertheless, and apostates in the South promised that, if Judge Cradlebaugh would hold court with enough troops at hand to protect the witnesses and the court, they would insure the conviction of nearly all the guilty parties. Warrants were issued for thirty-eight of the assassins, but just then another complication occurred. A great outcry had been raised because troops had been stationed near the court in Provo, during some recent Danite trials, and General Johnston received instructions that the troops must be used only as a *posse comitatus*, on due call of the executive department. He notified Judge Cradlebaugh of this fact, and the judge, having had experience in holding a court of justice in a Mormon community, without protection, very sensibly dropped the Mountain

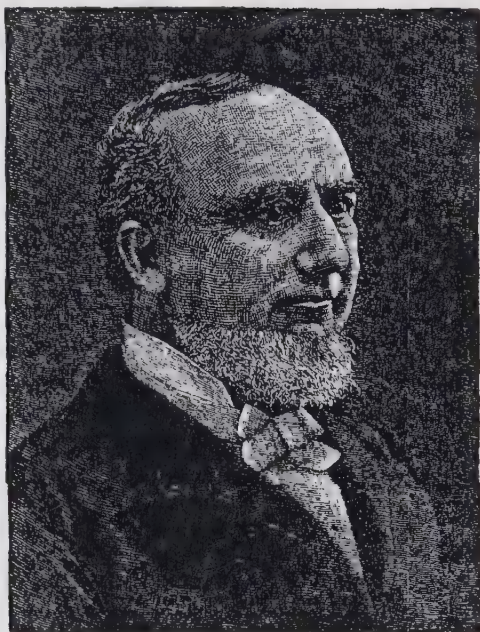
Meadows investigation for the time. Indeed, it was a matter of necessity, for no witness would have dared to testify without protection.

Investigation was smothered temporarily, but the affair was too horrible for any ban of Church or State to keep it down, especially among such a people as the Mormons; for from their intense superstitions it is but a step to others, and they are believers, with scarcely an exception, in spirits, goblins, ghosts, visions, trances, and other supernatural phenomena. It is admitted, by the most bitter anti-Mormons, that a thrill of horror was felt by many Mormons, especially in the northern settlements, as the truth concerning the Fancher train was gradually revealed in mysterious whispers; but that was little to the feelings of those in Southern Utah from whose consciences the impressions of the teachings of earlier and better days had not been wholly effaced. The war feeling quieted down, and they realized that the day of the Lord had not yet come. They saw their leader openly pretending friendship with the officers of justice, who were searching, not for priests of the atoning blood, but for murderers. They saw men of their neighborhoods riding away on midnight expeditions, and heard reports of other murders that appeared more like the deeds of pirates than of priests. They heard of the attack on Shepherd's train, in Hedsbeth's cut-off, where a child of eighteen months was wantonly tossed on the rocks and its limbs broken, three of the attacking party being recognized as painted whites. They heard of Lieutenant Gay's party, intentionally led into an ambushade by a Mormon guide. They heard of a white woman of one train, ravished by five men, and then shot, who lived long enough to tell the next party that her assailants were all painted whites. They heard of the attack on Miltimore's train, in Lander's cut-off, where five were killed, three carried or driven off so that they were never found, and one child of five years was left with its legs and ears cut off, scalped, and its eyes gouged out, and that these Indians, by the affidavits of those who escaped, all spoke good English—that some had light hair and several had beards. Was the atoning blood always to flow? Was there to be no end of sacrifices? It was not strange that the Mormons came

to believe the Meadows were haunted. It was not strange that men told in low tones how the spirits of the dead met nightly at the old camp and re-enacted the bloody tragedy. It was not strange that the lives of those who neither dared to speak while living, nor to die without speaking, became hideous nightmares. It was not strange that a lad of Beaver drank deeply of rum, without staggering, and horrified his acquaintances with recitals of the visions that he saw. It was not strange that young Spencer, the school-teacher at St. George, wasted to a skeleton, and, after writing piteously to his bishop and to Brigham Young for some assurance that could drive away the terrors that haunted him, died in gruesome tortures of remorse. It was not strange that, from time to time, as opportunity offered, Mormons escaped from the territory, apostatized, and relieved their guilt-laden souls by confession. But it was strange that the Mountain Meadows, whose verdant heath had induced its name, became barren and sterile, and to this day remains the abode of desolation.

And what did the Mormons all this time? They bent every power to show that the massacre was the deed of Indians who had been incensed by outrageous conduct of the emigrants. They slandered the victims in the most vindictive manner. They said the relatives of the surviving children refused to receive them, saying that "they were the children of thieves, outlaws, and murderers, and they would not take them, they did not want anything to do with them, and would not have them around their houses," and that in consequence the children were sent to "the poor-house in St. Louis." There was not a Mormon of any prominence who did not know the truth about the massacre, and not one who did not take part in this deception. George Q. Cannon, late Representative in Congress, wrote articles to prove the Indians guilty. Brigham Young maintained it for years, and then swore that he knew the truth within three months after the crime occurred. William H. Hooper, for some time Representative in Congress, asserted it again and again in the most solemn manner; he denounced the enemies of his people as the basest of liars, and extolled the Mormons as "the most peaceful and persistently industrious people on the conti-

nent;" and yet it was proven that he traded boots and shoes for forty of the cattle taken at the Meadows, soon after the murder was done. The Mormons, from the first, assumed an air of injured innocence. While the army was in winter quarters, Colonel Kane, an old friend of the Saints, went into Utah, by way of California, to negotiate with them. Under his care Governor Cummings started to



GEORGE Q. CANNON.

Salt Lake City, accompanied by two servants, on April 5. He received military salutes as he passed the Mormon troops; the walls of Echo Cañon were made light with bonfires in his honor, and on April 15 he was duly installed in his office and received ceremonial calls from leading Mormons. The people, who were all moving from the northern settlements, were begged to come back. L. W. Powell and Ben McCulloch were sent as commissioners to treat with them, and it was agreed that the army should not be further resisted, it being understood that it would not camp close to any town or city. The army entered the Basin and went into camp in Cedar Valley, three miles west of Utah Lake, and thirty-six miles south of Salt Lake City. The government resumed operations. Haight and Lee came to Salt Lake City as Senator and Representative, and each received a young wife from the hands of Brigham. All the murderers retained respectable standing in the community and in the Church—Lee, Haight, and Dame all being bishops for years.

But conscience did not die, and people did not forget. In-

stead of growing faint with age, the color of the crime seemed to heighten. The civil war did not result in the destruction of the Gentile men, and seven women did not take hold of one man. Gentiles kept settling in Salt Lake City, and apostates no longer fled. The younger generation of Saints did not hold to the faith of their fathers with much steadfastness. Something more of conformity to the ideas of the world at large was necessary, and the more extreme doctrines of the Church were put in the background. Lee was "cut off" from fellowship; so were Bill Hickman and other Danites. Lee went on a "mission" outside the limits of Utah. He kept a ferry on the Colorado, down in the deserts of Arizona, where for convenience he was known as Major Doyle. In January, 1874, the Gentiles held a public meeting in Salt Lake City, and a committee of forty-five drafted a memorial to Congress, showing the utter perversion of justice in the territory. Congress passed a law which took the selection of jurors out of the control of the Mormon Church, and it was left with no refuge but the perjury of witnesses, and such Mormon jurors as came on in regular order. In the same year Lee came up to Panguitch, on the Sevier, to visit some of his younger wives (he had eighteen, besides one whom he married "for her soul's sake," and did not count). While there, Deputy-Marshal William Stokes received warrants for the arrest of Lee, Haight, and others. He located Lee, and went after him with a posse of four men. The object of their search was found concealed in a log chicken-coop, and taken away peaceably, after much talk and threatening. He was brought to trial in the following summer.

The trial was a farce. Three of the jurors were Gentiles, and nine were Mormons who took their seats by dint of sturdy swearing. Men who had lived in Utah for years and never heard of the massacre—men who resided in the southern settlements before and ever since the crime, and formed no opinion about it—men who long lived in the same town with Lee and never heard much about him—men who had seen the monument in the Meadows and never asked what it was for, were accepted as jurors. They were "counselled" beforehand that Lee was not guilty. The prosecution made a much

stronger case than had been anticipated. They had witnesses who, it had been supposed, would not dare to return to Utah. The Mormons tried to get hold of them by arresting them on various charges, but the United States Marshal ordered his deputies to prevent their removal for any cause, and they did so. Philip Klingensmith, ex-Bishop of Cedar City, who had fled into Nevada and thence to California, went on the witness-stand and told the whole story. He was corroborated by other witnesses. The defence tried to prove the old stories of poisoning the spring and the ox, but under cross-examination the perjured witnesses broke down. The Church authorities became alarmed and decided to sacrifice Lee, but no opportunity for communicating with the jury was allowed them. The jury went out, and these nine Mormons, who knew nothing about the case, and had formed no opinions, proceeded to demonstrate from facts within their own knowledge that Lee could not have been guilty. The Gentiles held out for two days, and consented to a disagreement. Then came an era of excitement. The Mormons and their friends through the country claimed that they were vindicated, but the evidence that had been sent out over the wires every day, and printed in every corner of the country, was too strong to be cried down in that way. Public sentiment grew bitter. There were still many who believed that Brigham Young was innocent, but Lee had been proved guilty and should have been punished; he had been saved from punishment by Mormon jurors.

The second trial was a worse farce than the first. In fatal folly the Mormon authorities permitted themselves to be persuaded that they could sacrifice Lee and better their own standing. They forgot that in so doing they must give the lie to their professions of nineteen years. They forgot that they must give testimony which would implicate themselves. They forgot that though a prosecuting attorney may promise immunity, he cannot prevent cross-examination or restrain public opinion. They forgot everything except that the country demanded the punishment of John D. Lee, and they dared no longer refuse it. Of course, Lee was not informed of this. He passed the fourteen months that intervened between his two trials relying on the protestations of friendship

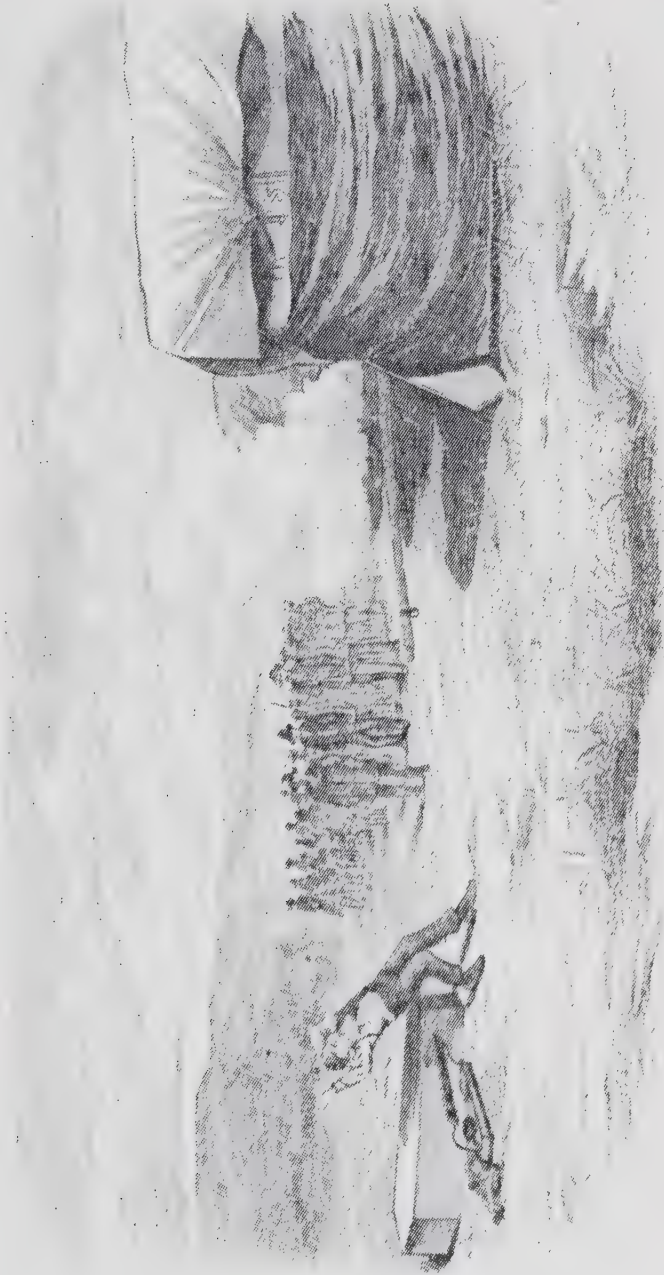
of the leading men. The first thing was to fix the jury. A list of the *venire* was obtained, and submitted, by the defendant's attorneys, to a Mormon committee of professed friends of Lee, who were to mark with a dash (—) those who would convict, with an asterisk (*) those who would rather not convict, and with two asterisks (* *) those who would not convict under any circumstances. There was no trouble in getting that jury. The defence thought they knew who they wanted, and the prosecution seemed willing to humor them. Every juror was a * * man. The jury was impanelled and the testimony began. Then the defence realized that they were entrapped. The depositions of Brigham Young and George A. Smith, which had been objected to by the prosecution in the former trial, were now offered by the prosecution. Mormons who previously had known nothing of the massacre, and had aided Lee in the former trial, now became possessed of remarkable memories—as to Lee. Samuel Knight, who lived at Hamlin's, and drove one of the wagons at the massacre, but who formerly knew nothing about the matter, now recollected that he saw Lee shoot a woman in his wagon. He saw a number of white men at the place, but no one that he knew except Lee. Nephi Johnson, another shining example of previous ignorance, now remembered enough as to Lee and Haight and two or three who were dead, but as to others his memory was fatally defective. Finally, under cross-examination, he said: "I don't want to bring in new names." He was further tortured sufficiently to cause him to drop the facts that the few Mormons who objected, at the councils, did not dare to say anything; that persons had been injured for not obeying counsel; that the whole matter was talked over afterwards, and it was decided to keep it secret. Jacob Hamlin recollected that Lee told him all about the massacre, within a few days after it occurred; he recounted Lee's story to the jury. On cross-examination he remembered that he reported the matter fully to Brigham Young and George A. Smith, "pretty soon after it happened," and that Brigham Young said: "As soon as we can get a court of justice, we will ferret this thing out, but till then don't say anything about it." In accordance with this injunction he kept quiet until the sec-

ond trial. He said: "It is the first time I ever felt any good would come of it. I kept it to myself until it was called for in the proper place. . . . I had an idea that if I came here that it would be a pretty good place to tell it." This man's story to Dr. Forney has been given. To Judge Cradlebaugh and various military officers who investigated the affair he professed to know nothing that would implicate any white man. He did not feel called upon to speak at Lee's first trial. He gave to the jury the statement of the Indian boy Albert, who saw the massacre and the killing of the two girls, yet this boy told Dr. Forney that it was all done by Indians. The inference is irresistible that Hamlin induced him to lie about it, and this although anti-Mormons concede Hamlin to 'be an unusually honorable Mormon. This boy Albert, by the way, first revealed the fact that the children were brought directly to Hamlin's house on the evening of the massacre. The good people, who had bills for purchasing them from the Indians, had probably forgotten to instruct him on that point.

When Lee heard the testimony of these men he knew that the Church had abandoned him and he was lost. He broke down completely and was taken to his cell, where he paced the floor, cursing the Mormon leaders. The defence offered no testimony; their witnesses of the previous trial had forgotten everything. The jury was out three hours, and brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. The prisoner was brought to the bar, and, after a few impressive words, Judge Boreman informed him that, under the statute, he had his choice of being hung, shot, or beheaded. Lee said: "I prefer to be shot." He was accordingly sentenced, and on March 23, 1877, the sentence was executed in the Mountain Meadows, at the scene of the massacre. At the last moment Lee confessed to his attendant minister, Mr. Stokes, that he killed five of the emigrants with his own hands. This was his fourth confession, each one differing from all the others, and yet each one lifting the veil from around the affair enough to give a glimpse of its actual horrors. He made a short speech, declaring his faith in Mormonism, as originally taught by Joseph Smith, and his assurance of a place in the Mormon heaven, but stated that

Brigham Young was leading the people astray. He closed, and sat down on his coffin. A prayer was offered, the word was given, five rifles were discharged, and he fell back without a struggle.

So justice was done—not rightly justice either, for this man was not convicted as men are required to be convicted under our laws. The jury that pronounced him guilty had morally no more right to do so than the Sultan of Turkey had legally. They were murderers as truly as Lee was. John D. Lee was not a victim to justice. He was murdered by his accomplices for their own safety—as much so as if they had shot him themselves. Personally they attained safety, though not as they expected. The greater criminals of the active participants hid for a time in the mountains, and are now probably in foreign countries. Brigham Young died peacefully in his home, five months after Lee's execution. The remainder were not molested. But in the public eye the Mormon Church stands as the guilty criminal, and it seems destined to expiate the crime. In that respect the Mountain Meadows massacre has had a mission. It is the one complete and unanswerable exposure of Mormon deceit, hypocrisy, and crime, under the "higher law" dogma. Every other crime charged against them they can defend, not having admitted their guilt, but in this one they have been forced, step by step, from an indignant denial to a defiant confession. They cannot evade it; their apologists can make no explanation of it; and in its lustration their denials of other crimes become faint and sickly. It is admitted that they are industrious and thrifty, but the American people realize that thrift has its crimes as dark as any of those of dissipation. Jonas Chuzzlewit was thrifty; so was Judas Iscariot. It is true that, according to their standard of virtue, they are fairly virtuous, but the people understand that, under the "higher law," their virtue is, to the civilized world, crime. They understand it so well that the American heart, which warms most quickly to any persecuted for religion's sake, is icy towards the Saints. Only a few weeks since, a murderous attack was made on one of their meetings in Tennessee, and a bitter local persecution followed. Had the



EXECUTION OF JOHN D. LEE.

people assailed been Buddhists, or Brahmins, or Voodooists the country would have been in an uproar of indignation. What comment did it receive? Generally, none; and occasionally a growl that it would be well to follow the example elsewhere. The Mormons are right in their superstition that a Nemesis stands, ever threatening them, on the mountains of Southern Utah. She does stand there, and in her outstretched hands, for the ash-branch and the scourge, she holds a blight and a curse over the doomed theocracy, while from her ghastly lips there comes the murmur of those words, which no prophet can still: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAR WITH THE SPOKANES, CŒUR D'ALÈNES, AND PELOUSES.

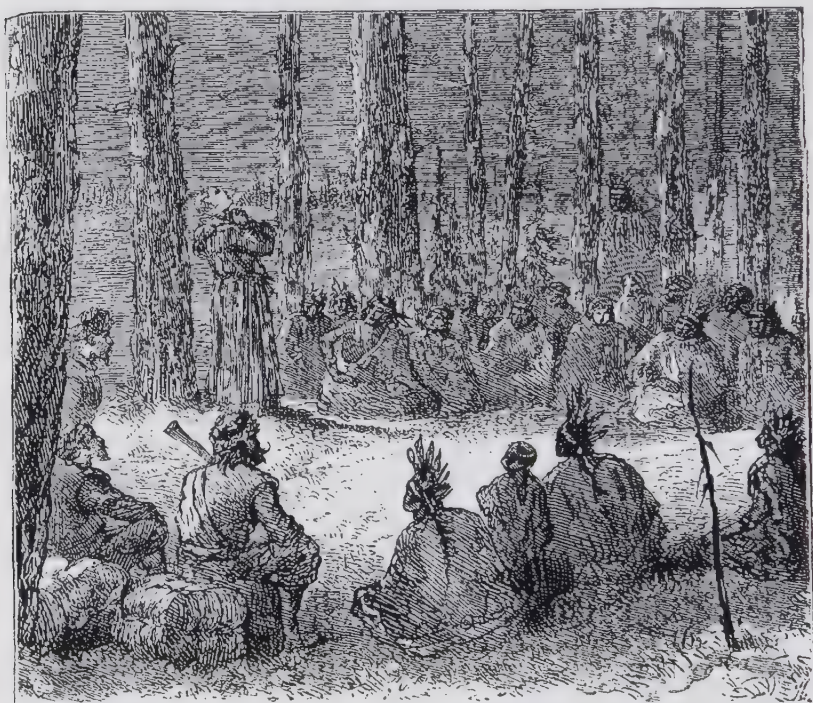
WHILE the commissioners were negotiating with the Mormons, an extraordinary outbreak occurred in the eastern part of Washington Territory, which hitherto had been a scene of peace between the red man and the white. It had been the boast of the Spokanes and the Cœur d'Alènes that they had never shed the blood of a white man. In the winter and early spring of 1858, however, it was represented that there was much restlessness among the northern tribes, especially in the neighborhood of the Colville mines, and Brevet Lieutenant-colonel Steptoe, who commanded at new Fort Walla-Walla, determined to make an excursion in that direction. The new fort, which had been established as a military post after the last war, was on Walla-Walla Creek, thirty miles east of the old fort, the latter being now used as an agency by the quartermaster's department. In addition to looking after the northern inquietude, Colonel Steptoe also desired to investigate the recent murder of two American miners by a party of Pelouse (Paluce, Galousse) Indians, and, if possible, to bring the murderers to justice. These Indians lived just to the north of the Snake River, and were directly in his line of travel. Steptoe left Fort Walla-Walla on May 6th with one hundred and fifty-seven men, dragoons and infantry, the latter acting as gunners for two howitzers which were taken. They marched across the rolling prairies between the Walla-Walla and the Snake to the mouth of the Pelouse, where the crossing of the Colville road was located. From this point they proceeded northward and eastward to the divide between the Snake and the Spokane, and over the Grand Plateau of the Spokane, the Pelouses keeping out of their sight.

While winding through the prairie hills that skirt In-

gossomen Creek, on Sunday, May 16th, the command was suddenly confronted by about twelve hundred warriors, Pelouses, Spokanes, Cœur d'Alènes, Yakimas, and others, hideous in their war-paint, armed and defiant. This was a complete surprise, for no hostilities had been expected, except there should be some little altercation with the Pelouses. The little command moved on slowly, menaced by the hooting and yelling savages, who seemed desirous of provoking an attack. It approached a small ravine that led around the base of some hills, which were covered with Indians, when, seeing their intention to attack at that point, Colonel Steptoe turned his troops aside and encamped on one of the little water-courses common to this section, which are flowing in the spring and in pools during the drier season. The dragoons remained in the saddle until dark, an attack being expected at any moment from the howling mob, which continued to heap insults upon them. Towards evening several of the chiefs came to the camp to talk, and asked the reason of this invasion of their country. Colonel Steptoe assured them that he had no hostile feeling towards the Spokanes or any other of the friendly tribes; that they had always been our friends, and he desired them to so continue; that he was on his way to Colville to have a friendly talk and preserve peace there. The chiefs said they were satisfied with this, but they would not consent to let him have canoes at the Spokane, without which the crossing could not be made. The colonel therefore decided to fall back to the fort, and, having passed the night without molestation, began his return march in the morning.

On the evening of the 16th, Father Joset, one of the Jesuit missionaries, had arrived at the camp of the Indians from the Cœur d'Alêne Mission. In the morning he came up with the troops and talked over the situation with Colonel Steptoe, the Indians having assembled again and being massed on the flanks and rear of the column in a threatening manner. He proposed a talk with the chiefs, to which the colonel replied that his pack-animals were too wild for him to stop long. Father Joset said they could talk while marching, and the colonel responded that he would see them

in that way willingly. Joset then went for the chiefs, but could find only Vincent, the head chief of the Cœur d'Alènes. They came back together, and Vincent received an assurance that the troops were desirous only of returning to the fort in peace. He returned to the Indians, who, according to Father Joset, agreed to go to their homes, and the priest with several chiefs did so, but a few minutes later the Indians opened



THE JESUIT MISSIONARY.

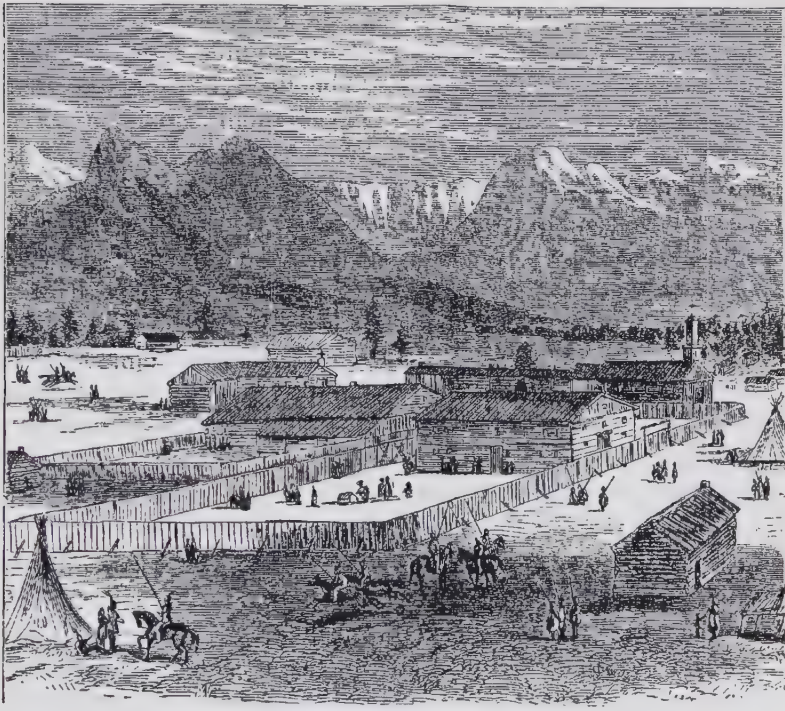
fire on the rear guard, just as they filed into the valley of a small tributary of Ingossomen Creek. The firing was caused by Mil-kap-si, a Cœur d'Alène chief, who became infuriated, probably because he was not consulted, and struck Victor and Jean Giene, two other chiefs, who were in favor of going home. One of his relatives said to him, "What are you doing? You strike your own people! There are your enemies," pointing to the soldiers, whereupon the Indians com-

menced firing. The troops fell back for three miles more, under a constant fire. They were hampered by their pack-train. The country gave every advantage to the Indians. The stock of ammunition was low, and the raw recruits, of whom there were a number in the command, were firing wildly. It was decided to fall back to Ingossomen Creek, where a good position, with wood and water, could be had, and there make a stand. Two companies under Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Gaston were thrown out as flankers, between whom and the Indians a succession of charges and countercharges was kept up, with loss to both sides. About noon Gaston fell, and his company was driven back in confusion. Half an hour later Captain Taylor was brought in, shot through the neck and mortally wounded. The troops were now close to the crossing of the creek, and Colonel Steptoe at once took position on a small hill, to hold the Indians at bay until night.

The provisions were placed in the centre of the top of the hill, which, was flat, and around them the horses and pack-animals were picketed in a circle. In a much larger circle, along the crest of the hill, in skirmish line, were the dismounted men and the howitzers, one at the front and one at the rear. The situation was growing more desperate every minute. The Spokanes were massed on the north, the Cœur d'Alènes on the east, and the Pelouses on the west, covering all the neighboring heights. They took advantage of every hillock, depression, and tuft of grass to work along closer to the hill. The soldiers lay flat on the ground, having no other protection, while the Indians crept closer and closer, and two or three times made ineffectual attempts to charge the hill. The officers crawled from one point to another on their hands and knees, giving orders and encouraging the men. Two of the companies were armed with musketoons, which were of no use for this sort of work, and the cartridges of the remainder were nearly all gone. The wounded were constantly increasing in number. The soldiers were becoming dispirited. At length darkness came, and brought them some relief; but they could not relax their vigilance, and they had before them the certainty that another day's

fighting would result in the destruction of the entire force. A hurried consultation concluded with a decision to retreat with all expedition to the Snake River, and make sure of a crossing before the Indians could reach the same point. Everything that could impede flight was abandoned. The howitzers were buried; the supplies, except such as each man carried, were left on the ground; the disabled animals were left picketed; and between nine and ten o'clock, stealthily, but in good order, the force moved down the hill at the rear, across the creek, and away. Most of the night they rode at a gallop, nor did they stop till they reached the Snake, ninety miles below. There they were met by Timothy's band of friendly Nez Percés, who assisted them in crossing the river. They could not have crossed without their aid. In this affair they lost two officers, five men and three Nez Percés Indians killed, thirteen wounded, and one missing. The Indians admitted a loss of nine killed and forty wounded, but there must have been more; there were twelve dead ones counted at one point where the two flanking companies met in a cross-charge.

The attack on the troops caused much excitement in the West, for war by these tribes, hitherto so peaceable, seemed certain proof of a general outbreak. The expectation of a great war was the more reasonable because no cause could be given for the attack on Steptoe. To this day, with all investigation made and reasons suggested, it is impossible to say certainly why the Spokane and Cœur d'Alêne Indians joined in this assault. It was known that there was discontent and dissatisfaction among them, for some cause, but no one anticipated open hostilities, except, it may be, Father Joset. He stated that he had anticipated trouble, and had started several days before to warn Colonel Steptoe of it, but returned because Chief Vincent feared that the Pelouses would kill the young men who went with him, and charge the Americans with the deed, after which it would be impossible to restrain the Cœur d'Alênes. This priest was accused of furnishing powder to the Indians—a quite improbable story, but believed by many who had not forgotten the Whitman massacre, and explained all Indian disturbances by the influence of the Jesu-



PEND D'OREILLE MISSION.

its and the Hudson's Bay Company. He did give some color to this report by attempting to put the blame of the outbreak on the Protestant Nez Percés, who were the best friends the whites ever had in the North-west. He circulated every tale the guilty Indians invented concerning them, and related some experiences of his own which, to say the least, are improbable. In a letter to Father Congiato, of June 27, 1858, he says, "Towards the beginning of April it was learned that an American had been assassinated by a Nez Percé. Immediately rumor commences to circulate that the troops were preparing to cross the Nez Percé to obtain vengeance for this crime." In a letter to Father Hoecken, of June 17th, ten days earlier, he says Vincent told him the Pelouses and Nez Percés killed the two miners, who were the only Americans killed by the Indians in that locality. As a matter of fact, it was well known all through the Indian country that

the Pelouses killed them. Again he says, in his account of his attempted journey of warning to Steptoe, "In the mean time I saw several Nez Percés. Their conversation was generally against the Americans. One of them said in my presence, 'We will not be able to bring the Cœur d'Alênes to take part with us against the Americans; the priest is the cause; it is for this we wish to kill the priest.'" Does a would-be assassin usually notify a desired victim thus? Was an Indian ever known to do such a thing? Aside from its unreasonableness, the Nez Percés were not at war with the Americans, but were acting as auxiliaries to them. Again he says, concerning his visit to Colonel Steptoe with Vincent just before the firing began, "One of the Indians [Nez Percés] who accompanied the troops gave Vincent a blow over the shoulders with his whip, saying to him, 'Proud man, why do you not fire?' then accused one of the Cœur d'Alênes who had followed Vincent of having wished to fire upon a soldier." Such a thing would be very unnatural for a member of a small command, surrounded by an enemy that outnumbered them ten to one. Besides, nothing of the kind occurred. Every effort was made by the entire command to avoid a fight, and the soldiers did not return the fire of the Indians for several minutes. Finally, he taxes credulity by this: "The Cœur d'Alênes say, also, that it was cried to them from the midst of the troops, 'Courage! you have already killed two chiefs;' that one of the Nez Percés who had followed the troops came back to say to his people, 'It is not the Cœur d'Alênes, but, indeed, the soldiers who killed the two Nez Percés.'" The intended presumption is, of course, that one of the Nez Percés made the encouraging call from the hill, but the fact that one-third of the killed, on the side of the troops, were Nez Percés, is sufficient evidence of the feeling between them and the attacking party. The offence of Father Joset may be summed up in this, that in trying to get his wards out of a bad scrape, in which they were placed by their own fault, he strained facts a little in their favor and became a trifle mixed. The hostile Indians took the same line of defence. Milkapsi sent word to General Clarke concerning a proposed talk: "Tell your friends, the Lawyer's

band, to be quiet; if you come with a good mind, let none of them be along. I want to have a good talk with the soldiers, but I can't when they are along; I don't want to hear any more of their lies." The Lawyer was celebrated for his constant friendship to the Americans, and was known all over the North-west as an unusually reliable Indian. This talk deceived no one, though it made people distrustful of both Indians and Jesuits, but there is no ground for supposing that the Jesuits, or any of them, used any influence to bring on hostilities. There is no doubting that Joset tried to prevent the attack, or that he and the other priests were of much service in finally adjusting the difficulty.

The Mormons were a disturbing element, and in all probability gave active assistance to the Indians, as well as incendiary instructions. On November 27, 1857, George Gibbs, Esq., whose name is sufficient guaranty of the truth of his statements, wrote: "A very curious statement was recently made me by some of the Indians near Steilacoom. They said that the Klickitats had told them that Choosuklee (Jesus Christ) had recently appeared on the other side of the mountains; that he was after a while coming here, when the whites would be sent out of the country, and all would be well for themselves. It needed only a little reflection to connect this second advent with the visit of Brigham Young to the Flathead and Nez Percé country." Between the Oregon Indians and Utah were the Snakes, who were in so close connection with the Mormons that the first knowledge of Utah affairs at Fort Walla-Walla was usually through the Indians. On December 1, 1857, Captain Kirkham wrote from that point: "The Snakes tell our Indians that they are well supplied with ammunition, and that they can get from the Mormons any quantity they wish; and they further tell our Indians that the Mormons are anxious to supply them—to wit: the Nez Percés, the Cayuses, and Walla-Wallas, with everything that they wish. I would not be surprised if the Mormon influence should extend to all the tribes in our neighborhood, and if they are determined to fight we may have trouble among the Indians on the coast again." These, with numerous similar complaints from oth-

er points, caused General Clarke, commanding the Department of the Pacific, on January 1, 1858, to recommend that all Indians be detached from Mormon influence and control. A singular confirmation of Captain Kirkham's report was made in the following summer, when a band of Bannocks



GENERAL ISAAC I. STEVENS.

committed some depredations on the Mormons of Northern Utah, and gave as a reason for this extraordinary proceeding that the Mormons had sold arms and ammunition to their enemies, the Nez Percés; that the Nez Percés had stolen their property; and that now they were getting reparation from the original source of the evil. It was learned posi-

tively that the hostile Indians had large supplies of ammunition, which they could have obtained only from the Mormons or the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Fort Colville. The company's agent exchanged ammunition with the Indians for some of the property abandoned by Colonel Steptoe, but on complaint at their head-quarters both the purchase of plunder and the sale of ammunition were stopped.

The chief basis of discontent was in the treaties agreed on by Governor Stevens with the various tribes, but which had not yet been ratified. The exact nature of the discontent was in controversy. One set of officials kept insisting that the Indians were angry because the treaties were not ratified and carried out, while another set, equally numerous, insisted with equal vehemence that the Indians were angry because they feared that the treaties would be ratified. On October 19, 1857, Colonel Steptoe reported from Fort Walla-Walla, "It is my duty to inform the general that Mr. J. Ross Browne, acting, I believe; as agent of the Indian Bureau, did,' in a recent conversation with (Lawyer,' the Nez Percé chief, assert that Governor Stevens's treaty of Walla-Walla would *certainly* be ratified and enforced. . . . I will simply add that in my opinion any attempt to enforce that treaty will be followed by immediate hostilities with most of the tribes in this part of the country." This information was received with some indignation by General Clarke. He had taken command of the department in June, and soon after had a consultation with Indian Superintendent Nesmith in regard to this very matter. Nesmith told him there were two causes for the hostile feelings then existing. One was that while the Indians understood that amnesty had been granted to the murderers of agent Bolen by Colonel Wright, there was still an endeavor on the part of some civil officers to apprehend them. The other was a fear that the treaties with Governor Stevens would be enforced, although they held them void, on the ground that the chiefs who made them had no authority to do so. On this information the general used his influence to have the treaties left inoperative, and permitted the Bolen murderers to remain at large. "It is

under these circumstances," he wrote, in complaint to army head-quarters, "that Mr. J. Ross Browne makes (with what authority I know not) the declaration to the Indians that the treaties will certainly be ratified and enforced."

Mr. Browne was a special agent of the Interior Department, who was sent into Oregon and Washington to inspect the condition of the reservations, and who incidentally reported on the causes of the wars of 1856. He believed that the war resulted from the irrepressible conflict between savagery and civilization. He said, "The treaties were not the cause of the war. I have already shown that the war had been determined upon long before. If Governor Stevens is to blame because he did not so frame the treaties as to stop the war, or stop it by not making treaties at all, then that charge should be specifically brought against him. My own opinion is, that he had no more control over the course of events than the Secretary of War in Washington." Mr. Browne was a pleasing writer and a man of discernment, but like most men who have a fixed idea, to begin with, he was inclined to bend everything to it. Still there was much of truth in his views, as, indeed, there is in everything he has written on the Indian question, but he is at times carried away by enthusiasm. It is not to be supposed that he was alone in his views of the treaties. A large party in the Northwest had the same opinions, and so had several persons who reported specially on the subject. For example, Lieutenant Mullan, who accompanied Colonel Wright in the campaign of which an account follows, after personal investigation, wrote the Commissioner of Indian Affairs on September 5, 1858: "To this day the labors of Governor Stevens are disregarded and uncared for, and the treaties containing the solemn promises of the Indian on the one side, and binding obligation of the government on the other, lie among the dusty archives of Congress, while a war rages in every quarter of the North-west coast. The Indians feel that their rights have been trifled with by promises made by agents armed and vested with authority to act, which the government has not ratified. And will it, I ask, longer remain in this passive mood? Will it longer act inertly [!] while lives are sacrificed

and millions squandered, and still longer hesitate to act? For one, I trust not. Let these be ratified."

The cause of this conflict of opinion is found in the fact that the Indians were not agreed as to the treaties. The more friendly Indians, chiefly Nez Percés, wanted the treaties ratified, partly because they thought the whites desired it, and partly because they were ready to adopt a quasi-civilized life. These Indians were more often seen by "visiting statesmen," and were more communicative; in consequence of which their ideas were more apt to be taken as an expression of Indian sentiment by casual visitors. The military, on the other hand, were largely in contact with the Indians who desired to retain their wild life, and were acquainted with their views. The objections of those who opposed the treaties were not to a continuance of friendship, or a surrender of part of their lands, but to the surrender of the entire country of certain tribes and a removal to other locations. Unquestionably those who opposed the treaties were much more numerous than the others. Their view was thus set forth by Garry, the Spokane chief, in a message carried to General Clarke by Father Congiato: "When you [Clarke] meet me, we walk friendly, we shake hands; Two years after you met me, you, American, I heard words from white people, whence I concluded you wanted to kill me for my land. I did not believe it. Every year I heard the same. Now you arrived, you my friend, you, Stevens, in Whitman Valley; you called the Indians to that place. I went there to listen to what should be said. You had a speech—you, my friend Stevens, to the Indians. You spoke for the land of the Indians. You told them all what you should pay them for their land. I was much pleased when I heard how much you offered; annual money, houses, schools, blacksmiths, farms, and so forth. And then you said, all the Cayuses, Walla-Wallas, and Spokanes should emigrate to Laver's [Lawyer, or Hal-al-ho-sote, the Nez Percé chief] country; and from Colville and below all Indians should go and stay to Camayaken's [Kam-i-a-ken, the Yakima chief] country; and by saying so you broke the hearts of all the Indians; and hearing that, I thought that you missed it. Should you have given the Indians time to think on it, and

to tell you what portion of the land they wanted to give, it would have been right. Then the Indians got mad and began to kill the whites. I was very sorry all the time. Then you began to war against the Indians. When you began this war all the upper country was quiet. Then every year we heard something from the lower Indians. I told the people hereabout not to listen to such talk. The governor will come up; you will hear from his own mouth; then believe it. Now this spring I heard of the coming of Colonel Steptoe. I did my best to persuade my people not to shoot him. He goes to Colville, I said, to speak to the whites and to the Indians. We will go there and listen to what he shall say. They would not listen to me, but the boys shot at him; I was very sorry."

This difference of opinion among the Indians naturally resulted in perpetual misunderstanding. One Indian would tell a special agent that he wanted the treaties ratified, and would be assured that they should be ratified. Another would explain his objections to the treaties to some officer, and be assured that they should not be ratified. These Indians would then come together and find themselves in a conflict of fact, which showed that some one was deceiving them. Suspicion and discontent grew apace. The treaty Indians wanted the goods and money that had been promised them, but not paid; the opponents of the treaties watched with jealous eye every appearance of an encroachment on their lands. One thing that they desired, and they insisted on it at their council with Stevens, was that "the soldiers should not come north of the Nez Percés River." They did not object much to small parties, but they wanted no large ones, and no cannon. The stream they referred to is the Snake, or Lewis Fork of the Columbia. The Indians called it the Nez Percés, the Pelouse, and the Snake, in the parts which flowed through the countries of those tribes respectively. The whites applied the name "Snake" to it throughout its length, and gave the name Pelouse to its first large affluent, above its mouth, on the north side, otherwise known as Flag River.

With all these causes for discontent, there was still no satisfactory reason for the attack on Steptoe, and this the



VIEW OF THE COLUMBIA ABOVE THE DALLES.

Indians themselves admitted. Says Father Joset to Father Hoecken: "Vincent arrived. I asked him what provocation they had received. 'None; all the fault is on our side.' 'You are the murderers of your own people, not the Americans.' 'It is true. I would rather die as the Americans, as our people are dead. I had no intention to fight, but at seeing the corpse of my brother-in-law I lost my head. What will be the consequences? If we are pardoned we will faithfully restore all that has been taken; if not, we will remain home, and if we are attacked we will defend ourselves to the last, and when we are all killed the Americans will have our lands. Fools that we are, we have always doubted the truth of what the Father told us; now we have seen it. The Americans do not want to fight us.'" Again he says to Father Congiato, "The next day I asked those that I saw, 'What provoca-

tion have you received from the troops?' 'None,' said they. 'Then you are only murderers, the authors of the death of your own people.' 'This is true; the fault can in no way be attributed to the soldiers; Malkapsi is the cause of all the evil.' " There were some, however, who claimed that the soldiers were the aggressors, because they had come into their country and brought cannon with them.

One thing, of course, is to be remembered—there were all degrees of offending, from the active hostile to the almost neutral, just as there are in every Indian war. The worst of them all were Kamiaken, his brothers Skloom and Shawawai, Owhi and his son Qualchian, the Yakima malcontents of 1856, who had been roaming among the tribes, exciting discontent and committing depredations where they could. Kamiaken was the most influential of them all. He was a man of unusual stature and remarkable strength. No man in the tribe could bend his bow. He was rated the best orator from the Cascades to the Rockies, and appears to have been inspired by a patriotic hope of throwing off the supremacy of the whites. In later years, when his plans were miscarried and his hopes of a great combination of the Indians against the common foe dashed to the ground, he refused to return to his own country, and, apparently broken-hearted, passed the rest of his days east of the Columbia. The Pelouses were next in culpability. They were a tribe of about five hundred, living along the north side of the Snake River. They were in three bands: Que-lap-tip, with forty lodges, camped usually at the mouth of the Pelouse; So-ie, with twelve lodges, was located thirty miles below on the Snake; Til-co-ax (Tel-ga-wax, Til-ca-icks), with thirty lodges, lived at the mouth of the Snake. The remaining Indians in the country between the Snake and the Columbia, some half-dozen bands, were commonly called Spokanes by the whites, but the Indians gave that name only to the band that lived about the forks of the Spokane River. This was the location of that old landmark "the Spokane House," an old Hudson's Bay Company fort, which appears on the old maps. The chief of this band was the celebrated Garry, often called Spokane Garry, who had been sent by Sir George Simpson to the Red River set-



CHARGE OF CAVALARY AT FOUR LAKES.

lements for education at the age of twelve years. He lived there five years. At this time he was about forty-five years of age, was intelligent, spoke English well, and had more control over his Indians than any chief in the North-west. He and his band usually dressed in the fashion of civilization and were still Protestants in religion. Their conversion was the work of Reverends Walker and Eels, who established the Mission of Ishimakin (Chemakane, Cimiakin) while Whitman and Spalding were laboring among the Cayuses and Nez Percés. This Mission was on a little tributary of the Spokane a few miles west of Garry's village, and was abandoned after the Whitman massacre. There was considerable coolness between the Spokanes and their then allies the Cœur d'Alènes, whose country joined them on the east, on account of religious differences, but they lived at peace with each other. The latter numbered about one hundred lodges and were under Vincent, who has been mentioned.

The Indians must be punished—that was evident—and active preparations were begun for putting a large force into the field. The priests came down and waited on General Clarke, to explain the situation and offer their services in smoothing “the wrinkled front of war.” Father Joset and Father Congiato, who was at the head of the Jesuit Missions, were sent back to the hostiles with instructions to tell them that the general did not ask permission to send troops through their country—that was his right; that he did not ask them to permit the road to be built through their country from the Missouri—that was the right of the government; but if they desired peace they must drive Kamiaken and all other hostiles of other tribes from their country, return all the property taken from Steptoe's troops, and surrender the men who first fired on the troops in disobedience to their chiefs. To these terms, especially the surrender of the prisoners, the Indians were not ready to submit. Their replies were written down and sent back by the priests. Polot-kin (Saulotken, a Spokane) said, “The practice of the Indians is different from what you think; when they want to make peace, when they want to cease hostilities, they bury the dead and live again on good terms. They don't speak

of more blood. I speak sincerely, I, Saulotken, let us finish the war; my language shall not be twofold; no; I speak from the heart. If you disapprove my words you may despise them. I speak the truth; I, Indian; I don't want to fight you. You are at liberty to kill me, but I will not deliver my neighbors. If it should be my practice, I would do according to it, and deliver them. But that's a practice of your own." Milkapsi said, "I feel unwilling to give you up my three brother, for I think though we fought, I won't begin to make peace. I want you to begin if you want to make peace; come into my country." Garry said, "You ask some to be delivered up. Poor Indian can't come to that. But withdraw this one word, and sure you will make peace." In fact, the Indians were more defiant than these messages would indicate. Agent Owen, who was among the hostiles on the Spokane, and could not get away without endangering his life, wrote on July 16th, "I have just returned from one of the blackest councils, I think, that has ever been held on the Pacific slope. Five hundred fighting men were present, elated with their recent success; the dragoon horses were prancing around all day; the scalp and war dance going on all night long." He reported the Indians as saying, "Let Steptoe come; bring plenty of men; it will be dark, too dark to see; father and son will fall together. We will meet him on Snake River; burn the grass around and before him. We want more fine horses; the soldiers are the people we want to take them from. Steptoe may want peace; has he sent you here to ask for it? If so let us know on what terms. We will consider his proposition; perhaps we will make peace."

Preparations for the campaign were not delayed while the Fathers were on their mission. All available troops were brought up from California, and the 6th and 7th infantry were ordered across from Utah. Colonel George Wright, commanding at the Dalles, was put in command of the main column, which was to move from Fort Walla-Walla. At the same time a smaller column, having for its base Fort Simcoe, on the Yakima, was to scour the country north and west of the Columbia, and drive all the hostiles to the other side. It

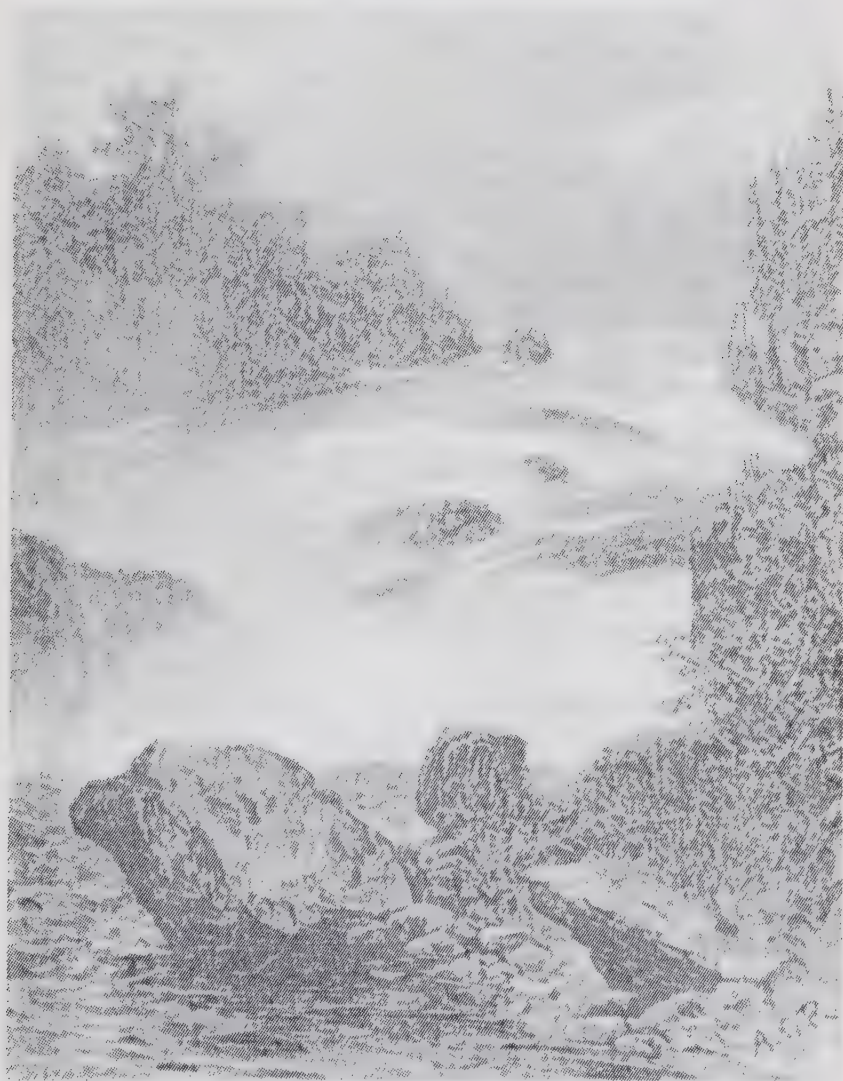
required some weeks to prepare for the march, as the stock of supplies at Fort Walla-Walla was very low and everything had to be transported overland. A steamboat had been running on the Columbia above the Dalles, but it had recently gone over the cascades, and there was left no available means of transportation by water. The friendly Indians along the river were talked to and presented with medals. Among others thus munificently rewarded was Spencer, the unfortunate chief whose family had been so mercilessly murdered during the last war, and who yet had remained firm in his friendship to the whites. On August 4th a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was made with the Nez Percés under Lawyer, Timothy, Joseph, Eagle from the Light, Captain John, and others, and thirty of them volunteered to accompany the expedition. On the 7th the column moved. It consisted of five hundred and seventy regulars besides the friendly Indians and one hundred employés, with two six-pounders and two howitzers. They struck the Snake at the mouth of the Toukannon, three miles above the mouth of the Pelouse, and there built Fort Taylor and established a ferry. One company was left as a garrison, with most of the supplies, and the remainder, after spending three days in crossing, marched on northward. They found the grass burned for about twenty miles back from the river, but beyond that it was undisturbed. No resistance was offered to them, though they occasionally caught sight of parties of the hostiles, until September 1st.

The troops were then camped on the south side of the Four Lakes, ten or twelve miles south-west of Lahto or Ned-whuald Creek, a tributary of the Spokane. The largest lake is at the west, the second in size is two miles or more east of it; between them lie the two smaller ones, which are about equal in extent, one of them half a mile north of the other. At the north-western corner of the second lake is a high hill, on which the Indians were seen in force on the morning of the 1st. Colonel Wright at once prepared to advance against them. Two companies of dragoons, under Major Grier, were sent around the hill on the west side to cut off retreat; two companies of riflemen, one howitzer, and the Nez Percés were

thrown to the right between the hill and the lake; and four companies of infantry, under Captain Keyes, charged the hill from the south-west. The Indians retired before him, and on gaining the summit it was seen that the woods on the north-eastern base were full of Indians, while on the open plain to the north-west were four or five hundred mounted warriors, riding furiously to and fro, and apparently eager for a fight. The riflemen dashed through the woods on the east, driving the Indians before them to the open plain. Captain Keyes's command advanced steadily down the hill until they passed the dragoons, who dismounted and followed in the rear, leading their horses, until well on the plain. They then mounted and charged the Indians, who fled in every direction and were soon out of reach. They had lost about twenty killed and a number wounded. The troops had met with no casualty of any kind.

On the 5th the troops moved northward again. They passed the lakes, and, two miles beyond, entered the open prairie, where the Indians soon appeared, moving to intercept the force before it reached the next timber. They fired the grass on both sides and in front, quickly surrounding the little army with smoke and flame, under cover of which some seven hundred warriors opened fire on them. An advance was ordered, and the dragoons rode through the flames, chasing the Indians back to the forests. The pack train with its guard moved forward as speedily as practicable, and at every available point the howitzers opened fire, driving the Indians from their cover. The command was kept as much concentrated as possible, and charges were made from the lines at every opportunity. In this way the troops marched north for five miles, and north-east seven, going into camp below the mouth of the Lahto, after a march of twenty miles without water, fourteen of it under fire. The fighting lasted seven hours, and resulted in a loss to the hostiles of two chiefs and many warriors, including two brothers of Garry. The only casualty to the troops was one man wounded.

The Indians were now much discouraged. On the morning of the 7th they called across the Spokane that Garry wanted to talk with the colonel. An interview was granted,



FALLS OF THE SPOKANE

in which Colonel Wright told him, "I did not come into this country to ask you to make peace; I came to fight. Now, when you are tired of the war, and ask for peace, I will tell you what you must do. You must come to me with your arms, with your women and children, and everything you have, and lay them at my feet; you must put your faith in me, and trust to my mercy. If you do this I shall then dictate the terms upon which I will grant you peace. If you do not do this, war will be made on you this year and next, and until your nation shall be exterminated." Garry went away, and soon Polotkin, who had led in the battles of the 1st and 5th, and had been conspicuous in the fight with Steptoe, came over with nine warriors. This chief was held as a prisoner, and also one of his men, who was recognized as having been recently at Walla-Walla with Father Ravalli, and was strongly suspected of being one of the murderers of the two miners.

On the 8th the march up the Spokane was continued. After proceeding nine miles, a great dust was observed in front and to the right, and Major Grier was despatched towards it with three companies of dragoons and the Nez Percés, Colonel Wright following with a part of the infantry. The dragoons found the commotion to be caused by the Indians driving their herds into the mountains; they charged, and after a brief skirmish succeeded in capturing eight hundred horses. The command then went into camp on the river. The case of the Indian taken with Polotkin was examined into, and it being found that he was one of the murderers, he was hung at sunset. On the next day Colonel Wright, finding it impracticable to keep the captured horses with him, many of them being very wild, selected a few to replace broken-down animals in the command, and ordered the rest shot. The slaughter took up that day and the next, and during its progress the troops also killed a large number of cattle and destroyed several barns full of grain, and many caches of camas and other roots, berries, and other supplies. The horses belonged to and constituted almost the entire wealth of Tilcoax, the Pelouse chief, so that the blow fell in a good place. He had never been friendly, and for more than two years he and his young men had been stealing horses and cat-

tle from the settlements, as he boldly admitted to Colonel Steptoe. On the 10th a messenger came from Father Joset saying that the hostiles were "down and suing for peace," which caused a cessation of the work of destruction for the time.

The army moved on up the Spokane, without any resistance, to the north-western extremity of Cœur d'Alêne Lake, and thence around the north-eastern side of the lake, over one of those most difficult of all highways, a mountain Indian trail. It was encumbered with fallen trees and bowlders below, and obtrusive branches above, to such an extent that the expedition was obliged to move in single file almost the entire distance to the Mission, which is thirty-one miles from the outlet of the lake. This Mission was established in 1841, on St. Joseph's River, but owing to overflows in that valley it was removed, in 1846, to its permanent location, on the right bank of the Cœur d'Alêne River, a sluggish stream one hundred yards wide and twenty-five feet deep. The Mission is on a small hill, a fragment of an east and west spur of the Bitter Root Mountains, looking towards the north; below it is a small prairie, a mile in width and three in length, which at this time was under cultivation in crops of wheat, oats, barley, and vegetables, and dotted here and there with houses and barns. The principal building, the Church of the Sacred Heart, was quite an imposing edifice for such a location. The church proper was forty-six feet wide and sixty feet long, with thirty feet more in length, supported by heavy pillars. It was designed by Father Ravalli, formerly a professor of chemistry and philosophy in the Jesuit College at Rome, and was two years in construction. The only workmen were the priests and a few Indians, having for tools a saw, an auger, an ax, and an old jack-plane. To the left of the church was the house of the priests, and again to the left were the storehouse, hospital, workshop and a building for the use of the Indians. The lake about which the country of the Cœur d'Alènes lies is some fifteen miles west of the Mission. It is irregular in shape, thirty miles long, varying in width from one to five miles. It is embosomed in beautiful mountains. The shores that are protected from the pre-



COEUR D' ALENE MISSION (FROM THE PAINTING BY STANLEY.)

vailing winds shelve rapidly; the exposed ones are shallow, with a pebbly beach extending a short distance out. It has two principal feeders, the St. Joseph's and the Cœur d'Alêne, both deep streams with scarcely any current. This is caused by the nature of the outlet of the lake, the Spokane River, which at a point ten miles west of the lake is confined in a narrow rock cañon, where it has an abrupt fall of eight or ten feet, known as the Upper Falls. Above this natural dam the water is really back-water, extending for a considerable distance up the principal feeders. It also causes quite extensive marshes, and in the spring season produces general overflows, the water having no ready outlet. The streams and lake abound in trout and are great resorts for waterfowl, as also are the marshes. The hills, which were largely covered with forests of pine and fir, abounded in large game. Such was the home of the Cœur d'Alènes, a tribe of about five hundred, of whom one hundred and thirty could bear arms. Their country was not easily accessible, and they were very jealous of intrusion, not even permitting the French Canadians of the Hudson's Bay Company to enter it. Probably for this reason they received their name Cœur d'Alêne—Heart of an Awl, or, as it is more commonly rendered, Pointed Heart. They were brave and warlike, and had many horses and cattle.

On the 17th, some four hundred Indians having assembled at the Mission, a council was held and Colonel Wright imposed his own terms, which were that they should surrender the men who began the attack on Steptoe; give up all property, public or private, in their hands, that had been taken from the whites; permit whites to pass through their country unmolested; and give a chief and four men, with their families, as hostages. These terms were accepted, and on the next day the march around the lake was resumed. The Cœur d'Alêne and St. Joseph's were both ferried, and from the latter, which enters the southern extremity of the lake, the troops marched south-west to the Lahto. There, on the 23d, the Spokanes were met in council. Garry and Polotkin were both present. There were with them some Calispels or Pend d'Oreilles (this name was probably Pendues Oreilles,

or Hung Ears, originally), and members of other small tribes. Milkapsi was there also. He had lost all his haughtiness, and begged to be admitted to peace with the rest. His prayer was granted, but Colonel Wright took occasion to remind him of his letter to General Clarke, and call his attention to the fact that the whites were not asking for peace. The Spokanes were all very penitent, and made fervent promises of future good behavior. They were treated with on the same terms as the Cœur d'Alènes.

While these movements were being made, Major Garnett had marched up the Yakima in search of the few hostiles who were on the west side of the Columbia. They were chiefly Yakimas, with a few Pelouses and other renegades. On the morning of August 15, 1858, Lieut. J. K. Allen, a popular and efficient young officer, with fifteen men, surprised the camp of Ka-ti-ho-tes, one of the hostile chiefs, and captured twenty-one men, fifty women and children, seventy-five horses, fifteen cattle, and all their other property. Lieutenant Allen was killed in the surprise; it is probable that in the darkness, it being at three o'clock in the morning, he was accidentally shot by one of his own men. Three of the warriors captured were found to have been in the party that murdered the two miners, and were shot. Another of the murderers had been killed while trying to escape during the surprise. It was ascertained of these Indians that twenty-five in all were engaged in the attack on the miners. On the 21st a detachment of sixty men went up one of the branches of the We-nat-che River, and, with the assistance of Ski-nar-wan, a friendly chief, succeeded in entrapping five more of the murderers, all of whom were shot. Another was found alone in the forest, and killed by the soldiers. A great terror fell upon all the wrong-doers. One of the murderers of Agent Bolen committed suicide. Six of the murderers of the two miners fled into the fastnesses of the Cascade Mountains; the remainder escaped across the river and joined Kamiaken.

On the evening of the 23d, Owhi, the hostile Yakima chief, came into Colonel Wright's camp on the Lahto. He said he had come from the lower Spokane, and had left his

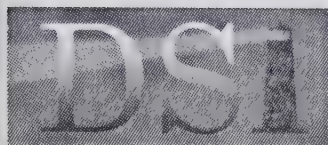
son Qualchian there. Qualchian was an Indian that Colonel Wright wanted. He had been actively engaged in murders and robberies since 1855, besides stirring up discontent among the friendly Indians. In the preceding June he had been severely wounded in an attack on some miners on the Wenatche, but had recovered quickly and at once resumed his evil course. Owhi was put in irons, and word was sent to Qualchian to come in at once; that if he did not come his father would be hung. He arrived at nine o'clock the next morning, and at half-past nine was hung. From this camp three troops of dragoons were sent to Steptoe's battle-ground. They brought in the two abandoned howitzers, and also the remains of Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Gaston, which were conveyed to Fort Walla-Walla for burial.

On the 25th a number of Pelouses came into the camp. They represented that they had been with the hostiles, but that Kamiaken had fled over the mountains and they had seceded from him. The colonel seized fifteen of them, all of whom, on investigation, were found to have left their own country and waged war against the United States. In the troubles of 1856, which he had settled so leniently as to arouse the resentment of the Oregonians, Colonel Wright had promised these Indians severe punishment if found again with the hostiles. He accordingly hung six of the worst ones and kept the remainder in irons. On the 26th the command proceeded south-westerly to the Pelouse. Here, on the 30th, all of the Pelouses remaining in the country were met in council. Colonel Wright addressed them, reproaching them severely for their thefts and murders, and demanded the murderers of the miners among them. One man was produced, and hung at once. All the property taken from the whites was then restored. The prisoners seized as Pelouses were brought out, and three, who were found to be renegade Yakimas and Walla-Wallas, were hung. A chief and four warriors, with their families, were demanded as hostages, and surrendered. It was then announced to the Indians that no treaty would be made with them at that time, but if they did as commanded, a treaty would be made in the following spring; they were ordered to allow whites to pass through their country

unmolested, and to apprehend and deliver into custody any of their nation guilty of theft or murder. This they agreed to do, and, after warning them that if he ever had to come into their country again he would annihilate them, Colonel Wright dismissed them. The objects of the expedition being now accomplished, half of the troops were left temporarily at Fort Taylor, and the remainder rendezvoused at Fort Walla-Walla, where they were reviewed on October 5th by Colonel Mansfield, Inspector-general of the Army.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable Indian campaigns ever known. In it two battles and a number of skirmishes occurred, all resulting in the defeat of the Indians with heavy losses; about one thousand horses and many cattle were captured, and either destroyed or confiscated; enormous quantities of supplies of the hostiles were destroyed; eleven murderers and robbers were executed; the Indians who commenced the hostilities were surrendered; three large tribes and several small ones were reduced to abject submission; hostages were given by each tribe for their good behavior; and all this without the loss of a man. The expedition of Major Garnett resulted in the punishment of ten of the murderers, and greatly aided in the successful issue of Colonel Wright's movement, but it met with some loss, chiefly in the untimely death of Lieutenant Allen. Still a further and more signal result of this war was yet to come. Lawyer wrote from Walla-Walla to Governor Stevens, then in Washington, as follows: "At this place, about three years since, we had our talk, and since that time I have been waiting to hear from our big father. We are very poor. It is other people's badness. It is not our fault, and I would like to hear what he has to say. If he thinks our agreement good our hearts will be thankful. Colonel Wright has been over after the bad people, and has killed some of the bad people and hung sixteen; and now I am in hopes we will have peace." The letter was submitted to the Department of the Interior. There was a general move in favor of the ratification of the treaties. Lieutenant Mullan, who was with Stevens in the railway exploration, reiterated his prayers to the department in that behalf. Superintendent Nesmith, who had strenuously opposed them, now wrote

that "after a careful investigation of the subject" he was satisfied that the treaties ought to be ratified, the country thrown open fully for settlement, and the Indians removed to reservations. The Indians, completely cowed, were ready to do anything to please the whites. With every force favoring the movement there was no longer reason for delay, so, on March 8, 1859, the Senate ratified the treaties with the Dwamish and their allies, the S'Klallams, the Makahs (of Cape Flattery), the Walla-Wallas, Cayuses, and Umatillas, the Yakimas, Pelouses, Klickitats, and their allies, the Nez Percés, the Des Chutes, Wascoes, and their allies, the Qui-nai-elts, the Flatheads, Kootenais, and Pend d'Oreilles, and the Molels. Thus, Governor Stevens was vindicated at last, to his own satisfaction, and the North-west was put at peace for many years. Nevertheless it is true that peace could not have been made in 1856 if these treaties had been insisted on, and that war would have resulted from any attempt to enforce them during two years afterwards. The trouble was not that the general provisions of the treaties were not good, but that they provided for removing part of the tribes entirely from their native homes to the country of others. In fact this provision was not enforced for years after the treaties were ratified, and it produced trouble when it was enforced, as we shall see hereafter. There is little room for doubting that Garry was right in his theory, that in this particular Stevens "missed it."



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